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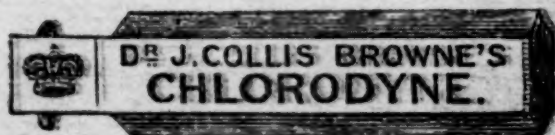
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# THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1, 1861.

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## THE PRESENT STATE OF EUROPE.

THE most careless reader of the daily papers must have perceived that the world is, at the present moment, undergoing a strange and peculiar change; and a general, though, in many cases, reluctant assent has been given to the dogma that kings have their duties as well as their rights. The old *Dei gratiâ* theory has been exploded; the axiom that the "king can do no wrong" was finally overthrown with Francis II. of Naples, and it is beginning to be recognised that constitutionalism is the only safeguard from tyranny or democracy. Two countries, however, still hang on to the old system; and both are now troubled by the smouldering fires of internal revolt—they are Austria and Russia.

We grant that it is difficult for English readers to understand the demands of Hungary and Poland; for they, fortunately for themselves, have survived the times when such trampling on human rights and human dignity was possible. Both of these nations have already asserted their claims to freedom on many a blood-stained field, and succumbed with their face to the foe; but the example of united Italy has made the blood course more rapidly through their veins, and they, too, have sworn to be free. That they will succeed is certain, but when they will do so is a question not so easily decided. Suppose, then, that we investigate cursorily the present state of the case, and see what chances of success may offer. In doing so, however, we had better lay all abstract theories on one side, and deal simply with facts.

Mr. Smith O'Brien has just told us, and fairly enough, that the condition of Hungary and Ireland is perfectly alike. Baron Schmerling, in short, wishes to absorb, in the same way as Lord Castle-reagh did. With us the Union has so long been an accomplished fact, that we have grown to overlook its palpable injustice. Ireland, to all intents and purposes a conquered country, has been gradually assimilated with England; emigration has during a long succession of years removed the dangerous elements; famine did its fell part as well, and Ireland is tranquil. English capital has flowed into the country, a Social Congress has held its meetings in Dublin, and from all sides the most flattering reports reach us of the flourishing condition of Erin. Even

Mr. *Punch* condescended to give us a cartoon on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Killarney. Highly gratifying all this, we grant; we are delighted to see a portion of her Majesty's dominions so tranquil—but, at the same time, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that a great and powerful nation has been done to death. It may be the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to swallow up, like Aaron's rod, all the elements with which it comes into contact, but at the same time we do not wish to see the process perpetuated.

The parallel of Ireland holds good exactly with Hungary: the Austrian Court desires to absorb that nation, and has gone through its Rebellion, precisely as we did. Among ourselves there are none, we suppose, who still fear to speak of '98, but we hope that there are many who sincerely regret it. But there is this difference between Ireland and Hungary: in the former country, association gradually produced a species of armed neutrality between the conquerors and the conquered, eventually to terminate in friendship and intermarriage, but that has never been the case between Austria and Hungary. The Autocrat of Austria is the Constitutional King of Hungary, and that distinction is one of the causes why England has succeeded in her conquest, and Austria so dismally failed. For a long time the king of England attempted to be the autocrat of Ireland; he had exceptional laws and ruled by the bayonet; his path to victory led him through pools of blood, and the Irish would never surrender their traditional rights to coercion. In Hungary, however, the Emperor of Austria was resolved to try brute force; and while we were striving to reconcile the Irish, who had endured the fiercest trials of fortune, by pouring wealth into their country, and the most lavish display of private benevolence, the Emperor Ferdinand thought he could best satisfy the legitimate claims of his Hungarian subjects by quartering troops upon them, and instigating them to take up arms, that he might put down the revolt by the display of his might.

He tried it, and would have failed shamefully had it not been for the assistance of the Russian cohorts and the treachery of a Geörgy. Hungary lay prostrate, Italy was under the control of





bayonets, and Austria was tranquil—so far as she could be with an impoverished exchequer, and the consciousness that she had incurred a debt to Russia which it would prove difficult to repay, except in the only fashion which she could not allow. The old tradition of the Hapsburgs, which bids them seek aggrandizement in the East, has met with constant antagonism from Russia, and they, in their turn, are unwilling to allow the Czar to obtain a foothold in the Principalities which Austria still hopes will fall to her share when the fate of unhappy Poland is repeated in the partition of the lands of the Sultan.

With the close of the Hungarian revolution, Austria was enabled to carry out her designs in that country without opposition. The whole nation was disarmed. German officials were forced upon the reluctant people, and the Austrian Government no longer veiled its intention of absorbing Hungary by the process of Germanization. The Hungarians remained passive, biding their time, and gradually growing into the consciousness that a moral resistance was the only certain mode of securing their emancipation from the detested thrall. It was evident that it was only a question of time when the unwieldy Austrian empire, bankrupt in reputation and credit, must collapse, and the Hungarians would not, by untimely resistance, offer the Emperor opportunity for quartering his enormous army upon them and feeding it at their expense.

Thus matters went on till 1859 arrived, and with it the unexpected determination of Louis Napoleon to liberate Italy. Whatever opinion we may be disposed to form in this country of the Emperor's motives, there is no doubt but that the Nationalities of Europe owe him a deep debt of gratitude, for he has advanced the cause of both Hungary and Poland by at least twenty years. For our part, we are indisposed to believe that Louis Napoleon incurred the suspicion of England and doubts of his good faith, merely for the sake of incorporating so paltry a territory as Savoy and Nice; and are more inclined to think that he acted from some vague idea of composing the new kingdom of Italy of Italians only. Be this as it may, the example he offered Hungary and Poland, and the tacit hopes those countries entertained that they might still find a liberator, produced an effervescence which will not be easily allayed. The Hungarians, acting under

the wise direction of Déak, demanded the constitution which was theirs by solemn compact of the Imperial House, and on the refusal of it, began to stop the supplies. Since then, Francis Joseph has been going on from bad to worse: he has dissolved the Estates, tried to dragoon the people into payment of taxes, and the result is, that he has placed himself in an utterly false position. The Hungarians are acting admirably; they are aware that the Venetian question is all but ripe for solution, and they know that if Austria again dare to appeal to arms, her fate is sealed for ever. The Bohemians are agitating; the Croats are in a state of effervescence; in a word, there is scarcely a nation composing that strange complex called Austria, which does not recognise the fact that despotism is out of date, and awaits the day that will permit it to take its proper rank among the constitutional States of Europe.

If we turn to Poland, we may also establish a parallel between that country and Ireland, though from a different point of view—that of religion. The great mass of the Poles are Catholics, while the State religion is the Greek Church, and the struggle going on in Poland is based to a great extent on this divergence of opinion. Probably, too, the progress made by Russia toward comparative liberty during the last few years has something to do with the excitement now prevailing in Warsaw; for Slavonic races are very apt to regard concessions as the result of fear on the part of the rulers, and have not yet learned the middle term between absolutism and anarchy. Hence the movement in Poland is not so clearly defined as that in Hungary; the people have a yearning to get rid of the Russian yoke, and enjoy the blessings of self-government; but it would be a perilous gift for them at present. Moreover, the Polish question is far more complicated than that of Hungary; for the once mighty kingdom of Poland was partitioned among three of the Great Powers, and the Prussian Poles enjoy a degree of comparative enfranchisement which would render them averse from taking up arms on behalf of their Russian brethren. The partition of Poland was a foul wrong; everybody acknowledges this; but none are able to offer any satisfactory method for repairing that wrong, and it would be almost an impossible task to bring Poland again under one monarch. At the same time, that is no excuse for despotism, which



has now become an anomaly; and even granting the incompetence of the Poles for self-government, it is no justification for shooting them down because the spirit of the age has aroused their passionate impulses, and they strive to free themselves from the humiliation of being treated like a parcel of children.

Still, we have no reason to despair of the future of Poland; and we have the example of Italy to cheer our hopes. But ten years ago, had any one predicted the wondrous changes that have taken place in Italy, he would have been avoided and looked upon as a lunatic. It had grown into a fashion to regard the Italians as unfit for self-government, and Metternich had so frequently repeated the fable, that all the statesmen of Europe grew into a belief of it. In the gallant struggle that took place in 1848, when Lombardy was torn all bleeding from the clutches of the Austrian eagle, and the Italian nation struggled so fiercely for liberty, hardly a voice could be heard bidding them good speed; and even the French—republicans though they were—stifled the sister republic of Rome in a Judas embrace. Italy fell once again, torn by internal dissension and treachery, and the friends of order pointed triumphantly at her as she writhed beneath the iron heel of Austria, and ridiculed the notion that such a nation could ever exist under conditions of political enfranchisement and self-government. In 1849, Venice surrendered to the butcher of Brescia; the Austrian eagle once more battered on the heart's blood of the fettered nation; but for all that it did not surrender its vitality and its hopes; and when, ten years later, the liberator crossed the Alps, and offered the Italians freedom, they rose as one man, and the oppressors were driven back under the frowning walls of Verona, where they would, in all probability, have been expelled, had not Louis Napoleon thrown down his truncheon between the combatants, and stayed the fight.

When we fairly regard the position of the French Emperor, the storm of indignation aroused in this country by the treaty of Villafranca appears hardly justifiable. Louis Napoleon, as the nephew of his uncle, believes that he has a mission, which consists in his punishing the States which rang the knell of the First Empire. Russia, as the greatest criminal, was the first called into the arena; a most paltry pretext sufficed for the quarrel; and our ministers, through some

extraordinary infatuation, tacked England on to the skirts of France, and rushed into a war which not only destroyed for a while our military *prestige*, but enabled France to cull that crop of glory which the nation regards as sufficient compensation for a lavish expenditure of blood and money. When Louis Napoleon considered that he had punished Russia sufficiently, he held his hand; a peace was patched up, contravening every stipulation made prior to the war; and Englishmen asked themselves with surprise what equivalent they had obtained for the gigantic efforts they had made during two years of the most extravagant and senseless war that ever disfigured the pages of history.

After allowing his troops breathing time, Louis Napoleon selected his next opponent in Austria, and determined to attack her in her Italian possessions. By doing this he effected two purposes; he not only hoped to deal Austria a blow where she would feel it most, but he was enabled to disarm his political opponents by offering them the liberation of Italy. It is notorious that, in his hot youth, Louis Napoleon was affiliated to that dangerous body called the "Carbonari," who had undertaken the emancipation of Italy, no matter by what means. For a while these dangerous men believed that Louis Napoleon, after ascending the throne of France, would remember the pledges of his youth; but they were disappointed. The attempt of Orsini reminded the Emperor most unpleasantly of his youthful obligations; and he knew his terrible opponents too well not to feel assured that other men would eagerly spring forward to follow Orsini's example. To avert this he had no other course but to liberate Italy.

Unfortunately for Louis Napoleon, the Carbonari were not the only party who had to demand fulfilment of pledges he had made. During the chances and changes of an adventurous life, Louis Napoleon had been little scrupulous as to the allies he selected; and his elevation to the presidency had been the result of a compromise he had effected with the priest party. It will be seen, therefore, that Louis Napoleon, when he entered on the Italian campaign, placed himself in a most awkward position; for he had to satisfy the claims of two antagonistic parties. On the one hand, the daggers and bomb-shells of the Carbonari threatened him, if he did not go far

enough; on the other, the priests were prepared to undermine his political authority, if he went too far. In spite of the height to which Louis Napoleon has raised himself in France, he is not yet a match for the priesthood; he has wrestled with them several times, and has been rudely thrown. The secret of their influence lies in the fact that they hold in their keeping the consciences of the women, who, in their turn, rule the world. Napoleon, therefore, attempted to satisfy both parties in his Italian campaign, and realized the old fable of the man seated between the two stools.

But apart from personal considerations, there were political reasons why Louis Napoleon should not desire to raise up a free and united Italy. It has ever been the policy of France to hold Italy in tutelage, and this was more than ever a necessity with Napoleon, who has his eye constantly fixed on Turkey, and wishes to be the first in at the death of that "sick man." By leaving Austria still in Italy, and able to wrest Lombardy from Victor Emmanuel whenever the Emperor of the French chose to give the signal, the King of Piedmont was converted into a vassal of France; and, in the course of time, the French would be enabled to establish themselves on the Adriatic, and thus reduce by one-half the distance separating them from the East. All these fine-spun schemes, however, were destroyed by the craft of Cavour; he let Garibaldi loose on Naples; the whole of Central Italy went over to Victor Emmanuel; the Legations followed the example; and the King of Sardinia assumed his true position, as an independent monarch of a large kingdom, able to defy both his neighbours. Few of our readers will forget the wretched part played by the French fleet during the siege of Gaeta, or the tergiversations of the Emperor, which proved how troubled his mind was, and how thoroughly his was the policy of the moment. The fact was, that he and Cavour had since the treaty of Villafranca been playing a political game of chess, and by his close play and clever combinations the Prime Minister managed to pin his Imperial opponent in a corner, whence he could not escape without some sacrifice of his principles. A French king once exclaimed, "All is lost, except honour!" but now-a-days French rulers are more enlightened, and honour weighs but lightly in the scale against political advantages.

We must do the Emperor Napoleon the justice, however, of stating that he made every possible attempt to combine the political independence of Italy with the political profit of France. For this purpose he brought forward his celebrated scheme of a Confederation of States, with the Pope as honorary head, and Sardinia as the sword of Italy. This scheme, promising as it looked on paper, ignominiously failed, for the Pope would not listen to any compromise—all or none, was his motto. It was a little too much to expect that Pio Nono would compromise his infallibility by accepting terms that diminished his authority. And, however much we may deplore the consequences of his obstinacy, we must concede that the Pope alone, of the rulers of Italy, played a dignified part during the recent changes. While the Duke of Tuscany, for instance, retired to a little Tyrolese village, whence he issues innocuous manifestoes, and continues to practise the art of governing by ruling as Burgo-master, the Pope has always been prepared to stand or fall by his principles. Hence he too thwarted Louis Napoleon's plans, and the great scheme of the Confederation proved not worth the paper upon which it was so elaborately drawn up.

Another plan which Louis Napoleon for a time favoured as the solution of the Italian question, but which has since gone to the limbo of unfulfilled schemes, was the formation of a Northern and Southern kingdom of Italy. This, too, was checked by the action of Garibaldi, and the poor King of Naples, who was punished for his father's sins, proved himself so utterly incompetent and undignified, that Louis Napoleon could not espouse his cause. Unfortunately the protracted occupation of Rome by the French gives rise to a great scandal, for in the territory of the Holy Father the bandits are recruited and blessed who have so long disquieted Naples. General Cialdini, however, has recently been giving a good account of them; and only the withdrawal of the French troops is needed to render Southern Italy perfectly peaceful. But Louis Napoleon, for some inscrutable purpose of his own, refuses to recal the army of occupation; and Garibaldi, brave to rashness though he is, is not inclined to try conclusions with the power of France, or Victor Emmanuel ready to give Louis Napoleon occasion for fresh complications by any undue precipitation. In the meanwhile, therefore,



the King of Italy is earnestly engaged in consolidating his new conquests, and awaiting the day when Italy shall really become one and indivisible. Still, so far as matters have already gone in Italy, they have produced a brilliant victory for the friends of Constitutionalism.

It is the misfortune of despots, whose power is based on the sword, that they must at regular intervals give the instruments of their will opportunity for glory and plunder—or, to use the graphic words of Sir Francis Head, afford them an outlet to gratify their craving for “booty, beauty, and revenge.” The Emperor of the French is strong, because his power is supported by 600,000 bayonets, ready to be his obedient tools, so long as he offers them a reasonable equivalent—and that equivalent must be represented by short and brilliant wars, offering chances of promotion and opportunities for distinction. And it is the unfortunate temperament of the French nation at large, that while most averse from war, no sooner has a campaign commenced than they lose their heads, and are the first to applaud the mighty deeds of their countrymen in arms. Before the opening of the Italian war, the good citizens of Paris regarded most gloomily the possible stagnation of trade, but hardly had the news of Magenta flashed along the wires, ere they burst into the maddest exclamations of delight, and fancied that the glories of the First Empire were about to be renewed. The Emperor was clever enough to take the ball at the rebound; he was not disposed to risk his popularity by tedious trench-work and the strategic reduction of powerful fortresses; he gracefully offered his hand in reconciliation to the conquered foe, and returned to Paris as a celebrity. Possibly he had not displayed any great merits as a general, but at any rate he had undergone what the French would term “the baptism of fire,” and his troops had gained in his presence one of the most brilliant and hardly-contested battles of modern times.

His army has now rested for two years, and the time is approaching when the third of the four Great Powers that crushed the First Empire will have to be punished. Already the French semi-official papers have struck the keynote by alluding to the “rectification of the French frontier on the Rhine.” Prussia holds across that river the Rhenish provinces, which were given her by the Congress of Vienna, and geographically

regarded, they ought to belong to France. Here is a splendid motive for a premeditated quarrel, and we may easily trace the process. Prussia will be affably invited to surrender these provinces so necessary for France, and accept compensation from France—perhaps the affair was discussed over a quiet cigar during the late meeting at Compiègne—and if Prussia be so unwise as to decline, she knows the alternative.

That a campaign against Prussia would be a short and crushing one, does not admit the least doubt. The French Zouaves who cleft their way like an arrow through the serried ranks of the Austrian veterans, would have a cheap conquest of the Prussian troops, for they are but half trained, and owing to the short period of service, greatly resemble our Volunteers. With all possible respect for that magnificent body, we should be sorry to see the day when they were opposed to the French line, and we are of opinion that the Prussians would offer a less sturdy resistance, for our men have an innate pluck which would stand them in the stead of discipline, such as no continental nation possesses. Not so long ago Prussia called out her strength, and invited the continental powers to inspect her martial array; reports of the manœuvres have appeared in our papers, and it is easy to read between the lines a species of contemptuous pity. We are firmly convinced that when hostilities commence between Prussia and France, we shall see another Jena more disastrous than the first. As for the rest of Germany, it is so broken up into small States, and so actuated by paltry jealousies, that it would not hold its own for a moment against the invader. And, in fact, Napoleon’s moderation alone would set limits to his conquests.

It might be supposed that the French at the present moment had something else to think about than war. They are suffering at once from a deficient harvest and stagnation of trade, owing to the fratricidal contest in America; but history teaches us that the French prefer to fly to other ills they know not of, than be reconciled with present calamities. In 1792, when the country was on the verge of despair—when bread was absolutely wanting—the shoeless, ragged Parisians hurried to the frontier and satiated their passion on the enemy. They appear, in fact, to be animated by the same feeling that urges the sailor, when all hope of

safety has vanished, to break into the spirit-room and drown his sorrow. Besides, the animosity which has existed between France and Prussia since 1814, would render a war most acceptable to the French: they do not forget that it was Blucher who coerced the allies into the occupation of Paris, or the bitter revenge the Prussians took for years of humiliation. Whenever, therefore, Louis Napoleon lets slip the dogs of war and crosses the Rhine, we may feel assured that the hearts of the nation will go with him.

As we said, Prussia is certain to be defeated, and then England—the last of the four great Powers—will be left alone to bear the brunt. We will not here enter into the question whether our ministers have acted wisely in carrying out a policy of isolation, and whether it would not have been better to check the ambitious designs of Napoleon by a powerful coalition. The evil has been effected, and all that is left us is to provide against its consequences. At any rate, we have a right to complain of the illogical tendency of ministerial measures: a commercial treaty was drawn up, which, we were led to believe, would knit the two nations in the closest bonds of amity, and it was accompanied by a splendid army of Volunteers springing armed from that soil which it was thought for a moment would be sullied by the foot of an invader. While the two nations were paving the way for commercial relations which were to render war impossible by the magnitude of the interests involved, our coasts began to bristle with Armstrong guns, and our dockyards resounded with the hammers of the workmen turning out, in hot haste, iron-clad vessels of war.

After all, the panic was unworthy of a nation so dignified and self-conscious as the British. We are quite ready to admit that the most certain way of summoning the invader was to leave England in a defenceless position; but we need not have expressed our fears quite so openly, or fawned on the nation from whom we anticipated the blow. If a war between England and France be inevitable, as we believe it to be should Louis Napoleon remain on the throne, it would have been a safer course to have delayed supplying the future enemy with the sinews of war. It was only the other day that the head of the very Ministry that drew up the commercial treaty, was hurling a defiance

at France in the old "come if you dare," style, and boasting of what England would do in the event of an invasion. In our view, such a course is neither manly nor wise. There are very few among us, we hope, who still believe in the natural antagonism of England and France: the present generation has been trained in the belief that there is room enough for both nations, and that they can follow their allotted paths without coming into collision. In short, if a war break out, it will not be between the two nations collectively so much as to gratify the pride and ambition of the Elect of the people, who believes that his mission is to avenge the downfall of his great uncle.

When the ambition of the first Napoleon began to grow intolerable, all the European nations combined to do away with him. They effected it, but it was a terribly tough job. Another Napoleon assumed the government of the French nation, which had wonderfully progressed during the thirty years' peace, and England, forgetful of her past policy and of the blood she had expended during the great wars, allowed the Holy Alliance to be cut into shreds by the sword of a Napoleon. Far be it from us to applaud that alliance, for it was prostituted to the most ignoble of purposes in carrying out the coercive measures of the despots: but the principle on which it was based was correct. France was the great marplot of Europe: from her alone a declaration of war could be apprehended; and the four Powers who had constituted themselves the police of the Continent should have held firmly together—the more firmly when a Napoleon again ascended the throne, who courted popularity by evoking the name and popularity of his uncle. The opposite took place. By clever machiavellism France dragged us into a war with a Power which had held by us through good and evil report; we passively looked on while Austria was being humiliated, and the seed sown for internal dissensions; we have an uneasy consciousness that Prussia will be the next victim; and we hug ourselves in the notion that we have a broad belt of water around us which will render invasion of our shores not so easy a task.

It is the wish of every good and honest man that war should cease, for it is brutal and demoralizing, and rarely produces any useful end. At the same time we



allow that no sight is more glorious than that of a nation rising in arms against its oppressors; and such exploits as those of Garibaldi make the blood course through our veins more rapidly. But we cannot understand an autocrat marching forth his armies to grant that liberty to down-trampled nations which he refuses his own. As Louis Napoleon has since sufficiently proved, the emancipation of Italy was but the subterfuge behind which he vented his hatred for Austria; and ere the campaign began, there was an opportunity, which will never return, to put a stop to the ambitious designs of Napoleon. Had England, Austria, and Prussia firmly coalesced, and declared that war should not take place, Napoleon would have hesitated, and the French nation, in their dislike of the war, would in all probability have seen no insult in so well-meant an intervention. The settlement of the Italian question might then have been arranged amicably, and Austria would probably have been induced to surrender more to persuasion than she gave up through force.

There is another side from which these wars and rumours of wars affect us most unpleasantly. Those who have the misfortune to be householders are beginning to notice the excessive punctuality with which the tax-gatherer appears at their doors, and find the amounts they have to pay screwed up to the very highest pitch. The truth is, that the preparations for war entail an inordinate expense, and an iron-cased ship like the *Warrior*, now forming the pride of Portsmouth harbour, costs nearly as much as the equipment of a squadron in the old times. Armstrong guns are equally costly trifles, not forgetting the twelve millions to be laid out in fortifying the shores of Britain against our best friend—the enemy; and at the moment when money is most wanted, the revenue has decreased nearly three millions and a quarter. These preparations, however, cannot be stopped; no matter if all the factory hands of Lancashire be thrown out of work by the want of cotton; for England has taken the alarm, and has determined to set her house in order. So long as the Emperor Napoleon goes on building iron-ships, so long shall we follow his example, and he certainly does not evince any inclination to check the costly experiment. It seems probable that by the time England is belted by a fleet of iron vessels, the two nations will be the best

friends in the world. All we have to say is, that it is a most expensive price to pay for the friendship, and we hardly think it worth the outlay.

But, to make the confusion worse confounded, the Government (should they survive till next March) have hit on the insane plan of reducing the expenses by cutting 10,000 men off the strength of our already weak army. The argument, it is said, they will employ, is that the volunteers have grown so efficient as to justify such a measure of economy. Such an argument is untenable: the volunteers never proposed to act the part of regular troops; they merely enrolled themselves, in the event of a possible contingency, and wished to learn the use of the rifle in case of the invasion of England being seriously meditated. Our army, though small in number, has hitherto been successful in action, because of the constant drill the men undergo: no man enlists in the army who has a prospect of gaining a livelihood in any other way, and therefore our army is composed of real “food for powder,” who make fighting their trade. We have not a man too many to protect all our outlying possessions, and supply a sufficient nucleus for the defensive force at home, and we believe that, if the measure be carried out, it will reflect a serious injury on the volunteer cause.

Altogether, though the prospect may not be very cheerful at the moment, we do not think that England has any great cause for apprehension. A time of trial is impending over her, but she will emerge from it triumphantly, for “thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.” The time has gone by when England would rush senselessly into war for the mere sake of fighting: if attacked, we shall know how to hold our own, and the victory will remain with us, as it has ever done before. While the nation has a right sincerely to regret the outlay into which the ambition of Napoleon forces it, it recognises it as a necessity, and as a cheap insurance against invasion. But while Englishmen do not begrudge an expenditure which their honour and position call upon them to make, they have a right to demand the closest economy, and a desire on the part of the officials to deal with the public moneys as if they were their own. Throughout the Crimean war a reckless extravagance was the rule; excusable only because we had so long been at peace, and our establishments had fallen into decay; but such an

excuse is no longer tolerable. The nation responds most liberally to the demands of the Administration, and will never refuse to supply the funds, however heavy the demand may become, so long as it has a reasonable guarantee that nothing is wasted. Both honour and duty demand that the members of the Government should offer this guarantee; but when we read, as we did lately, how my Lords of the Admiralty ordered a target to be built of the same thickness as the

sides of the *Warrior*, in order to test the strength of that vessel after she was launched, we shake our heads incredulously, and feel that great changes must take place before the nation can place implicit confidence in its rulers, who are so ready with their pledges when asking for supplies, and who thrust their tongue in their cheeks when reminded of those pledges, once the money is in their possession.

### A VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

A FEW years back I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principal cities of Germany had been brilliantly marked by aërostatic ascensions; but, up to this day, no inhabitant of the Confederation had accompanied me.

Meanwhile, hardly had the news of my approaching ascension circulated throughout Frankfort, than three persons of note asked the favour of accompanying me. Two days after, we were to ascend from the Place de la Comédie. I immediately occupied myself with the preparations. My balloon, of gigantic proportions, was of silk coated with gutta-percha, a substance not liable to injury from acids or gas, and of absolute impermeability. Some trifling rents were mended: the inevitable results of perilous descents.

The day of our ascension was that of the great fair of September, which attracts all the world to Frankfort.

We were to ascend at noon. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, that of the impatient crowd who thronged around the reserved enclosure, inundated the entire square and adjoining streets, and covered the neighbouring houses from the basements to the slated roofs.

Among the persons who crowded around the enclosure I remarked a young man with pale face and agitated features. I was struck with his appearance. He had been an assiduous spectator of my ascensions in several cities of Germany. His uneasy air and his extraordinary pre-occupation never left him; he eagerly contemplated the curious machine, which rested motionless at a few feet from the ground, and remained silent.

The clock struck twelve! This was the hour. My *compagnons du voyage* had not appeared, and I did not hesitate to ascend alone. To re-establish the equilibrium between the specific gravity of the balloon and the weight to be raised, I substituted other bags of sand for my expected companions, and entered the car. The twelve men who were holding the aërostat by twelve cords fastened to the equatorial circle, let them slip between their fingers; the car rose a few feet above the ground.

"All is ready!" exclaimed I. "Attention!"

There was some movement in the crowd, which seemed to be invading the reserved enclosure.

"Let go!"

The balloon slowly ascended; but I experienced a shock, which threw me to the bottom of the car. When I rose, I found myself face to face with an unexpected voyager,—the pale young man.

"Monsieur, I salute you!" said he to me.

"By what right——"

"Am I here? By the right of your inability to turn me out."

I was confounded. He continued:

"My weight will disturb your equilibrium, monsieur; will you permit me——"

And without waiting for my assent, he lightened the balloon by two bags of sand, which he emptied into the air.

"Monsieur," said I, taking the only possible course, "you are here,—well! you choose to remain,—well! but to me alone belongs the management of the aërostat."

"Monsieur," replied he, "your urbanity



is entirely French; it is of the same country with myself! I press in imagination the hand which you refuse me. Take your measures,—act as it may seem good to you; I will wait till you have ended——”

“To——”

“To converse with you.”

The barometer had fallen to 26 inches; we had attained a height of about 600 metres, and were over the city; which satisfied me of our complete quiescence, for I could not judge by our motionless flags.

“Vexatious mist!” said he, at the expiration of a few moments.

I made no reply.

“What would you? I could not pay for my voyage; I was obliged to take you by surprise.”

“No one has asked you to descend!”

“A similar occurrence,” he resumed, “happened to the Counts of Laurencin and Dampierre, when they ascended at Lyons, on the 15th of January, 1784. A young merchant, named Fontaine, scaled the railing, at the risk of upsetting the equipage. He accomplished the voyage, and nobody was killed!”

“Once on the earth, we will converse!” said I, piqued at the tone of lightness with which he spoke.

“Bah! do not talk of returning!”

“Do you think, then, that I shall delay my descent?”

“Descent!” said he, with surprise. “Let us ascend!”

And before I could prevent him, two bags of sand were thrown out, without even being emptied.

“Monsieur!” said I, angrily.

“I know your skill,” replied he, composedly; “your brilliant ascensions have made some noise in the world. Experience is the sister of practice, but it is also first cousin to theory, and I have long and deeply studied the *aërostatic* art.—It has affected my brain,” added he, sadly, falling into a mute torpor.

The balloon, after having risen, remained stationary; the unknown consulted the barometer, and said:—

“Here we are at 800 metres! Men resemble insects! See, I think it is from this height that we should always look at them, to judge correctly of their moral proportions! The Place de la Comédie is transformed to an immense ant-hill. Look at the crowd piled up on the quays. The Zeil diminishes. We are above the church of Dom. The Mein is now only a white line dividing the city, and this

bridge, the Mein-Brücke, looks like a white thread thrown between the two banks of the river.”

The atmosphere grew cooler.

“There is nothing I will not do for you, my host,” said my companion. “If you are cold, I will take off my clothes, and lend them to you.”

“Thanks.”

“Necessity makes laws. Give me your hand,—I am your countryman. You shall be instructed by my company, and my conversation shall compensate you for the annoyance I have caused you.”

I seated myself, without replying, at the opposite extremity of the car. The young man had drawn from his great coat a voluminous portfolio; it was a work on *aërostation*.

“I possess,” said he, “a most curious collection of engravings and caricatures appertaining to our *aërial* mania. This precious discovery has been at once admired and ridiculed. Fortunately we have passed the period when the *Montgolfiers* sought to make factitious clouds with the vapour of water; and of the gas affecting electric properties, which they produced by the combustion of damp straw with chopped wool.”

“Would you detract from the merit of these inventions?” replied I. “Was it not well done to have proved by experiment the possibility of rising in the air?”

“Who denies the glory of the first *aërial* navigators? Immense courage was necessary to ascend by means of those fragile envelopes which contained only warm air. Besides, has not *aërostatic* science made great progress since the ascensions of Blanchard?”

We were advancing towards the south; the magnetic needle pointed in the direction of Frankfort, which was flying beneath our feet.

“Perhaps we shall have a storm,” said the young man.

“We will descend first.”

“Indeed! it will be better to ascend; we shall escape more surely;” and two bags of sand were thrown overboard.

The balloon rose rapidly, and stopped at 1200 metres. The cold was now intense, and there was a slight buzzing in my ears. Nevertheless, the rays of the sun fell hotly on the globe, and, dilating the gas it contained, gave it a greater ascensional force. I was stupefied.

“Fear nothing,” said the young man to me. “We have three thousand five hun-

dred toises of respirable air. You need not trouble yourself about my proceedings."

I would have risen, but a vigorous hand detained me on my seat.

"Your name?" asked I.

"My name! how does it concern you?"

"I have the honour to ask your name."

"I am called Erostratus or Empedocles, —as you please. Are you interested in the progress of ærostatic science?"

He spoke with icy coldness, and I asked myself with whom I had to do.

His gesticulations, also, were so furious, that the car experienced violent oscillations; I had much difficulty in restraining him. Meanwhile, the balloon had encountered a more rapid current. We were advancing in a southerly direction, at 1200 metres in height, almost accustomed to this new temperature.

"There is Darmstadt," said my companion. "Do you perceive its magnificent chateau? The storm-cloud below makes the outlines of objects waver; and it requires a practised eye to recognise localities."

"You are certain that it is Darmstadt!"

"Undoubtedly. We are six leagues from Frankfort."

"Then we must descend."

"Descend! you would not alight upon the steeples!" said the unknown, mockingly.

"No; but in the environs of the city."

"Well, it is too warm; let us remount a little."

As he spoke thus, he seized some bags of ballast. I precipitated myself upon him; but, with one hand, he overthrew me, and the lightened balloon rose to a height of 1500 metres.

"Sit down," said he, "and do not forget that Brioschi, Biot, and Gay-Lussac ascended to a height of 7000 metres, in order to establish some new scientific laws."

"We must descend," resumed I, with an attempt at gentleness. "The storm is gathering beneath our feet and around us; it would not be prudent——"

"We will ascend above it, and shall have nothing to fear from it. What more beautiful than to reign in heaven, and look down upon the clouds which hover upon the earth! Is it not an honour to navigate these aerial waves! To approach the infinite is to comprehend it."

The rarefaction of the air considerably dilated the hydrogen, and I saw the lower part of the ærostat, designedly left open, become by degrees inflated, rendering the

opening of the valve indispensable; but my fearful companion seemed determined not to allow me to direct our movements. I resolved to pull secretly the cord attached to the valve while he was talking with animation. I feared to guess with whom I had to do; it would have been too horrible! It was about three-quarters of an hour since we had left Frankfort, and from the south thick clouds were arising and threatening to engulf us.

"Have you lost all hope of making your plans succeed?" said I, with great apparent interest.

"All hope!" replied the unknown, despairingly. "Wounded by refusals, caricatures, those blows from the foot of an ass have finished me. It is the eternal punishment reserved for innovators. See these caricatures of every age with which my portfolio is filled."

I had secured the cord of the valve, and stooping over his works, concealed my movements from him. It was to be feared, nevertheless, that he would notice that rushing sound, like a waterfall, which the gas produces in escaping.

"How many jests at the expense of the Abbé Miolan! He was about to ascend with Janninet and Bredin. During the operation their balloon took fire, and an ignorant populace tore it to pieces. Then the caricature of *The Curious Animals* called them *Miaulant*, *Jean Minet*, and *Gredin*."

The barometer had begun to rise; it was time! A distant muttering of thunder was heard towards the south.

"See this other engraving," continued he, without seeming to suspect my manoeuvres. "It is an immense balloon, containing a ship, large castles, houses, &c. The caricaturists little thought that their absurdities would one day become verities. It is a large vessel; at the left is the helm with the pilot's box; at the prow, *maisons de plaisance*, a gigantic organ, and cannon to call the attention of the inhabitants of the earth, or of the moon; above the stern, the observatory and pilot balloon; at the equatorial circle, the barracks of the army; on the left, the lantern; then upper galleries for promenades, the sails, the wings; beneath, the cafés and general store-houses of provisions. Admire this magnificent announcement: 'Invented for the good of the human race, this globe will depart immediately for the seaports in the Levant, and on its return will announce its voyages



for the two Poles and the extremities of the Occident. Every provision is made; there will be an exact rate of fare for each place of destination; but the prices for distant voyages will be the same, 1000 louis. And it must be confessed that this is a moderate sum, considering the celerity, convenience, and pleasure of this mode of travelling above all others. While in this balloon every one can divert himself as he pleases, dancing, playing, or conversing with people of talent. Pleasure will be the soul of the aerial society.' All these inventions excited laughter. But before long, if my days were not numbered, these projects should become realities."

We were visibly descending; he did not perceive it!

"See this game of balloons; it contains the whole history of the aërostatic art. This game, for the use of educated minds, is played, like that of the Jew, with dice and counters of any value agreed upon, which are to be paid or received, according to the condition in which one arrives."

"But," I resumed, "you seem to have valuable documents on aërostation?"

"I am less learned than the gods! That is all! I possess all the knowledge possible in this world. From Phaeton, Icarus, and Architas, I have searched all, comprehended all! Through me, the aërostatic art would render immense services to the world, if God should spare my life! But that cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Because my name is Empedocles or Erostratus!"

I shuddered. Fortunately the balloon was approaching the earth. But the danger is the same at 50 feet as at 5000 metres! The clouds were advancing.

The unknown hid his forehead in his hands, reflected for a few moments, then, without raising his head, said to me:

"Notwithstanding my orders, you have opened the upper valve!"

I let go the cord.

"Fortunately," continued he, "we have still two hundred pounds of ballast."

"What are your plans?" said I, with effort.

"You have never crossed the sea?"

I grew frightfully pale, terror froze my veins.

"It is a pity," said he, "that we are being wafted towards the Adriatic! That is only a streamlet. Higher! we shall find other currents!"

And without looking at me, he lightened the balloon by several bags of sand.

"I allowed you to open the valve, because the dilatation of the gas threatened to burst the balloon. But do not do it again."

I was stupefied.

"You know the voyage from Dover to Calais made by Blanchard and Jefferies? It was rich in incident. On the 7th of January, 1785, in a north-east wind, their balloon was filled with gas on the Dover side; scarcely had they risen, when an error in equilibrium compelled them to throw out their ballast, retaining only thirty pounds. The wind drifted them slowly along towards the shores of France. The permeability of the tissue gradually suffered the gas to escape, and at the expiration of an hour and a half the voyagers perceived that they were descending.

"What is to be done?" said Jefferies.

"We have passed over only three-fourths of the distance," replied Blanchard; "and at a slight elevation. By ascending we shall expose ourselves to contrary winds. Throw out the remainder of the ballast."

"The balloon regained its ascensional force, but soon re-descended. About midway of the voyage, the aëronauts threw out their books and tools. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Blanchard said to Jefferies:

"The barometer."

"It is rising! We are lost; and yet there are the shores of France."

"A great noise was heard.

"Is the balloon rent?" asked Jefferies.

"No! the escape of the gas has collapsed the lower part of the balloon."

"But we are still descending. We are lost! Everything not indispensable must be thrown overboard!"

"Their provisions, oars, and helm were thrown out into the sea. They were now only 100 metres in height.

"We are remounting," said the Doctor.

"No, it is the jerk caused by the diminution of weight. There is not a ship in sight! Not a bark on the horizon! To the sea with our garments!"

"And the unfortunate men stripped, but the balloon continued to descend.

"Blanchard," said Jefferies, "you were to have made this voyage alone; you consented to take me; I will sacrifice myself for you! I will throw myself into the water, and the balloon, relieved, will re-ascend."

"No, no, it is frightful."

"The balloon collapsed more and more, and its concavity forming a parachute, forced the gas against its sides and accelerated its motion."

"Adieu, my friend," said the Doctor. "May God preserve you."

"He was about to take the leap, when Blanchard detained him."

"One resource remains to us! We can cut the cords by which the car is attached, and cling to the network! perhaps the balloon will rise. Ready! But the barometer falls! We remount! The wind freshens! We are saved!"

"The voyagers perceived Calais! Their joy became delirium; a few moments later they descended in the forest of Guînes. I doubt not," continued the unknown, "that in similar circumstances you would follow the example of Doctor Jefferies."

The clouds were unrolling beneath our feet in glittering cascades; the balloon cast a deep shadow on this pile of clouds, and was surrounded by them as with an aureola! The thunder growled beneath our feet! All this was frightful.

"Let us descend!" exclaimed I.

"Descend, when the sun is waiting us yonder! Down with the bags!"

And he lightened the balloon of more than fifty pounds. At 3000 metres we remained stationary. The unknown talked incessantly, but I scarcely heard him; I was completely prostrated, while he seemed in his element.

"With a good wind we shall go far, but we must especially go high."

"We are lost!"

"In the Antilles there are currents of air which travel a hundred leagues an hour! On the occasion of Napoleon's coronation, Garnerin let off a balloon illuminated with coloured lamps, at eleven o'clock in the evening. The wind blew from the N.N.E.; the next morning at daybreak the inhabitants of Rome saluted its passage above the dome of St. Peter's. We will go farther."

I scarcely heard him; everything was buzzing around me! There was an opening in the clouds!

"See that city, my host," said the unknown. "It is Spire. Nothing else!"

I dared not lean over the railing of the car. Nevertheless I perceived a little black spot. This was Spire. The broad Rhine looked like a riband, the great roads like threads. Above our heads the

sky was of a deep azure; I was benumbed with the cold. The birds had long since forsaken us; in this rarefied air their flight would have been impossible. We were alone in space, and I in the presence of a strange man!

"It is useless for you to know whither I am taking you," said he, and he threw the compass into the clouds. "A fall is a fine thing. You know that there have been a few victims from Pilatre des Rosiers down to Lieutenant Gale, and these misfortunes have always been caused by imprudence. Pilatre des Rosiers ascended in company with Romain, at Boulogne, on the 13th of June, 1785. To his balloon, inflated with gas, he had suspended a *mongolfier* filled with warm air, undoubtedly to save the trouble of letting off gas or throwing out ballast. It was like putting a chafing-dish beneath a powder-cask. The imprudent men rose to a height of four hundred metres, and encountered opposing winds, which drove them over the ocean. In order to descend, Pilatre attempted to open the valve of the *aérostat*; but the cord of this valve caught in the balloon, and tore it so that it was emptied in an instant. It fell on the *mongolfier*, overturned it, and the imprudent men were dashed to pieces in a few seconds. It is frightful, is it not?" said the unknown, shaking me from my torpor.

I could reply only by these words:

"In pity, let us descend! The clouds are gathering around us in every direction, and frightful detonations reverberating from the cavity of the *aérostat* are multiplying around us."

"You make me impatient!" said he. "You shall no longer know whether we are ascending or descending."

And the barometer went after the compass, along with some bags of sand. We must have been at a height of 4000 metres.

"Do not fear," said my strange companion; "it is only imprudence that makes victims. Olivari, who perished at Orléans, ascended on a *mongolfier* made of paper; his car suspended below the chafing-dish, and ballasted with combustible materials, became a prey to the flames! Olivari fell, and was killed. Mosment ascended at Lille, on a light platform; an oscillation made him lose his equilibrium. Mosment fell, and was killed. Bittorf, at Manheim, saw his paper balloon take fire in the air! Bittorf fell, and was killed. Harris ascended in



a balloon badly constructed, the valve of which was too large to be closed again. Harris fell, and was killed. Sadler, deprived of ballast by his long stay in the air, was dragged over the city of Boston, and thrown against the chimneys. Sadler fell, and was killed.

"Did you see Madame Blanchard fall?" said he to me. "I saw her, I—yes I! I was at Tivoli on the 6th of July, 1819. Madame Blanchard ascended in a balloon of small size, to save the expense of filling; she was therefore obliged to inflate it entirely, and the gas escaped by the lower orifice, leaving on its route a train of hydrogen. She carried, suspended above her car, by an iron wire, a kind of firework, forming an aureola which she was to kindle. She had often repeated this experiment. On this occasion she carried, besides, a little parachute, ballasted by a firework terminating in a ball with silver rain. She was to launch this apparatus, after having lighted it with a *lance à feu*, prepared for the purpose. She ascended. The night was dark. At the moment of lighting the firework, she was so imprudent as to let the lance pass beneath the column of hydrogen which was escaping from the balloon. My eyes were fixed on her. Suddenly an unexpected flash illuminated the darkness. I thought it a surprise of the skillful aéronaut. The flame increased, suddenly disappeared, and reappeared at the top of the aërostat under the form of an immense jet of burning gas. This sinister light projected over the Boulevard, and over the quarter Montmartre. Then I saw the unfortunate woman rise, twice attempt to compress the orifice of the balloon, to extinguish the fire, then seat herself in the car and seek to direct its descent; for she did not fall. The combustion of the gas lasted several minutes. The balloon, diminishing by degrees, continued to descend, but this was not a fall! The wind blew from the north-east and drove her over Paris. There were, at that time, in the neighbourhood of the house, No. 16, Rue de Province, immense gardens. The aéronaut might have fallen there without danger. But unhappily the balloon and the car alighted on the roof of the house. The shock was slight. 'Help!' cried the unfortunate woman. I arrived in the street at that moment. The car slid along the roof, and encountered an iron hook. At this shock Madame Blanchard was thrown out of the car, and precipitated on the pavement. She was killed!"

These histories of fatal augury froze me with horror. The unknown was standing upright, with bare head, bristling hair, and haggard eyes.

Illusion was no longer possible. I saw at last the horrible truth. I had to deal with a madman!

He threw out half the ballast, and we must have been borne to a height of seven thousand metres! Blood spouted from my nose and mouth.

"What a fine thing it is to be martyrs to science! They are canonized by posterity!"

I heard no more. The unknown looked around him with horror and knelt at my ear.

"On the 7th of October, 1804, the weather had begun to clear up a little; for several days preceding the wind and rain had been incessant. But the ascension announced by Zambecarri could not be postponed! His idiot enemies already scoffed at him. To save himself and science from public ridicule it became necessary for him to ascend. It was at Bologna. No one aided him in filling his balloon; he rose at midnight, accompanied by Andreoli and Grossetti. The balloon ascended slowly; it had been rent by the wind, and the gas escaped. The three intrepid voyagers could observe the state of the barometer only by the aid of a dark lantern. Zambecarri had not eaten during twenty-four hours; Grossetti was also fasting.

"My friends," said Zambecarri, 'I am benumbed with the cold; I am exhausted; I must die;' and he fell senseless in the gallery.

"It was the same with Grossetti. Andreoli alone remained awake. After long efforts he succeeded in arousing Zambecarri from his stupor.

"What is there new? Where are we going? In which direction is the wind? What time is it?"

"It is two o'clock!"

"Where is the compass?"

"It has fallen out."

"Great God! the lamp is extinguished!"

"It could not burn longer in this rarefied air," said Zambecarri.

"The moon had not risen; the atmosphere was plunged in horrible darkness.

"I am cold, I am cold, Andreoli! What shall we do?"

"The unfortunate men slowly descended through a layer of white clouds.

"Hush!" said Andreoli; 'do you hear——'

"What?" replied Zambecarri.

"A singular noise!"

"You are mistaken!"

"No!—Do you see those midnight travellers, listening to that incomprehensible sound? Have they struck against a tower? Are they about to be precipitated on the roofs? Do you hear it? It is like the sound of the ocean!"

"Impossible!"

"It is the roaring of the waves!"

"That is true!—Light! light!"

"After five fruitless attempts, Andreoli obtained it. It was three o'clock. The sound of the waves was heard with violence.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Zambecarri, seizing a bag of ballast.

"Help!" cried Andreoli.

"The car touched the water, and the waves covered them breast high. To the sea with instruments, garments, money! The aeronauts stripped entirely. The lightened balloon rose with frightful rapidity. Zambecarri was seized with violent vomiting. Grossetti bled freely. The unhappy men could not speak; their respiration was short. They were seized with cold, and in a moment covered with a coat of ice. The moon appeared to them red as blood. After having traversed these high regions during half an hour, the machine again fell into the sea. It was four o'clock in the morning: the bodies of the wretched aeronauts were half in the water, and the balloon, acting as a sail, dragged them about during several hours. At daybreak they found themselves opposite Pesaro, five miles from the shore; they were about to land, when a sudden flaw of wind drove them back to the open sea. They were lost! The affrighted barks fled at their approach. Fortunately, a more intelligent navigator hailed them, took them on board, and they landed at Ferrara. That was frightful! Zambecarri was a brave man. Scarcely recovered from his sufferings, he recommenced his ascensions. In one of them, he struck against a tree; his lamp, filled with spirits of wine, was spilled over his clothes, and they caught fire; he was covered with flames, his machine was beginning to kindle, when he descended, half-burned. The 21st September, 1812, he made another ascension at Bologna; his balloon caught in a tree; his lamp set fire to it. Zambecarri fell, and was killed! And in the presence of these high facts, shall we still hesitate? No! the higher we go the more glorious will be our death."

I saw the unknown rise before me.

"This is the hour!" said he to me.

"We must die! We are rejected by men! They despise us! Let us crush them!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed I.

"Let us cut the cords! let this car be abandoned in space! The attractive force will change its direction, and we shall land in the sun!"

Despair gave me strength! I precipitated myself upon the madman, and a frightful struggle took place! But I was thrown down! and while he held me beneath his knee, he cut the cords of the car!

"One!" said he.

"Mercy!"

"Two! three!"

One cord more, and the car was sustained only on one side.

"Four!" said he.

The car was overset. I instinctively clung to the cords which held it, and climbed up the outside. The unknown had disappeared in space!

In a twinkling the balloon ascended to an immeasurable height! A horrible crash was heard. The dilated gas had burst its envelope! I closed my eyes. A few moments afterwards a moist warmth reanimated me; I was in the midst of fiery clouds! The balloon was whirling with fearful rapidity! I felt myself swooning! Driven by the wind, I travelled a hundred leagues an hour in my horizontal course: the lightnings flashed around me!

Meanwhile my fall was not rapid. When I opened my eyes, I perceived the country. I was two miles from the sea, the hurricane urging me on with great force. I was lost!—when a sudden shock made me let go; my hands opened, a cord slipped rapidly between my fingers, and I found myself on the ground. It was the cord of the anchor, which, sweeping the surface of the ground, had caught in a crevice! I fainted, and my lightened balloon, resuming its flight, was lost beyond the sea.

When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a peasant, at Harderwick, a little town of Gueldres, fifteen leagues from Amsterdam, on the banks of the Zuyderzée.

A miracle had saved me. But my voyage had been but a series of imprudences against which I had been unable to defend myself.





A GALLANT DEFENCE.

## THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

### CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

I HAD never before seen a routed army when the King of the Mountains returned. This sight had, therefore, all the attraction for me of a first performance. My vows had not been fulfilled: the Greek soldiers had defended themselves with so much fury, that the fight was prolonged into the night. Formed in square round the two mules that carried the chest, they had answered Hadji Stavros' sharpshooters by a well-sustained fire. The old Pallikar, despairing to knock over one by one a hundred and twenty men who would not give way, charged them sabre in hand. His comrades assured us that he had performed marvels, and the blood with which he was covered showed that he had exposed himself bravely. But the bayonet had the last word. The troops killed fourteen brigands, a dog being among them. A bullet had checked the promotion of young Spiro, that promising officer. I saw sixty men arrive, exhausted with fatigue, dusty, bleeding, battered, and wounded. Sophocles, who had a bullet in his shoulder, was carried: the Corfiote and some others had remained

on the road—some with shepherds, others in a village, on a rock, or by the wayside.

The whole band was gloomy and discouraged: Sophocles howled with pain. I heard some murmurs against the imprudence of the King, who exposed the lives of his comrades for a paltry sum, instead of quietly plundering real travellers.

The most satisfied, jolly-looking, and freshest of the band was the King. You could read in his face the proud satisfaction of a duty accomplished. He recognised me at once between my four men, and cordially offered me his hand.

"My dear prisoner," he said to me, "you see a very badly-used king. Those dogs of soldiers would not let the chest go. The money was theirs: they would not have risked death for any other person's money. My trip to the Scironian rocks has brought me in nothing, and I have expended fourteen fighting men, without counting several wounded, who will not recover. But no matter; I fought well. Those rogues were more numerous than we, and had bayonets. If they had not! Come, this day has made me younger: I proved to myself that I still had blood in my veins."

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And he hummed the first verse of his favourite song. He then went on:—

"By Jupiter (as Lord Byron used to say) I would not have remained at home since Saturday for another thousand pounds. That will also be put in my history. They will say that when beyond the age of seventy, I rushed sabre in hand among the bayonets, cut down three or four soldiers with my own hand, and walked ten leagues over the mountains to drink my cup of coffee here. Cafedgi, my lad, do your duty; I have done mine. But where the deuce is Pericles?"

The pretty Captain was still reposing under my tent. Yanni went to fetch him, and brought him back all sleepy, with his moustaches out of curl, and his head carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief. I know nothing so adapted to wake a man as a glass of cold water or bad news. When Captain Pericles learnt that little Spiro and two other gendarmes were left on the ground, it was a very different sort of defeat. He pulled off his handkerchief, and had it not been for the tender respect in which he held his person, he would have torn out his hair.

"It's all over with me," he exclaimed. "How can I explain their presence with you? and in a brigand's dress, too! They will have been recognised: the others are masters of the battle-field. Shall I say that they deserted to join you? that you made them prisoners? They will ask why I did not say so before. I was waiting for you to make my grand report. I wrote yesterday evening, that I was pressing you closely on Parnassus, and that all our men were admirable. Holy Virgin! I shall not dare show myself on Sunday at Patissia! What will they say, on the 15th, at the court ball? All the diplomatic corps will be enraged with me. The council will be assembled: shall I even be invited?"

"To the council?" the brigand asked.

"No; to the court ball."

"Get out, you jackanapes."

"Good Heavens! who knows what will be done? If it were only a question about these Englishwomen, I should not trouble myself; I would confess all to the minister of war. Englishwomen—there are enough of them. But to lend my soldiers for an attack on the army chest—send Spiro against the line? I shall be pointed out; I shall never dance again."

Who was it that was rubbing his hands during this monologue? It was my father's son, between his four soldiers.

Hadji Stavros, peacefully seated, was swallowing his coffee in little gulps. He said to his godson:—

"You are in a terrible trouble! Remain with us; I guarantee you £400 a year at least, and enlist your men. We will take our revenge together."

The offer was seductive. Two days sooner it would have gained many votes; now, it seemed but slightly to please the gendarmes—their captain not at all. The soldiers said nothing; but they looked at their old comrades; they inspected Sophocles' wound; they thought of the dead, and stretched out their noses in the direction of Athens, as if to sniff the succulent smell of the barracks.

As for Captain Pericles, he answered in visible embarrassment:—

"I thank you, but I must consider about it. My habits are those of a town; I am of delicate health; the winters must be rude in the mountains, and I have caught a cold as it is. My absence would be remarked at all the parties. I am in great request down there, and good marriages have often been proposed to me. Besides, the evil may not be so great as we suppose. Who knows if the three clumsy fellows were recognised? Will the news of the affair arrive before us? I will go first to the minister, and assume an official air. No one will come to contradict me, as the two companies are pursuing their march to Argos. Decidedly I must go and run the risk. Take care of your wounded—good bye!"

He made a sign to the drummer.

Hadji Stavros rose, stood before me with his godson, whom he stood over by a head, and said to me:—

"This is a Greek of to-day, sir; I am a Greek of the olden time; and yet the papers assert that we are progressing!"

At the rolling of the drum, the walls of my prison sundered like the ramparts of Jericho. Two minutes later I was before Mary Anne's tent. Mother and daughter started from their sleep; Mrs. Simons saw me first, and cried—

"Well! are we off?"

"Alas! madame, we have not reached that point yet."

"What have we reached, then? the Captain gave us his word for this morning."

"How did you like the Captain?"

"He was gallant, elegant, delightful! a little too much a slave to discipline, but that is his only fault."

"A rogue and a villain, a coward and boaster, a liar and a thief! Those are



his real names, madam, and I will prove it to you."

"Dear me, sir, what have the gendarmes done to offend you?"

"What have they done, madam? Be good enough to come with me only to the top of the steps."

Mrs. Simons arrived just in time to see the soldiers defiling, the drummer at their head, the brigands installed in their place, and the Captain and the King, lip to lip, exchanging a farewell kiss. The surprise was a little too great. I had not prepared the good lady enough, and was punished for it, as she fainted her whole length, and nearly broke my arms. I carried her to the spring. Mary Anne lapped her hands, and I threw a handful of water in her face. But I am inclined to believe it was her fury brought her to.

"The wretch!" she shrieked.

"He plundered you, did he not? He stole your watches and money?"

"I do not regret my jewels; let him keep them; but I would give £500 to recal the shakes of the hand I gave him. I am English, and do not take everybody's hand."

This regret of Mrs. Simons' drew a heavy sigh from me. She burst out afresh, however, and let the whole weight of her anger fall on me.

"It is your fault," she said; "could you not warn us? You should have told me that the brigands were, comparatively speaking, saints."

"But, madame, I warned you that you must not count on the gendarmes."

"You said it badly; you told it me slowly, heavily, phlegmatically. Could I believe you? Could I guess that this fellow was only Hadji Stavros' jailer? that he kept us here to allow the brigands time to return? that he terrified us with imaginary dangers? that he feigned nocturnal attacks in order to have the air of defending us? I guess all now; but say whether you told me anything."

"Good Heavens! madame, I told you what I knew—I did what I could."

"German that you are! in your place an Englishman would have risked death for us, and I would have given him my daughter's hand!"

Peonies are certainly red, but I became more so on hearing Mrs. Simons' exclamation. I felt so troubled, that I did not dare raise my eyes, or reply, or ask the dear lady what she meant by these words. For, in fact, how could a person so straitlaced as herself have been induced

to employ such language before her daughter and myself? By what gate could this idea of marriage have entered her mind? Was Mrs. Simons really the woman to decree her daughter, as honourable reward, to the first liberator that came? There was no appearance of it. Was it not a bitter irony rather, addressed to my most secret thoughts?

When I descended into myself, and recognised with legitimate pride the innocent lukewarmness of my feelings, I rendered myself this justice, that the fire of passion had never raised by one degree the temperature of my heart. At every moment of the day I exercised myself in thinking of Mary Anne, in order to try myself. I built castles in the air constantly, of which she was the mistress. I manufactured romances, of which she was the heroine and I the hero. I supposed the most absurd circumstances. I imagined events as improbable as the history of the Princess Ypsoff and Lieutenant Reynauld. I even went so far as to represent the pretty English girl seated at my right hand in a postchaise, and passing her exquisite arm round my long neck. All these flattering suppositions, which would have agitated a soul less philosophical than mine, did not trouble my serenity. I experienced none of those alternations of fear and hope which are the characteristic symptoms of love. Never, never had I felt those mighty convulsions of the heart, of which there is question in romances. Hence I did not love Mary Anne; I was a man without reproach, and I could walk with head erect. But Mrs. Simons, who had not read my thoughts, was very capable of deceiving herself as to the nature of my devotion. Who knew if she did not suspect me of being in love with her daughter, and had wrongly interpreted my trouble and timidity? and if she had not uttered the word marriage to force me to betray myself? My pride revolted against so unjust a suspicion, and I answered her in a firm voice, though not looking her in the face:—

"Madam, if I were happy enough to get you away from this spot, I swear to you that it would not be to espouse your daughter."

"And why not?" she said, in a tone of pique. "Is not my daughter worth marrying? I call that a good joke, upon my word. Is she not pretty enough? or rich enough? or of a sufficiently good family? have I brought her up badly? and do you know anything to say against her?"

To marry Miss Simons, my little gentleman, is a fine dream; and the most difficult man to please would be satisfied to do so."

"Alas, madam! you have greatly misunderstood me. I confess that Miss is perfect; and did not her presence render me timid, I would tell you what passionate admiration she has inspired me with since the first day. It is precisely on that account that I have not the impertinence to dream that any accident could raise me to her."

I hoped that my humility would bend

this terrible mother, but her anger was not lowered even half a note.

"Why?" she exclaimed, "why do you not deserve my daughter? Come, answer me."

"Well, madam, I have neither fortune nor position."

"A very fine idea! No position! You would have one, sir, if you marry my daughter. You have no fortune! Pray have we ever asked you for money? have we not enough for ourselves, for you, and for plenty more? Besides, will not the



A GREEK OF THE OLDEN TIME.

man who gets us away from here make us a present of £4000? It is not much, I grant; still, it is something. Can you say that £4000 is a contemptible sum? In that case, why do you not mean to marry my daughter?"

"Madam, I am not——"

"Come, what are you not? you are not English."

"Oh, not at all."

"Well, do you suppose us so absurd as to make a crime of your birth? Well, sir, I know very well that it's not granted to

everybody to be English. The whole earth cannot be English—at least, not for some years. But a man may be honest and clever without being positively born in England."

"As regards probity, madam, it is an estate handed down from father to son, in our family. As for sense, I have just enough to be a doctor. But, unfortunately, I can indulge in no illusion as to my personal defects, and——"

"You mean to say you are ugly, I suppose? No, sir, you are not ugly."



You have an intelligent face. Mary Anne, has not this gentleman an intelligent face?"

"Yes, mamma," said Mary Anne.

If she blushed as she answered, her mother saw it better than I did, for my eyes were obstinately nailed on the ground.

"Besides," Mrs. Simons added, "if you were ten times uglier, you would not be so ugly as my late husband. And yet I



SHE FAINTED.

would have you to know that I was as good-looking as my daughter on the day I gave him my hand. What will you say to that?"

"Nothing, madame, except that you overwhelm me, and that it will not depend on me if you are not to-morrow on your road to Athens."

"What do you propose doing? this time try and find an expedient less absurd than that of the other day."

"I hope that you will be satisfied with me, if you will be kind enough to hear me to the end."

"Yes, sir."

"Without interrupting me."

"I will not interrupt you. Have I ever interrupted you?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

"When?"

"Never, madam. Hadji Stavros has all his money in the hands of Messrs. Barlee and Co."

"Our firm?"

"31, Cavendish-square, London. Last Wednesday he dictated a letter in our presence addressed to Messrs. Barlee and Co."

"And you did not tell me so before!"

"You never allowed me the time."

"It is really monstrous! Your conduct is inexplicable. We should have been at liberty a week ago! I should have gone straight to him and told him our relations."

"And he would have asked ten or twelve thousand pounds of you! Whereas, madam, the best thing is to say nothing at all to him. Pay your ransom, make him give you a receipt, and in a fortnight transmit him an account current containing the following item:

"£4000 paid you personally by Mrs. Simons, our partner, for which she holds a receipt."

"In this way you will recover your money, without the help of the gendarmes. Is that clear?"

I raised my eyes and saw Mary Anne's charming smile, all radiant with gratitude. Mrs. Simons shrugged her shoulders furiously and only seemed moved by vexation.

"In truth," she said to me, "you are a surprising man! You proposed to us an acrobatic escape, when you had such simple means to rescue us! and you have been aware of that since Wednesday morning! I shall never pardon you for not having told us of it on the very first day."

"But, madam, be kind enough to remember that I urged you to write to your brother and ask him to send £4600."

"Why £4600?"

"I mean to say £4000."

"No, £4600. That is perfectly correct. Are you quite sure that this Stavros will not keep us after receiving the money?"

"I answer for that. The brigands are the only Greeks who never break their word. You understand, that if they once kept their prisoners after receiving their ransom, no one would pay for his liberty again."

"That's true. But what a strange German you are, not to have spoken sooner."

"You always stopped me."

"Still, you ought to have spoken at all hazards."

"But, madam!"

"Be quiet, and lead us to that wretched Stavros."

The king was breakfasting on roast turtledoves, under his tree of justice, with the sound officers left him. His toilet was completed; he had washed the blood off his hands, and changed his coat. He was inquiring with his guests into the

most expeditious means of filling up the gaps death had made in his ranks. Vasili, who came from Jamina, offered to go and raise thirty men in Epirus, where the vigilance of the Turkish authorities had compelled more than a thousand brigands to retire from business. A Laconian proposed to buy up for cash the Spartan Pavlos' small band, which was working the province of Magna. The king, still imbued with his English ideas, thought of the press-gang, and carrying off all the shepherds of Attica. This system seemed the more advantageous, as it entailed no outlay, and the flocks would be obtained in the bargain.

Interrupted in the middle of the deliberation, Hadji Stavros gave his prisoners an icy reception. He did not even offer Mrs. Simons a glass of water, and, as she had not breakfasted, she was sensibly affected by this want of politeness. I spoke in the name of the English ladies, and, in the absence of the Corfiote, the King was compelled to accept me as intermediary. I told him that, after the disaster of the previous day, he would be glad to hear Mrs. Simons' resolve; she was determined to pay both her ransom and mine, in the shortest possible period; the money would be deposited the very next day either at the Bank of Athens, or any other spot he indicated, in exchange for his receipt.

"I am glad," he said, "that these women have given up their idea of summoning the Greek army to their aid. Tell them that all they require for writing shall be given them for the second time; but they must not abuse my confidence or draw soldiers hither. At the first plume that appears on the mountains I will have their heads chopped off. I swear it by the Virgin of Megaspilion, which was sculptured by the hand of St. Luke himself."

"Do not be alarmed. I pledge the word of these ladies and my own. Where do you wish the money to be paid in?"

"At the National Bank of Greece. It is the only one which has not been bankrupt yet."

"Have you a sure man to carry the letters?"

"I have the good old man. He shall be sent for. What o'clock is it? Nine. His reverence has not drunk enough yet to be overtaken."

"Done for the monk! when Mrs. Simons' brother has paid the money and

taken the receipt, the monk will bring us the news."

"What receipt? Why a receipt? I never gave one. When you are all at liberty, it will soon be seen that you have paid me what is due to me."

"I fancied that a man like yourself would do business in the European fashion. As a good tradesman——"

"I do business in my way, and am too old to change my method."

"As you please. I asked you that on behalf of Mrs. Simons. She is guardian to her daughter, who is a minor, and must account to her for the whole of her fortune."

"She must settle that! I care as little for her interests as she does for mine. Supposing she had to pay for her daughter, where is the great harm? I never regretted what I laid out for Photini. Here are paper, ink, and reeds. Be good enough to watch the language of the letter, for your head is at stake."

I rose all confounded and followed the ladies, who guessed my confusion, though unable to detect its cause. But a sudden inspiration made me turn back. I said to the King:—

"Decidedly you did well to refuse the request, and I was in the wrong to ask for it. You are cleverer than I; youth is imprudent."

"What do you mean?"

"You are right, I tell you. A man must be on his guard. Who knows if you may not undergo a second defeat more terrible than the first? as you will not always have the legs you had when a boy of twenty, you might fall alive into the hands of the soldiers."

"I!"

"You would be tried like any ordinary criminal, for the magistrates would no longer fear you. In such a case, a receipt for £4600 would be crushing evidence against you. Do not give justice weapons to employ against you. Perhaps Mrs. Simons or her heirs might bring an action to recover what they have been robbed of. Never sign receipts!"

He answered, in a thundering voice,—

"I will sign it. Sooner two than one. I will sign as many as they want! I will sign them for everybody. Ah! the soldiers imagine they will have a cheap bargain of me, because for once chance and numbers gave them the advantage! I am to fall alive into their hands, eh! I who laugh at fatigue and whose head defies bullets! I shall go and sit on a bench



before a judge, like a peasant who has stolen cabbages. Young man, you do not know Hadji Stavros yet. It would be easier to uproot Parnassus and plant it on the crest of the Taygetus than to tear me from my mountains and place me in the dock! Write me in Greek Mrs. Simons' name. Good! and yours too."

"It is not necessary, and——"

"Write, I say. You know my name, and I feel sure you will not forget it. I wish to have yours as a reminiscence."

I scribbled my name as well as I could, in the harmonious language of Plato. The King's lieutenants applauded his firmness, not fancying that it would cost him £4600. I ran, satisfied with myself and with a light heart, to Mrs. Simons' tent. I told her how her money had a narrow escape, and she deigned to smile on hearing how I had contrived to rob the robbers. Half an hour later she submitted the following letter for my approval:—

"Parnassus, among Hadji Stavros' demons.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—The gendarmes you sent to our assistance cheated and robbed us scandalously. I beg you to have them hanged. A gallows a hundred feet high will be needed for their captain, Pericles. I shall make a special complaint about him in the despatch I intend sending Lord Palmerston, and give him an entire paragraph in the letter I propose writing to the editor of the *Times*, so soon as you have set us at liberty. It is useless expecting anything from the local authorities. All the natives are in league against us, and the day after our departure the Greek people will assemble in some corner to share our spoils. Fortunately, they will get but little. I have learned from a young German, whom I at first took for a spy, and who is a very honest gentleman, that this Stavros, called Hadji Stavros, has his money placed in our house. I will ask you to verify the fact; and if it be so, nothing prevents us paying the ransom he asks of us. Deposit in the Bank of Greece £4600, in exchange for a regular receipt with this Stavros' seal attached. The sum will be debited to him, and nothing more need be said. Our health is good, although life in the mountains is not at all comfortable. It is monstrous that two English ladies, belonging to the greatest empire in the world, should be compelled to eat their cold meat without

mustard or pickles, and drink water like the commonest fish.

"In the hope that you will speedily restore us to our old habits, I am, dear brother, very sincerely yours,

"REBECCA SIMONS."

I carried the good lady's autograph myself to the king. He took it suspiciously, and examined it with so piercing a glance that I trembled lest he had guessed its meaning. And yet I was quite sure that he did not understand a word of English. But this devil of a man inspired me with a superstitious terror, and I believed him capable of miracles. He did not seem satisfied till he arrived at the figures £4600, and he then saw that the letter did not refer to gendarmes. It was deposited with other papers in a tin case. The good old man was fetched, who had swallowed exactly enough wine to render his legs active, and the King gave him the letter-box with precise instructions. He started, and my heart ran with him to the end of his journey. Horace did not follow with a tenderer glance the ship that bore Virgil away.

The King grew much gentler when he could regard this great affair as terminated. He ordered a regular feast for us; he had double rations of wine served out to his men; he went to visit the wounded, and with his own hands extracted Sophocles' ball. Orders were given to all the bandits to treat us with the respect due to our money.

The breakfast I made without witnesses, in the company of these ladies, was one of the most joyous meals I can recal. All my misfortunes were at length at an end! I should be free after two days of sweet captivity. Perhaps, even, after emerging from the hands of Hadji Stavros, an adorable chain——! I felt myself quite a poet. I ate as heartily as Mrs. Simons, and certainly drank with greater assiduity. I indulged in the Ægina wine as I used to do in the Santorino. I drank to the health of Mary Anne, to the health of her mother, to the health of my good parents, and of the Princess Ypsoff. Mrs. Simons wished to hear the story of that noble foreigner, and, on my word, I made no secret of it. Good examples are never too well known. Mary Anne paid the most charming attention to my narrative. She expressed her opinion that the princess had done right, and that a woman must take her happiness where she finds it. What a pretty

remark! Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and sometimes their happiness. I was in the seventh heaven of prosperity, and felt myself flying toward some unknown earthly paradise. Oh, Mary Anne! the sailors who navigate the ocean never had two such stars as your eyes to guide them!

I was seated in front of her. While handing her the wing of a chicken, I drew so near her that I saw my image twice reflected in miniature between her black eyelashes. I found myself handsome, sir, for the first time in my life. The frame imparted such value to the picture. A strange idea crossed my mind:—I fancied I read in this incident a decree of fate. It seemed to me as if Mary Anne had in her heart the portrait which I discovered in her eyes.

All this was not love, I am perfectly aware, and I do not wish to accuse myself of, or defend myself against, a feeling which I never knew; but it was a substantial friendship, sufficient, I believe, for the man who is going to enjoy a domestic life. No turbulent emotion shook the fibres of my heart, but I felt them slowly melting like wax in the fire of a bright sun.

Under the influence of this reasonable ecstasy, I told Mary Anne and her mother all my past life since the first day. I described to them the paternal house, the great kitchen in which we took our meals together, the copper stewpans ranged along the wall in sizes, the garlands of hams and sausages inside the chimney, our modest and often difficult existence, the future of each of my brothers—Henry would succeed papa, Frederick was apprenticed to a tailor, Franz and John Nicholas had enlisted for eighteen years—the first was a corporal in the cavalry, while the other already had his sergeant's stripes in the infantry. I narrated to them my studies, my examinations, the little successes I had achieved at the university, the pleasant prospects I had before me as a Professor, with at least one hundred a year. I know not how far my narrative interested them, but I took an extreme pleasure in it, and poured out a cup of wine for myself every now and then.

Mrs. Simons did not allude again to our matrimonial projects, and I was not sorry for it. It was better not to speak about them at all than converse speculatively when we were so slightly acquainted. The day slipped away for me like an hour

—I mean an hour of pleasure. The morrow seemed a little long to Mrs. Simons: for my part, I should have liked to arrest the sun in its course. I taught Mary Anne the first elements of botany. Ah, sir, the world does not know what tender and delicate feelings may be expressed in a lesson of botany!

At length, on the Wednesday morning the monk appeared on the horizon. He was a worthy man, take him altogether, that little monk. He had risen before the day to bring us liberty in his pocket. He handed the King a letter from the governor of the bank, and Mrs. Simons one from her brother. Hadji Stavros said to her,

"You are free, madam, and can take your daughter with you. I trust that you will not carry away too painful an impression of our rocks. We offered you all we had; if the bed and table were not worthy of you, it came from circumstances beyond our control. I displayed recently a degree of ill-temper which you will kindly forget; something must be pardoned a defeated general. If I dared offer the young lady a small present, I would beg her to accept an antique ring, which may be taken in to fit her finger. It does not come from brigandage; I bought it from a merchant at Nauplia. She will display the trinket in England while describing her visit to the King of the Mountains."

I faithfully translated this little speech, and myself slipped the King's ring on to Mary Anne's finger.

"And I," I asked good Hadji Stavros; "will you not give me something to remember you by?"

"You, my dear sir? why, you remain here. Your ransom is not paid."

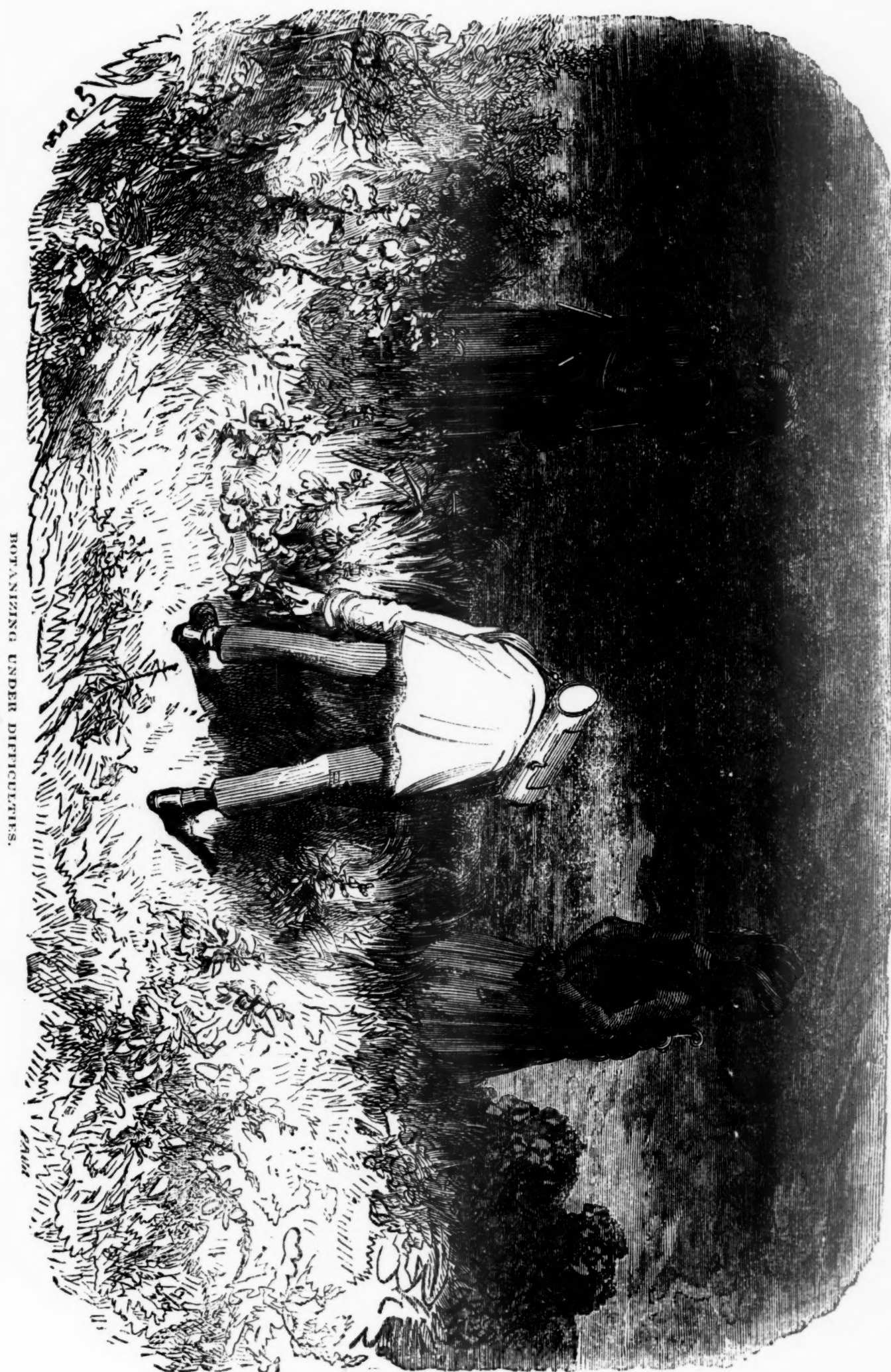
I turned to Mrs. Simons, who handed me the following letter:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—After verifying the account, I have paid the £4000 and taken a receipt. I could not advance the other £600 because the receipt was not in your name, and it would have been impossible to recover them. I am, waiting your dear presence, ever truly yours,  
"EDWARD SHARPER."

I had read Hadji Stavros too good a lesson. As a good tradesman, he thought he must send two receipts! Mrs. Simons whispered in my ear:—

"You seem very troubled, but there is no reason to make such faces. Show that you are a man, and do not look so down-





ROTAZING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

cast. The greatest thing is done, as we are saved without it costing us anything. As for you, I am of easy mind. You will easily manage to escape. Your first plan, worth nothing for women, becomes admirable when you are alone. Come, on what day shall we expect a visit from you?"

I thanked her cordially, she offered me so splendid an opportunity to display my personal qualities and make a bold leap into Mary Anne's esteem.

"Yes, madam," I said to her, "count on me. I shall leave this place as a brave man, and all the better if I run a little danger. I am very glad that my ransom has not been paid, and I thank your brother for what he has done for me. You will see if a German does not know how to get out of a scrape. Yes, you will soon hear of me."

"Once away from here, do not fail to call on us."

"Oh, madame!"

"And now pray that Stavros to give us an escort of five or six brigands."

"For what purpose, in Heaven's name?"

"Why, to protect us against the gendarmes!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ESCAPE.

IN the midst of our leavetakings, a strong smell of garlic that almost choked me spread around us. It was the waiting-maid who had come to recommend herself to the ladies' generosity. This creature had been more troublesome than useful, and for two days her services had entirely been dispensed with. Still Mrs. Simons regretted that she could do nothing for her, and asked me to tell the King how she had been stripped of her money. Hadji Stavros appeared neither surprised nor scandalized; he merely shrugged his shoulders and said, between his teeth,—

"That Pericles!—a bad education—the city, the Court—I might have expected that."

Then he added aloud,

"Beg the ladies not to trouble themselves. I gave them a servant, and I must pay her. Tell them that if they need any money to return to town, my purse is at their service. I will have them escorted to the foot of the mountain, although they run no danger. The gendarmes are less to be feared than is

generally supposed. They will find breakfast, horses, and a guide at Castia; all is prepared and paid for. Do you think that they will do me the pleasure of offering me their hand in sign of reconciliation?"

Mrs. Simons needed some persuasion; but her daughter boldly held out her hand to the old Pallikar. She said to him in English, with considerable humour:

"You do us a deal of honour, my very interesting friend; for at this moment we are the robbers and you the victim."

The King replied confidently:

"Thanks, miss; you are really too kind."

Mary Anne's pretty hand was crumpled like a piece of pink satin which has been in a shop window during the summer months. Still, I did not hesitate to put my lips to it. I then kissed Mrs. Simons' bony knuckles.

"Courage, sir," the old lady said, as she retired.

Mary Anne said nothing, but she gave me a look capable of electrifying an army. Such glances are equal to a proclamation.

When the last man of the escort had disappeared, Hadji Stavros took me on one side, and said:—

"I see that we have committed some stupidity."

"Alas! yes. *We* have not been clever."

"Your ransom is not paid. Will it be so? I think it. You seem to be on excellent terms with the English ladies."

"Do not trouble yourself. Within three days I shall be far from Parnassus."

"All the better; for I am terribly short of money, as you know. Our losses on Monday will press heavily on the exchequer. Our ranks will have to be filled up."

"You have no reason to complain, I should imagine, when you have just pocketed four thousand pounds."

"No; only £3600. The monk has deducted his tithe. Though that sum may seem to you enormous, not more than £800 will come to me. Our expenses are considerable; and we have heavy salaries to pay. How would it be, then, if the meeting of shareholders decided on founding an invalid hospital, as has been proposed? the only thing left to do would be to give pensions to the widows and orphans of the brigands. As fevers and gunshot wounds annually rob us of thirty men, you see to what that would lead. Our expenses would be scarcely covered, and I should be compelled to find some of the money, my dear sir."



"Did it ever happen to you to lose by an affair?"

"Only once. I had received £2000 on account of the company, and one of my secretaries, whom I have hung since, ran away to Thessaly with the cash-box. I was obliged to cover the deficit, as I am responsible. My share amounted to £300; so I had a clear loss of £1700. But the scoundrel who robbed me paid dearly for it. I punished him in the Persian fashion. Before hanging him, all his teeth were drawn one after the other, and driven into his skull with a hammer—as a warning example, you understand? I am not cruel, but I will not allow myself to be cheated."

I rejoiced at the idea that the Pallikar, who was not cruel, would lose £3200 by Mrs. Simons' ransom, and hear the news when my skull and teeth were no longer within his reach. He passed his arm through mine and said familiarly:

"What do you propose doing to kill the time till your departure? You will miss these ladies, and the house will appear large to you. Will you take a look at the Athens papers? The monk has brought them to me. I hardly ever read them, for I know the exact value of a newspaper article, as I pay for them. Here are the *Official Gazette*, the *Hope*, the *Pallikar*, and the *Caricature*. All these will talk about us. Poor subscribers! I will leave you. If you find anything curious you can come and tell me."

*The Hope*, written in French, and intended to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, had published a long article to contradict the latest news about brigandage. It merely laughed at the simple travellers who saw a robber in every ragged peasant, an armed band in every cloud of dust, and who ask mercy of the first shrub that catches the sleeve of their coat. This truthful paper boasted of the security of the roads, celebrated the disinterestedness of the natives, and exalted the calmness and retirement sure to be found on all the mountains of the kingdom.

*The Pallikar*, edited by some personal friend of Hadji Stavros, supplied an eloquent biography of its hero. It stated that this Theseus of modern times, the only man of our age who had never been conquered, had attempted a great *reconnaissance* in the direction of the Scironian rocks. Betrayed by the cowardice of his companions, however, he had retired with a trifling loss. But, urged with a profound disgust for a desperate profession, he

would henceforth give up the profession of brigandage. He was about to quit the soil of Greece, and expatriate himself to Europe, where his gloriously acquired fortune would enable him to live like a prince.

"And now," the *Pallikar* added, "come and run over the plains and mountains, bankers and merchants, Greeks, foreigners, travellers! You have nothing more to fear. The King of the Mountains, like Charles V., preferred to abdicate at the height of his glory and power."

Next I read in the *Official Gazette* :—

"On Sunday, the 3rd ultimo, at five in the evening, the military chest that was being conveyed to Argos, with a sum of £800, was attacked by the band of Hadji Stavros, known by the name of the King of the Mountains. The brigands, three or four hundred in number, rushed on the escort with incredible fury. But the two first companies of the 4th Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion, under the command of the brave Major Nicolaidis, offered an heroic resistance. The savage assailants were repulsed at the bayonet's point, leaving the field of battle covered with dead. Hadji Stavros, we hear, is dangerously wounded. Our loss is trifling."

"On the same day, and at the same hour, his Majesty's troops gained another victory, at the distance of ten leagues. On the summit of Parnassus, at four stadia from Castia, the second company of the 1st Battalion of Gendarmes defeated the band of Hadji Stavros. Here again, according to the report of brave Captain Pericles, the King of the Mountains received another wound. Unfortunately, this success was dearly paid for. The brigands, sheltered by rocks and shrubs, killed or dangerously wounded ten gendarmes. A young officer of great promise, M. Spiro, a pupil of the school of the Evelpides, met with a glorious death on the field of battle. In the presence of such great misfortunes, it is no slight consolation to reflect that the victory remained on the side of the law, as it ever does."

The *Caricature* contained a badly-drawn lithograph, in which I recognised, however, the portraits of Captain Pericles and the King of the Mountains. God-papa and son were in a close embrace. At the foot of the drawing the artist had written the following device :—

"HOW THEY FIGHT!"

"It seems," I said to myself, "that I am not the only person taken into confi."

dence, and that Pericles' secret will soon resemble that of Punchinello."

I folded up the papers, and while awaiting the King's return, I meditated on the position in which Mrs. Simons had left me. It was assuredly glorious only to owe my liberty to myself, and it was better to get out of prison by a display of courage than by a schoolboy trick. I could, by the morrow, assume the character of a hero of romance, and become an object of admiration to all the young ladies in Europe. No doubt Mary Anne would adore me when she saw me safe and sound again after so perilous an escape. Still my foot might fail me in this formidable attempt. Supposing I broke an arm or a leg, would Mary Anne look pleasantly on a limping hero? Moreover, I must expect to be watched day and night. My plan, ingenious though it was, could not be executed till after the death of my keeper. Killing a man is no slight affair; not even for a doctor. It is nothing to speak about, especially when speaking to a woman you love. But since Mary Anne's departure, my head was no longer turned topsy-turvy. It seemed to me less easy to secure a weapon, and less convenient to make use of it. A dagger stab is an operation which must make every right-thinking man's flesh creep. What do you say, sir? I thought, for my part, that my future mother-in-law had acted somewhat lightly with her son-in-law that was to be. It would not have cost her much to send the six hundred pounds, and I would have allowed her to deduct them from Mary Anne's dowry. Six hundred pounds would be a trifle to me on my wedding-day, but it was a good deal in my present situation. When on the eve of killing a man, and going some hundreds of feet down a ladder without rungs, I began cursing Mrs. Simons as cordially as most sons-in-law curse their mothers-in-law in all civilized countries. As I had some strong language to spare, I bestowed it on my excellent friend John Harris, for abandoning me to my fate. I said to myself that had he been in my place I would not have left him a long week without news. I could forgive Bobster, for he was still a boy; Giacomo, who only represented brute strength; and M. Mérinay, whose thorough egotism I was acquainted with. You easily pardon treachery in egotists, because you have grown into the habit of not reckoning on them. But Harris, who had risked his

life to save an old Negress at Boston! Was I not worth a Negress? I honestly believed, without any aristocratic prejudices, that I was worth at least two or three.

Hadji Stavros arrived to change the current of my thoughts, by offering me a more simple and less dangerous means of escape. I should only require my legs—and, Heaven be thanked, they are a blessing I am not deficient in. The King surprised me at a moment when I was yawning like the humblest of animals.

"You are growing tired?" he said to me; "it comes from reading. I never could open a book without danger to my jaws. I see with pleasure that doctors cannot resist it better than I do. But why not employ the time left you more profitably? You came here to cull plants on the mountain, and it does not appear as if you had filled your box in the last week. Shall I send you for a walk under the escort of two men? I am too kind-hearted a fellow to refuse you that slight favour. Every one must carry on his business in this nether world. You go in for plants and I for money. You will tell the persons who sent you here, 'These are herbs plucked in the kingdom of Hadji Stavros!' If you happen to find one that is handsome and curious, and has never been heard of in your country, you must give it my name, and call it the Queen of the Mountains."

"After all," I thought to myself, "if I were a league from here between two brigands, it would not be so difficult to outrun them. There is not a doubt but that the danger would double my strength. The man who runs best is he who has the greatest interest in running. Why is the hare the swiftest of all animals? Because it is the most threatened."

I accepted the King's offer, and on the spot he placed two guards about my person. He gave them no minute instructions, but simply said,

"This milord is worth £600; if you lose him, you will have to pay it or find a substitute."

My acolytes did not at all resemble Chelsea pensioners—they had neither wounds, contusion, nor impediment of any sort: their muscles were made of steel, and there was no hope of their boots crippling them, as they wore very wide mocassins that allowed the heel to be seen. On inspecting them I noticed, not without regret, two pistols as long as boy's toy guns. Still I did not lose







courage. Through frequenting bad company, the whistling of bullets had become familiar to me. I put my box on my shoulders and started.

"I wish you luck," the King cried to me. "Farewell, sir."

"Not farewell, if you please, for we shall meet again!"

I led my comrades in the direction of Athens, for it was so much gained on the enemy. They offered no resistance, but allowed me to go where I pleased. These brigands, much better educated than Pericles' four gendarmes, gave all desirable latitude to my movements. I did not feel their elbows digging into my sides at every step. They were botanising, too, for the evening meal. For my part, I seemed very hard at work! I tore up right and left patches of turf; I feigned to select a blade of grass from the mass, and deposited it carefully in my box, while being careful not to overload myself, for I carried quite sufficient weight. I had seen at some races an admirable jockey lose through carrying an overweight of four pounds. My attention seemed fixed on the ground, but you can imagine that it was not so. Under such circumstances a man is no longer a botanist, but a prisoner. Pellisson would not have amused himself with spiders if he had possessed but a nail to saw his bars. I dare say I found on that day unknown plants which would have made the fortune of a naturalist; but I cared as little for them as for a dandelion. I am sure I passed close by the bulb of a *Boryana variabilis* which must have weighed at least half a pound. I did not even honour it with a glance; I only saw two things—Athens on the horizon, and the brigands at my side. I watched the eyes of my scamps, in the hope that a favourable diversion might deliver me from their attention; but whether they were ten yards off or close to me—whether engaged in plucking salad, or watching the flight of the vultures—they had for all that an eye fixed on my movements.

The idea occurred to me of finding them some profitable employment. We were on a very narrow path, which ran evidently in the direction of Athens. I saw on my left a splendid tuft of broom, which the kind attention of Providence permitted to grow on the top of a rock. I pretended to envy it like a treasure; I escalated the scarped slope that protected it five or six times without success. I behaved so cleverly, that one of my

watchers took pity on my embarrassment, and offered to convert his back into a ladder. That was not exactly my object; I was compelled, however, to accept his services, but in climbing on his shoulders I gave him such a kick with my iron-shod shoes, that he uttered a yell of pain and let me fall to the ground. His comrade, who felt interested in the success of the enterprise, then said,

"Wait! I will get up in milord's place, as I have no nails in my shoes."

No sooner said than done,—he sprang up—seized the plant by the stem—pulled it up, and uttered a cry. I was running away already, without looking back. Their stupefaction gave me at least two seconds' start; but they did not lose time in abusing one another, for I soon heard their footsteps pursuing me in the distance. I redoubled my speed. The road was fine, smooth, level, and the very thing for me. We were going down a sharp descent; I ran on madly, with my arms fixed to my side, not feeling the stones that rolled away beneath my heels, or when I put my foot down. Space fled beneath me—rocks and shrubs seemed running in the opposite direction on either side the road. I was light, I was rapid; my body weighed nothing: but this noise of four feet worried me. At length this stopped, and I heard nothing more! Could they be tired of pursuing me? A small cloud of dust rose ten paces before me; a little further on a white spot was suddenly marked upon the rock. Two discharges caught my ear at the same moment. The brigands had fired their pistols; I had received the enemies' fire, and still ran on. The pursuit began again. I heard two panting voices shouting "Stop! stop!" I did not stop; I quitted the road, and still ran on, not knowing whither I was going. I came to a ditch as wide as a small stream, but I was in too full a swing to measure distances. I leaped—I was saved. My braces broke—I was lost.

You laugh; but I should like to see you running without braces, and holding up your trowsers-waistbelt with both hands. Five minutes later, sir, the brigands had caught me up. They clubbed their apparel to put handcuffs on my wrists and hobbles on my legs, and they drove me with sticks to Hadji Stavros' camp.

The King received me like a fraudulent bankrupt who had carried off £600 belonging to him.



"I had a different idea of you, sir," he said; "I thought I could read men, but your face has sadly deceived me! I should never have thought you capable of wronging us, especially after the way in which I have behaved to you. Do not be surprised, therefore, if I take severe measures in future, for you compel me to do so. You will be confined to your room until further orders, and one of my officers will keep you company in your hut. This is only a precautionary measure, however: in case of a further attempt, you may expect punishment. Vasili, I entrust the guard of this gentleman to you."

Vasili bowed to me with his usual politeness.

"Ah, scoundrel!" I thought to myself, "it is you who threw the baby into the fire! You took Mary Anne round the waist! You tried to stab me on Ascension-day! Well, I would as soon have to deal with you as any other."

I will not describe to you the three days I spent in my room in Vasili's company. The scoundrel procured me a dose of *ennui* which I should not like to share with anybody. He wished me no harm; he even felt a certain degree of sympathy for me. I believe that if he had made me prisoner on his own account, he would have let me go without ransom. My face had pleased him on our first meeting. I reminded him of a younger brother he had lost at the assize court. But his demonstrations of friendship annoyed me one hundredfold more than the worst treatment. He did not await daybreak to wish me good morning; at nightfall he never failed to wish me prosperities whose list would be long. He shook me in my deepest sleep to ask me if I had sufficient covering on me. At meals, he waited on me like a faithful servant; at dessert, he told me stories or requested me to tell him some. And, then, his paw was always extended to squeeze my hand! I opposed an obstinate resistance to his goodwill. Apart from the fact that I considered it unnecessary to enrol a child-burner on my list of friends, I was in no way curious to press the hand of a man whose death I had resolved on. My conscience certainly permitted me to kill him, for it was a case of legitimate defence; but I should have scrupled to kill him by treachery, and I was at any rate bound to put him on his guard by my hostile and threatening attitude. While repelling his advances, disdaining his politeness, and re-

fusing his attentions, I anxiously waited for the opportunity to escape; but his friendship, more vigilant than hatred, did not lose me out of sight for an instant. When I leant over the cascade to engrave on my mind the nature of the ground, Vasili dragged me from my contemplation with maternal solicitude.

"Take care," he said to me, as he pulled me by the coat; "if you were by any chance to fall, I should reproach myself with it my whole life."

When I tried at night to rise stealthily, he would spring out of bed, asking if I wanted anything. Never did I come across a more watchful villain; he turned round me like a squirrel in its cage.

What rendered me most desperate was the confidence he placed in me. I expressed a desire one day to inspect his weapons, and he put his dagger in my hand. It was a Russian blade of Damascus steel, from the Toulâ factory. I drew it from the sheath, tried the point on my finger, and placed it against his chest, carefully selecting the spot between the fourth and fifth ribs. He said to me with a smile, "Do not press, or you would kill me!" Certainly, sir, by pressing a little I could have done justice on him, but something restrained my arm. It is to be regretted that honest men have so much hesitation in killing assassins who feel so little about killing honest men. I returned the dagger to its sheath. Vasili handed me his pistol, but I refused to take it, telling him that my curiosity was satisfied. He set the hammer, showed me the priming—put the muzzle to his head, and said to me,

"One pull—and you would have no keeper!"

No keeper!—why, hang it, that was what I wanted. But the opportunity was too fine, and the traitor paralysed me. Had I killed him at such a moment, I could not have sustained his last glance. It would be better to deal the blow during the night. Unfortunately, instead of concealing his weapons, he laid them openly between his bed and mine.

At length I discovered a way of escaping without awakening or killing him. This idea occurred to me on Sunday, May 11th, at six o'clock. I had noticed, on Ascension-day, that Vasili was fond of drinking, and had a weak head. I invited him to dine with me: this display of friendship got into his head, and the *Ægina* wine did the rest. Hadji Stavros, who had not honoured me with a visit since I no

longer possessed his esteem, still behaved like a generous host. My table was better served than his own; I could have drunk a skin of wine, or a barrel of rhaki. Vasili, admitted to take his share in these magnificences, began the meal with affecting humility. He sat three feet from the table, like a serf invited to dine with his lord. By degrees the wine reduced the distance. At eight o'clock my guardian explained his character to me; at nine he described to me, with sundry hiccups, the adventures of his youth, and a series of exploits which would have made a magistrate's hair stand on end. At ten o'clock he fell into a philanthropic state; his cast-steel heart melted in rhaki, like Cleopatra's pearl in vinegar. He swore to me that he had turned brigand through his love of humanity; that he intended to make his fortune in ten years, found an hospital with his savings, and then retire into a monastery on Mount Athos.

He promised not to forget me in his prayers. I took advantage of this excellent disposition to exhibit an enormous cup of rhaki. Had I offered him burning pitch, he was too sincere a friend to refuse anything at my hands. He soon lost his voice; his head shook from right to left, and from left to right, with the regularity of a pendulum. He offered me his hand, but seized instead the bone of a leg of mutton, which he cordially shook, and then fell back sleeping that sleep of the Egyptian sphynxes, whom the French cannon did not awaken.

I had not an instant to lose, for minutes were worth gold. I took his pistol, which I threw into the ravine; I seized his dagger and was about to hurl it in the same direction, when I reflected that it might serve me in cutting patches of turf. It was eleven by my big watch. I put out the two fires of resinous wood which illumined our table; for the light



A TROUBLESOME FRIEND.

might attract the King's attention. It was a fine night; there was no moon, but a profusion of stars—in fact, it was the very sort of night I wanted. The turf, cut in long strips, was lifted like a piece of cloth, and my materials were ready at the expiration of an hour. As I bore them to the spring I kicked against Vasili; he woke up and asked me, as usual, if I wanted anything. I dropped my bundle, sat down by the drunkard and begged him to drink once more to my health.

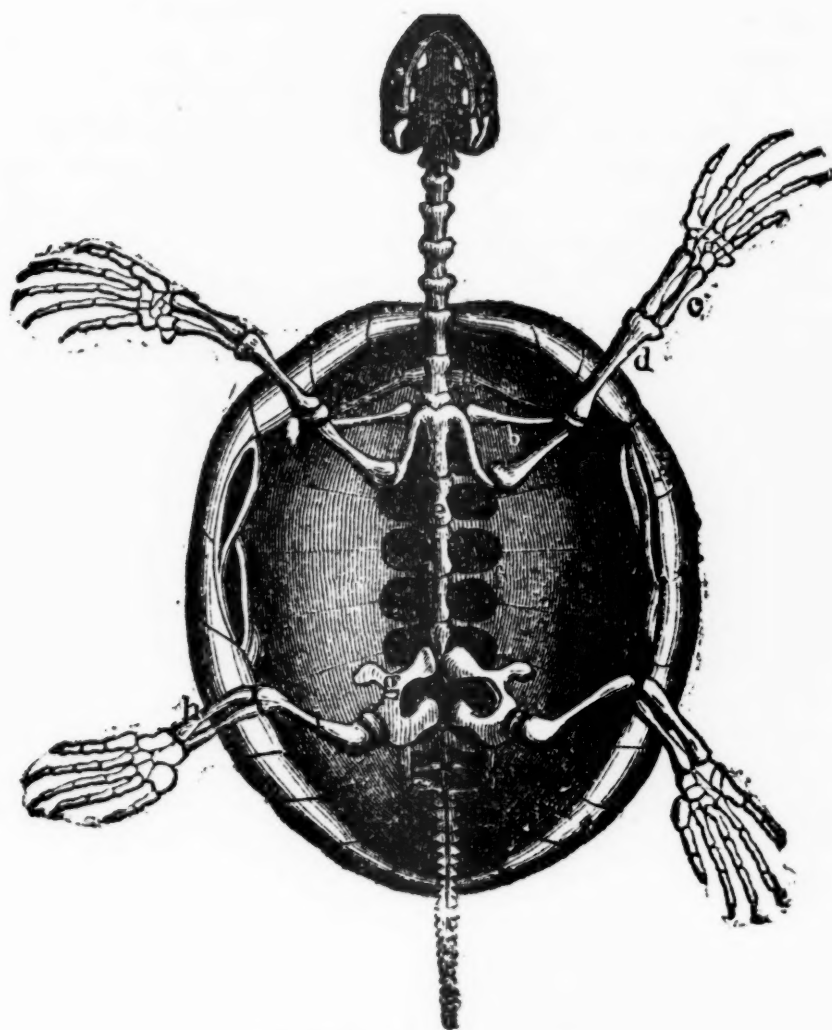
"Yes," he said, "I am thirsty."

I filled the copper cup for the last time. He drank half, spilled the rest over his chin and neck, tried to rise, fell on his face, stretched out his arms, and did not stir again. I ran to my dike, and, novice though I was, the stream was solidly barred in forty-five minutes; it was now

a quarter before one. The noise of the cascade was succeeded by a profound silence, and I began to feel frightened. I reflected that the King must sleep lightly, like all aged persons, and that this unusual silence would probably awaken him. In the tumult of ideas that filled my mind, I remembered a scene in the *Barber of Seville*, where Bartholo wakes up so soon as he leaves off hearing the piano. I glided along under the trees to the staircase, and peeped into Hadji Stavros' apartment. The King was peacefully reposing by the side of his chiboudji. I went on about twenty yards from his fir tree, but everybody was asleep. I returned to my dike through a pool of icy water which already rose to my ankles, and I bent over the abyss.

(To be continued.)





SKELETON OF A TURTLE.

*a* Shoulder-blade.    *b* Collar-bone.    *c* Fore-arm.    *d* Humerus.    *e* Dorsal Vertebrae.  
*f* Ribs.    *g* Bones of the Pelvis.    *h* Tibia.    *i* Thigh-bone.

## ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE EXTINCT SAURIANS—STRUCTURE OF TORTOISES—THEIR SHAPE—MODE OF LAYING EGGS  
 —MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE YOUNG—TURTLE-CATCHING IN ASCENSION ISLAND—THEIR  
 USE AMONG THE ROMANS AS A RECIPE—TORTOISE-SHELL—THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

THERE was a time when reptiles were the lords and masters of the sea. Then the ocean swarmed with gigantic lizards, ichthyosauri, and plesiosauri, fifty and sixty feet long, the tyrants of the fishy tribes, who united to the speed of the dolphin the voracity of the crocodile. Had these monsters of the deep been gifted with human sense, they would, with human arrogance, have doubtless regarded their empire as eternal. For where, in the entire ocean, was the enemy who dared measure its strength with them? Did not all fly as soon as they showed themselves? And must not the productive sea for ever supply them the most

abundant food? But, for all their strength and superiority, they have perished, and yielded to the force of all-devouring time.

During countless centuries, sea and air underwent a gradual change; the components and temperature of the elements no longer remained the same; another ocean and another atmosphere originated, in which these giant creatures could not exist. Thus, then, they were expunged from the book of life, and all traces of their former existence are restricted to a few petrified remains, which we gaze on with wonder in our museums, as the mighty ruins of a passed-away creation.

The largest lizards of the present age

—crocodiles and alligators—have yielded the supremacy of ocean to other animals, and retired into the rivers and morasses of the tropical zone; the sea no longer affords shelter to saurians; tortoises and sea-serpents are the only reptiles it conceals in its lap. As a general rule, animals belonging to this class are the most repugnant of creatures, mere types of moral and physical ugliness; so that no one can think without a shudder of the cold slippery skin of the toad or the stony glance of a snake.

The tortoises, however, do not share the repugnance we entertain against the majority of their relatives—the snakes, lizards, and batrachians—either because their harmlessness makes them liked, or perhaps because they are useful to man in many respects; while all other reptiles, with the exception of a few well-tasted lizards, and the cheerful frog, of whose croaking we must think gratefully, are either of no service to man, or even threaten his life through their poisonous teeth.

The structure of the tortoise offers many curious points. In a most extraordinary manner, the vertebræ, ribs, and breast-bone are so dilated, that they form a bony shell round the entire body of the animal.

This species of harness is covered by the skin, which is, in its turn, covered by large scaly plates of tortoise-shell; while all the muscles, &c., are contained in the internal cavity. The head, feet, and tail alone emerge through openings between the upper and lower carapace; but in the land-tortoise they cannot be entirely drawn in.

This is the sole protection nature has afforded these animals against the attacks of their foes; they possess neither speed for flight, nor any weapon with which to defend themselves effectually. But so soon as a suspicious animal approaches them, they conceal themselves under their thick covering, and oppose to the attack the passive resistance of a coat of armour impenetrable by tooth or claw. The majority of the animals that pursue the turtles have an insurmountable difficulty in turning them, as they usually attain a considerable weight, and they defend themselves by their size.

It might be assumed that this protection could only last a short time, as the animal must surely draw breath like every living creature, and hence be compelled to pop its head out sooner or later. Still

the watching enemy might lose its patience long before the tortoise required to draw breath; for it is a cold-blooded animal, and can exist for a long period without fresh air—a circumstance which is of material value in defensive operations.

How comes it, though, that respiration, which produces warm blood in the mammals, should in this case make it cold? We think it right to give a short answer to the question, as it will doubtless interest many of our readers.

Without entering into any minute description of the heart of the mammals, we may remark, that it is composed of two parts (each of which, again, contains two divisions), the auricle and ventricle; and that the right-hand half, which receives and passes through the lungs venous blood, is entirely separated by a long partition wall from the left-hand half, which receives the arterial blood from the lungs, and distributes it through the entire body. In this way, the two sorts of blood are quite distinct; so that the venous blood flows unmingled into the lungs, where it is converted into arterial blood by the oxygen of the air. This metamorphosis, however, like most chemical processes, is combined with a development of heat, which is so considerable in the mammalia, that their internal temperature always, and under all circumstances, remains at from  $37^{\circ}$  to  $44^{\circ}$ .

The tortoises also inhale oxygen, and some heat must be necessarily liberated by the process; still, with them, respiration is so retarded and limited, that their temperature never rises perceptibly above that of the surrounding atmosphere, and increases and decreases with it. This slower life is principally produced by the peculiar structure of the heart, which has only one auricle and ventricle, which constantly sends into the lungs mixed blood—half arterial, half venous—which necessarily produces a retardation of the life process. Further, the lungs of the tortoises are not designed to receive any large quantity of blood, as their cells are much larger than in the mammalia, and thus offer a much smaller surface for contact with the atmosphere. Lastly, as the tortoises have immovable ribs, their chest cannot be expanded to receive air, so that they are forced to swallow it, and pump it into the lungs, by contracting the muscles of the neck. We thus see how all works together to reduce the amount of oxygen required by the tortoises to a minimum, and to stamp on their nature the seal of



cold-bloodedness. Their whole formation harmonizes with this slow life; their dulled senses and want of intelligence, the sluggishness of their movements, and their power of starving for days, and inhaling no fresh air for a long time. They seem to pass a half-awake, miserable life, a species of dreamy existence; but in spite of the step-motherly way in which they appear to have been treated by Dame Nature, they cannot be considered unhappy; for, as in all other animals, there is a marvellous harmony between their structure and their wants, and where this exists, pleasant feelings must prevail.

The turtles, with which we deal here exclusively, are distinguished from the land-tortoises principally by their larger and longer fin-like feet, as well as by the considerable development of the tail, which serves them as a paddle. They have no teeth, but the horny upper mandible fits as closely on the lower as the lid of a snuff-box, so that it can crush shells as easily as it can separate the tough fibres of the seaweed. Turtles are found in all the warmer seas, though at times carried by currents into colder regions. Thus in 1752, a turtle (*Chelonia Midas viridis*), six feet long, and weighing nine hundred pounds, was caught off Dieppe; and in 1778, a leather turtle (*Sphargis coriacea*), off Languedoc. They even proceed further north; for in 1856, a specimen, weighing several hundred pounds, was stranded near Ostend. It will be seen, from these instances out of many, that the turtles may be reckoned among the more important denizens of the sea, although they do not attain, as Pliny tells us, such a size, that a single upper shell will serve as a roof or a boat. They live almost entirely in the sea, some on shells, like the caret turtle, others on sea-grass, like the *Testudo Midas*, and only land during the warmest months, to lay their eggs. "We followed the monotonous sea-coast," Prince Maximilian of Neuwied says in his capital *Tour in Brazil*, "and our two soldiers—an Indian and a negro—stopped very frequently to dig turtle-eggs out of the sand, which, boiled in the evening, supplied our supper. While busied in preparing for the meal, and collecting dry wood on the beach, we found, a short distance from our bivouac, a colossal turtle (*T. Midas*) on the point of laying its eggs. Nothing could have been more grateful to the hungry company; and the animal seemed to have

come on purpose. Our presence did not disturb it; we could touch it and lift it up, which required four men. While we were expressing our admiration loudly, it evinced no other sign of restlessness than by puffing and working away with its fin-like hind-feet, which threw up the earth with a regular movement. One of our soldiers laid himself on the ground by the side of the turtle, put his hand in the hole, and drew out the eggs as fast as the animal laid them. About a hundred eggs were collected in this way in ten minutes. We then consulted whether it would be advisable to enrich our collection with this animal; but it would have required an extra mule, so its life was spared. These colossal animals (*Midas coriacea*, *caretta*) lay their eggs in the hottest months in the uninhabited coast-range between the Riacho and the Mucuri; they land about twilight, and return to the sea two or three hours after sunset. A few hours later, we could not find the turtle which had so abundantly supplied us; it had stopped up its hole, and the broad trail in the sand showed that it had crawled back to its element. The *Midas* generally lays ten to twelve dozen, and the soft-shelled eighteen to twenty dozen eggs at once."

On the desolate coast of Bantam (Java), a number of turtles collect yearly for this purpose. They have frequently to crawl five hundred to a thousand feet over the beach, till they meet with softer and looser sand; and this journey, which is a long one for them, threatens them with many dangers. When Junghuhn traversed that desolate coast, he saw hundreds of turtle skeletons, many five feet long, and three feet broad and high; some bleached, and displaying smooth bones; others still partly filled with mouldering entrails; others, again, still fresh and bleeding. In the air, multitudes of birds of prey were circling. This is the spot where they are attacked by wild dogs (*Canis rutilans*). The barking animals attack the poor turtle in packs of from twenty to fifty at every available spot, gnawing its paws, head, and tail, and manage, by combining their strength, to turn it over. Then the dogs begin gnawing at either end, tear up the stomach-shell, and regale on the flesh and eggs. Sometimes, however, the turtle escapes their fury, and reaches the sea, dragging the tugging dogs after it. Nor do they always devour their prey in peace. Sometimes it happens that the lord of the

desert, the royal tiger, breaks out from the forest; he surveys the beach with sparkling eyes, then creeps up, and bounds with a hollow roar among the dogs, which fly in terror. Then the tiger has a dainty meal, though he, too, is sometimes disturbed by man. Junghuhn's Javanese drove off a tiger during the night, after startling it by a musket-shot, and seized the still living turtle, which six of them could scarcely carry. Thus, on this desolate, awe-inspiring coast, wild dogs and tigers wage war with the denizens of the ocean.

The cold-blooded turtle leaves the incubation of the eggs to the tropical sun, which generally performs the task in three weeks. The young, even of the largest variety, on crawling out of the egg, are not larger than half-a-crown, and of a white colour. Not being guarded or protected by any parental care, these poor beings seem only born to die at once. Their first instinctive course is to the element for which they are designed. They slowly drag themselves to the water; but the sea receives them with a rude embrace, and the waves often cast them mercilessly back on the coast. Here the large sea-birds, storks and herons, await them, against which they try to defend themselves bravely, or still larger birds of prey; and thus the life of many of them is puffed out on their first sight of the world. Still, if they succeed in reaching the sea, they fall a prey to the ravenous sharks. Hence there is good reason for the turtle laying from four hundred to five hundred eggs in the spring: were it less prolific, the race must have died out long ago. The flesh of the turtle is everywhere considered one of the greatest dainties. The king of the Monga Reva Islands, in the Pacific, preserves them in large tanks formed of coral for the requirements of his table; and the London alderman knows no greater delight than swallowing slowly a basin of turtle-soup.

Among the greatest blessings of steam, he counts the facility with which the fat *Chelonæ*, and thousands of pines, are brought from the West Indies to the market of the world's metropolis.

No wonder that the sailor, tired of salt-pork and biscuit, hunts the turtle on every coast of the tropical sea, where solitude, a flat sandy shore, and a favourable season, promise him a successful result.

We find a picturesque description of

such a turtle-chase on Ascension Island in Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Voyage à l'Ile de France*. "Fire-wood, a cauldron, with a large boat-sail, were landed; the sailors sleeping on the last till night set in. About eight in the evening, the turtles usually quit the water. Our people remained quiet, till one of them sprang up with the cry, 'A dead man! A dead man!' In truth, a small cross, planted in a mound of sand, announced that some one was sleeping his long sleep there. The sailor had, without noticing it, laid himself along the grass. Not one would remain near the corpse; so we sought a fresh bivouac, about a hundred paces from the spot.

"The moon rose above the horizon, and illumined the solitude. Its light, which imparts fresh charms to a cheerful landscape, rendered the surrounding scenery only the more gloomy. We were encamped at the foot of a black hill, on the top of which was a large cross, erected by sailors. Before us was a plain covered with countless blocks of stone of a man's height, whose tops were whitened by guano, and glistened in the moonbeams. These pallid heads on black bodies, some of which were upright, others leaning, seemed to us like ghosts wandering over graves. The utmost silence prevailed on this deserted earth. Only from time to time the breakers of a wave on the beach was heard, or the cry of a frigate bird, which our presence had startled. We went to the great bay to wait for the turtles. We lay stretched on our stomachs, in perfect silence; for the animal retires on hearing the slightest sound. At length we saw three turtles emerge from the water, and slowly creep up the shore, like black masses. We ran up to the first; but our impatience was the cause of its slipping back into the sea, and escaping us. The second had crawled further inland, and could not retreat; and we laid it on its back. In this way we caught more than fifty turtles, some of which weighed five hundred pounds. About ten the next morning, a boat came to carry our booty aboard. As the surf was high, it was obliged to lie at anchor some distance off, and drag the turtles, by means of a rope fastened on shore, one after the other, into the boat. This task occupied the whole day; and in the evening the remaining turtles were returned to the water. If they lie for any length of time on their backs, their eyes



become blood-red, and start out from their heads. We found several on the shore which had been left to perish in this way: a terrible piece of neglect, which the careless, thoughtless sailor is too often guilty of. Although Ascension Island is only a volcanic pile of slag, without any arable land or water, it occupies no useless place on the globe. Three months in the year the turtles visit it to lay their eggs in the sand; for they are animals which love solitude, and fly shores trodden by man. A ship, by anchoring twenty-four hours off the island, drives them for several days out of the bay; and if a cannon is fired, some weeks elapse ere they return. We lived for nearly a month on the captured turtles, and kept them alive the whole while by pouring fresh sea-water on them several times a day."

Turtles are also pursued by men in the sea. In the clear West Indian waters, where they may be seen grazing on the sea-meadows, divers descend to them, and pull them up to the surface. They are also sometimes speared, or surprised asleep, on the surface of the water.

The ancient Romans, who esteemed so many dishes highly for which we have no fancy now-a-days, seemed to have thought little of turtle-meat, which these lords of the world might easily have procured from the Red Sea. We read, indeed, that Vitellius enjoyed dishes of pheasants' brains and nightingales' eggs; but not that he ever, like the Lord Mayor, regaled his guests with seven hundred tureens of turtle-soup. On the other hand, the *Chelonix* were much used by the Romans as remedies. The blood of the turtle served to prevent the hair falling off, and against cerebral attacks. It was allowed to dry on the parts affected, and was then gently washed off. It was good for ear-ache, if mixed with woman's milk, and dropped in. It was excellent in epilepsy, when made into pills with wheat and barley-flower, wine and vinegar. Any man who cleaned his teeth thrice a day with turtle-blood, was as sure to escape toothache as the horses, donkeys, oxen, and dogs, now baptised on St. Anthony's day at Rome, are to be protected from harm for the space of one year.

Turtle-gall made the eyes bright, reduced disfiguring scars, and cured the mumps and quinsy. When mixed with a cast snake-skin and vinegar, it was the remedy against a pustulent discharge from

the ear. To render it still more efficacious, some physicians added ox-gall. We ridicule the ancients; but it is a question what the future will say of several of their remedies.

Tortoise-shell is principally obtained from the Carett Turtle (*Testudo imbricata*), whose flesh is not held in great estimation; but which is covered with a thicker, stronger, and more transparent and finely-coloured carapace than any other member of the family.

"Carvilius Pollio," Pliny tells us, "an extravagant and inventive man in everything that concerned luxury, was the first who cut the scales of the tortoise into plates, and adorned bedsteads and cupboards with them." The Romans obtained large quantities of this highly-esteemed article from Egypt.\* In the reign of Augustus, many patricians had even the doors and pillars of their palaces covered with it. When Alexandria was taken by Julius Cæsar, such a quantity of tortoise-shell was found stored in the magazines, that the conqueror employed it as the chief ornament of his triumphal procession, as he did ivory after the African wars. The use of tortoise-shell to decorate furniture and houses has long been out of fashion; still it is largely used for the manufacture of snuff-boxes and combs. By softening it in boiling water, and then putting it under strong pressure, it can be easily made into every imaginable shape. When a large surface has to be covered, several pieces are fastened together. This is effected by planing the edge of the plates, then laying them on one another in a warm and softened state, and by the application of strong pressure forming them into one body. In this way,

\* The tortoise-shell, so prized by the ancients, was obtained by the Egyptians, and after them by the Greeks, from the African shores of the Red Sea, more especially from the neighbourhood of Adule and Ptolemais. A writer in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography* (art. *Ptolemais*), speaks by mistake of the true land-tortoise being met with at that place. It is a sea-tortoise which frequents the hot sandy shores. Arrian particularly notices it as being brought to Adule by the Ichthyophagi; and Bruce describes it as caught on low sandy islands, and its beauty to be so exquisite that it sells for its weight in gold to the Chinese. It is described by Agatharcides as covered with small lozenge-shaped plates, of the whiteness of the pearl-oyster. (See *Geogr. Min.*, p. 40; Hudson, *Periplus Mare Erythr.*, p. 17; and Vincent's *Commerce of the Ancients*, vol. ii. p. 116.)

too, gold, silver, and other metals are united with tortoise-shell for various purposes.

The family of Reptiles, which is so largely scattered over the tropical forests and morasses, has but a few insignificant and innocent representatives in the sea. Voyagers only cursorily mention hydras or water-snakes, two or three feet in length, which they noticed here; others in the tropical ocean. The sea-serpent plays a much greater part in that misty region which is inhabited by unicorns, griffins, krakens, tailed-men, and other more or less problematical creatures.

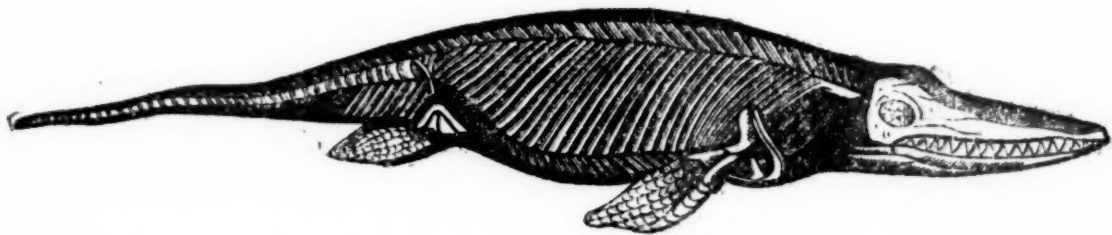
Olaus Magnus, it is true, talks of the great sea-serpent as if it were a common apparition on the coast of Norway. It was said to live in the rocky clefts near Bergen, and to set out at night, especially by moonlight, to play its tricks both on water and land; for it apparently enjoyed calves and pigs as much as crabs and mussels. It has a body all covered with scales; a mane, two feet in length, on its neck; and raises its head, in which two fiery eyes flash, like a mast above the water. It often attacks vessels, and carries off the men who happen to be on deck." This description may be taken as a sample of the falsehoods which are constantly being repeated. If such a monster lived on the Norwegian coast, a specimen of it would have been found somewhere. Countless vessels and fishing-boats navigate the Norwegian waters; and who has heard or read of a single authentic instance where a sailor or a boy was attacked by a sea-serpent?

The Greenland missionary, Egide, certainly deserves more credit, who tells the following story in the journal of his voyages:—"On the 6th July, 1734, a very large and terrific sea-monster made

its appearance, which raised itself to such a height above the water, that the head reached to the middle of the mast. It had a long sharp snout, very broad flabby fins, and blew out water like a whale. The body seemed to be covered with scales, and the skin was uneven and furrowed. After awhile, the monster dived again, and threw up its snake-like tail, which was a good ship's length from the head." We feel a diffidence in disbelieving the reverend gentleman; but his lively fancy, already excited to an unusual degree by his apostolic mission, or his unpractised eye, may have deceived him, so that he ascribed an extraordinary shape and dimensions to some one of the larger sea-animals. If we add to this statement of Egide the reports of a few other northern clergy—Pontoppidan, the missionary Nicholas Gramius, and the Hebridean clergyman Maclean—some of whom state they saw the monster, while others write of it only from hearsay; as well as the narratives of some sailors, among others, of Captain M'Quhae, of H. M. ship *Dædalus*, who declared that he saw a great sea-serpent in  $24^{\circ} 44'$  south latitude and  $9^{\circ} 22'$  east longitude—all the testimony to the existence of this reptile is exhausted.

On the other hand, the incredulous remind us, that no bones of a sea-serpent have ever been discovered, nor have they been found floating dead on the water, or stranded ashore. They consider with Professor Owen, that these negative facts speak far more decisively *against* the existence of the sea-serpent, than the positive assertions of a few witnesses do *for* it; and that it would be easier to collect far more printed attestations for the existence of ghosts than for the reality of the sea-serpent.

(To be continued.)





## THE ROUND OF WRONG.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HAPPY DAYS.

IN reading the history of the French Revolution, it causes no slight surprise to find in it months of profound peace and unclouded happiness. Passions slumber, animosities rest; parties walk onward like brothers hand in hand, and enemies embrace on the public squares. These happy days are like resting-places made from station to station on a blood-stained road.

Similar halting-places are found in the most agitated or most unhappy life. Revolutions of mind and body, passions, and diseases cannot go on without some moments of rest. Man is a being so weak that he can neither act nor suffer continuously; were he not to halt a little now and then, his strength would be prematurely exhausted.

The summer of 1853 was to Germaine one of those moments of rest which arrive so opportunely for human weakness. She took advantage of it—she enjoyed her nascent happiness, and collected a small measure of strength to support her in the trials through which she had still to pass.

The climate of the Ionian islands is incomparably soft and regular. The winter is merely a transition from autumn to spring, and the summers grow almost wearisome through their unvaried serenity. From time to time a passing cloud will hurry over the Seven Islands, but does not stop; people have often to wait there three months for a drop of rain. In this arid paradise the natives do not say, "wearisome as rain," but "wearisome as fine weather."

The pure weather, however, did not weary Germaine: it cured her slowly. M. le Bris watched this miracle of the blue sky; he looked on while nature was acting, and followed with passionate interest the gradual progress of a power superior to his own. He was too modest to claim the honour of the cure, and confessed in good faith that the only infallible medicine is that coming from on High.

Still, in order to deserve the aid of Heaven, he himself aided it a little. He had received from Paris Dr. Chartroule's iodometer, with a stock of iodized cigarettes. These cigarettes, composed of aromatic herbs and soothing plants in-

fused in a tincture of iodine, introduce the medicament into the lungs, accustom those most delicate organs to the presence of a foreign body, and prepare the patient to inhale pure iodine through the tubes of the apparatus. Unfortunately the machine was found to be broken on arrival, although packed by the Duke himself and carried with great care by the new servant. Hence, a new one had to be ordered, and this took time.

After a month of this anodyne treatment, Germaine felt a sensible improvement. She was not so weak during the day, she endured the fatigue of a long walk more easily, and she did not so frequently seek refuge on her couch. Her appetite was greater and decidedly more permanent; she no longer rejected food after tasting it; she ate, digested, and slept in good spirits; the night-fever was much calmed, and the perspiration which bathes all consumptive people in their sleep daily decreased.

Her heart, also, gradually began to grow convalescent; her despair, her savage temper, and hatred of those who loved her, gave way to a gentle and benevolent melancholy. She was so happy at feeling herself regenerated, that she wished to thank both Heaven and earth.

Convalescents are great children who cling to everything that surrounds them, through fear of falling. Germaine kept her friends round her, for she feared solitude; she wished to be encouraged every moment, and would say to the Countess, "I am getting better, am I not?" and added in a lower voice, "I shall not die!" The Countess replied with a laugh, "If Death were to come to fetch you, I would show him my face, and he would run away." The Countess was proud of her ugliness as other women are of their beauty, for coquetry creeps in everywhere.

Don Diego waited patiently till Germaine turned to him. He was too delicate and proud to importune her with his attentions; but he was always within reach, ready to take the first step so soon as she summoned him by a glance. It soon grew with her a pleasant custom to notice this discreet and silent friendship. There was something heroic and grand in the Count's ugliness, which women appreciate more than mere good looks. He was not one of those men who make conquests, but

he could inspire a passion. His long swarthy face, his large bronze hands, formed a striking contrast to his white linen clothes. His large black eyes emitted beams of gentleness and goodness; his powerful and ringing voice had at times sweetly-modulated inflections. In the end Germaine compared this grandee of Spain to a tamed lion.

When she walked in the garden amid the old orange-trees, or under the tamarisks on the shore, leaning on the arm of the Dowager, or with little Gomez hanging to her skirt, the Count followed her at a distance without any affectation, with a book in his hand. He did not put on the downcast look of a lover, or waft his sighs along the breeze; he seemed like an indulgent father desirous to watch his children and yet not control their sports by his presence. His affection for his wife was a composite of Christian charity, compassion for weakness, and that bitter joy which a man of honour finds in the accomplishment of difficult duties. Perhaps, too, some degree of legitimate pride was blended with it. It is a glorious victory to snatch a certain prey from the clutches of death, and to create again a being whom illness had almost destroyed. Physicians understand that pleasure; they grow attached to those whom they have brought back from the other world, and feel for them the tenderness of a creator to the creature.

Custom, which reconciles everything, had also brought Germaine to talk with her husband. When people are together from morning to night, hatred cannot ever endure between them; they talk, they reply—for that pledges them to nothing; but life is only possible at that price. She called him Don Diego; he addressed her simply as Germaine.

One day (it was in the middle of June) she was lying in the garden on a Turkey carpet. The old Countess, seated near her, was mechanically telling a rosary of coral beads, while little Gomez was stuffing his pockets with fallen oranges. The Count passed ten paces off, book in hand. Germaine sat up, and invited him to take a chair. He obeyed without further pressure, and put his book in his pocket.

"What were you reading?" she asked.

He replied, blushing like a schoolboy detected in a fault, "You will laugh at me. It is Greek."

"Greek!—you can read Greek! How could a man like you amuse himself by learning Greek?"

"By the merest accident. My tutor might have been an ass like so many others, but he happened to be a learned man."

"And you read Greek for amusement?"

"Homer, yes; I am in the middle of the *Odyssey*."

Germaine feigned a little yawn. "I read a translation of that," she said; "there were a sword and a helmet on the cover of the book."

"Then you would be much astonished were I to read you Homer in the original; you would not recognise it."

"Much obliged, but I do not care for stories of battles."

"There is nothing of the sort in the *Odyssey*. It is a romance of manners, the first ever written, and perhaps the best. Our fashionable authors could invent nothing more interesting than this history of a country squire who leaves his home to earn money, comes back after twenty years' absence, finds an army of scamps installed in his house, coercing his wife and wasting his property, and kills them with his arrows. The only fault in this history is, that it has always been translated for us with so much emphasis. The young rustics who besieged Penelope have been converted into so many kings; the farm is disguised as a palace, and gold is plastered on everywhere. If I might venture to translate you a page, you would be amazed at the simple and familiar truth of the narrative. You would see with what amusing delight the poet talks of black wine and succulent meat; how he admires closely-fitting doors and well-planed boards. You would see, above all, how exactly nature is described, and find in my book the sea, the heaven, and the garden here before you."

"You may try," Germaine said; "you will be able to see when I have fallen asleep."

The Count willingly obeyed, and began translating the first book. He rolled out before Germaine's eyes that grand Homeric style which is richer, more variegated, and more sparkling than the brilliant webs of Beyrout or Damascus. His translation was the more liberal because he did not understand every word, but he understood the poet. He cut down long passages, developed in his own fashion any that were curious, and added an intelligent commentary to the text. In short, he interested his beloved audience, always excepting the Marquis de los Montes, who roared in his desire to inter-



rupt the reading. Children are like birds, when people are talking before them, they sing.

I cannot say if the young couple reached the end of the *Odyssey*, but Don Diego had found means to excite his wife's interest, and that was a good deal. It grew a habit with her to hear him read, and to feel comfortable in his society. She soon saw in him a superior mind, and although he was too timid to speak in his own name, the presence of a great poet gave him boldness, and his own ideas came to light under the protection of another's thoughts. Dante, Ariosto, Cervantes, and Shakspeare were the sublime mediators who undertook to bring these two minds together, and render them dear to each other. Germaine did not feel at all humiliated by her own ignorance and her husband's superiority, for a woman delights to be a nullity in comparison with the man she loves.

They formed a habit of living together and meeting in the garden to talk and read. It was not gaiety, but a certain calm and friendly serenity that formed the charm of these meetings. Don Diego knew not how to laugh, and his mother's laugh resembled a nervous grimace. The Doctor, though so frank and hearty, seemed to sing a false note when he flung his grain of sand into the conversation. Germaine still coughed at times, and that restless expression produced by the vicinity of death still remained on her countenance. And yet these cloudless summer days were the first happy hours of her youth.

How often, in the intimacy of this family life, the Count's mind was troubled by the remembrance of Madame Chermidy no one ever knew, and I will not take it on myself to say. It is probable that solitude, listlessness, and the privation of those lively pleasures in which a man expends his superfluous energy—in a word, that sap of spring which rises to the forehead of a man as to the summit of trees—caused him more than once to regret the noble resolution he had formed. The Trappists who turn their backs on the world after enjoying it, find in their cells arms all in readiness against the temptations of the past—in fasting, prayer, and a dietary sufficiently mortifying to kill the old Adam. There is probably more merit in wrestling as Don Diego did, like a soldier disarmed. M. le Bris watched him closely, like a patient who must be kept from a relapse. He

rarely spoke to him of Paris, never of Madame Chermidy; and when he read in a French journal that the *Naiad* was anchored off Ky-Tcheou in the Sea of Japan, to demand reparation for the insult offered the two French missionaries, he tore up the paper, lest even Captain Chermidy's name might be brought up.

There are, in the eastern lands, certain hours when the southern breeze intoxicates a man's senses more powerfully than the wine of Tinos drank under the name of Malvoisie: the heart melts like wax, the will loses its elasticity, the mind grows weak. You try to think, but your ideas slip away from you like water through your fingers. You fetch a book, a good old friend; you try to read, but your thoughts wander at the first lines; your eyes begin to swim; your eyelids open and shut, you cannot say why. In these hours of half-sleep and gentle quietude our hearts expand of themselves. The masculine virtues have a cheap triumph when a sharp frost reddens the nose and sears the ear, and the December wind contracts the fibres of the flesh and the will. But when the jasmines spread their searching perfume around, when the flowers of the pomegranate rain on our head, and white sails appear in the distant sea like Nereids—oh, then! we must be very deaf and very blunt if we see or hear aught but love!

Don Diego noticed one day that Germaine had improved. Her cheeks were fuller; the furrows on her exquisite face were filling up; the sinister wrinkles were being effaced. A healthier colour, a sunbeam of good omen, coloured her lovely brow, and her golden hair was no longer the crown of a dead girl.

He had been reading to her for a long time; fatigue and sleep had fallen on her simultaneously; her head had fallen back, and she lay motionless in the arms of her easy chair. The Count was alone with her. He laid his book on the ground, approached her gently, knelt before the young girl, and advanced his lips to kiss her forehead; but he was restrained by a feeling of delicacy. For the first time he thought with horror of the way in which he had become Germaine's husband; he was ashamed of his bargain; he confessed to himself that a kiss obtained by surprise would be almost a crime, and he refrained from loving his wife till the day that he was sure of being loved in return.

The party at the Villa Dandolo did not live in such an abstract solitude as might be supposed. Isolation can only be found in large cities, where each lives for himself without taking any thought about his neighbours. In the country, the most indifferent persons form acquaintances; man knows that he is born for society, and seeks the conversation of his fellow-mortals.

Few days passed without Germaine receiving some visitors. At first they came from curiosity, then through kindly interest, and lastly through friendship. This nook of the island was inhabited the whole year through by five or six modest families, who would have been poor in the town, and who wanted for nothing on their estates, because they could content themselves with little. Their houses fell into ruins, because they had not money to repair them; but they carefully kept up over the entrance a scutcheon coeval with the Crusades. The Ionian Islands are the Hampton Court Palace of the East: you find there great virtues, and the minor wretchedness of aristocracy, pride, dignity, decent and onerous poverty, and a certain degree of elegance even amid the most scanty circumstances.

The owner of the villa, Count Dandolo, would not be disavowed by the doges, his ancestors. He is a little, quick, and intelligent man, well up in political affairs, vacillating between the Greek party and English influence; but inclined to opposition, and ever ready to judge severely the acts of the Lord High Commissioner. He follows closely the old and new intrigues dividing Europe, watches the progress of the British Lion, discusses the Eastern question, is alarmed at the influence of the Jesuits, and is President of the Corfu Freemasons. He is an excellent man, who takes more time in navigating round a glass of water than an East India trader in its passage. His son Spiro, a handsome young man of thirty, has been gained over to English ideas, like the whole of the younger generation; he associates with the officers, and is often seen in their box at the theatre. The Dandolos could live grandly if they could manage to sell their estates; but in Corfu the inhabitants are as poor as the land is rich. Every one is ready to sell, but no one ever dreams of buying. The Count and Spiro speak fluently the three languages of the island—English, Greek, and Italian: they know French in addi-

tion, and their friendship was precious to Germaine. Spiro interested himself in the fair invalid with all the warmth of an unoccupied heart.

At times he brought with him a friend of his, Dr. Delvinotis, Professor of Chemistry at the Corfu College. He had formed a friendship for the invalid, which was the more lively, because he had a daughter of her own age. He gave M. le Bris the benefit of his advice, talked with the Dowager and the Count in Italian, and was miserable because he could not speak French and improve his acquaintance with Germaine. He might be seen sitting before her for hours, studying a sentence, or looking at her without uttering a word, with that quiet and dumb politeness which prevails through the whole of the East.

The most noisy man of the party was Captain Brétignières, an old Frenchman settled in Corfu since 1841. He had retired from service at the age of twenty-four with a pension and a wooden leg. This thin, bony gentleman would limp three miles to dine at the Villa Dandolo, when he told campaigning stories, twisted his moustache, and asserted that the Ionian Isles ought to belong to France. His gaiety affected the whole house. While draining his glass he would say, in a sententious voice: "When people esteem and love each other, they can drink as much as they like without injuring themselves." Germaine always dined with a good appetite when he was present; for this pleasant cripple, who clung so obstinately to life, dazzled her with a sweet hope, and forced her to believe that happiness yet awaited her. He played with the little Marquis, called him General, and rode him on his knee; he gallantly kissed the invalid's hands, and waited on her with the devotion of an old page or a retired troubadour.

She had an admirer of a different school in the person of Mr. Stevens, Judge of the Royal Court of Corfu. This honourable magistrate spent his salary of 1000*l.* a year solely in taking care of his body. You never saw a man so clean, plump, and shiny, or health more calm and better stuffed. Egotistic, like all old bachelors; serious, like all magistrates; phlegmatic, like all Englishmen,—he concealed within the comfortable rotundity of his person a certain tinge of sensibility. Health appeared to him so precious a gift that he would have liked to impart it to the whole world. He had known the young Englishman we



saw at Pompeii, and followed closely the various phases of his recovery. He stated with great simplicity that he had felt but little sympathy for this pallid and dying little fellow; but loved him more every day as he saw him returning to life. He became his intimate friend on the day that he could squeeze his hand without forcing him to utter a cry of pain. The same was the history of his acquaintance with Germaine: he refrained from attaching himself to her so long as he believed her condemned to death; but from the moment she seemed to take a place in the world, he opened the folding-doors of his heart to her.

The nearest neighbours of the family were Madame Vitré and her son, and they soon became the most intimate friends. The Baroness de Vitré had sought shelter, with the remains of her fortune, at Corfu; and as she refrained from telling the story of her life, no one ever knew what events drove her so far from her native country. But one thing was evident at a glance, that she lived as an honourable woman, and educated her son admirably. She was forty years of age, and had a degree of beauty far from common; but she busied herself with her household and her dear Gaston with a methodic activity and unembarrassed zeal which revealed her blood. True greatness is a gift which is displayed in all the situations of life, and on every stage; it is shown both in toil and in repose, and it is as brilliant in a farmyard as in a salon. Madame de Vitré between her two servants, and dressed like them in the national costume, resembled Penelope embroidering the tunics of young Telemachus. Gaston de Vitré, fair as a young girl of twenty, led the rude and active life of a country gentleman. He worked with his own hands: felled the trees, and collected the harvest from the orange-trees and the pomegranates. In the morning he went out with his gun to shoot beccaficos and ortolans; in the evening he read with his mother, who was his professor and nursing mother of his mind. Without care for the future, ignorant of all worldly matters, and restricting his thoughts to the horizon that surrounded him, he could imagine no greater pleasure than a good day's sport, a new book, or a sail on the sea. He had a virgin heart, pure and white as a sheet of paper that woos the pen to write on it. When his mother brought him to the Villa Dandolo, he perceived for the first time that he was a little ignorant; he blushed for the idleness in which he

had lived, and regretted that he had not studied medicine.

Visits are always long in the country; you have to go so far to pay them, that you are in no hurry to leave again. The Dandolo, the Vitrés, Dr. Delvinotis, the Judge, and the Captain often spent the whole day by the side of the lovely convalescent. She kept them there gladly, without explaining to herself the secret motive that caused her to do so. Already she began to avoid being alone with her husband; for in the same proportion as declared love shuns intruders, and seeks *tête-à-têtes*, nascent love seeks a crowd and distractions. As soon as we begin to feel ourselves possessed by thoughts of another, strangers and indifferent persons seem to protect us against our own weakness; and we feel that we should be defenceless were we no longer there.

The dowager, without knowing it, aided this secret desire of Germaine's, for she kept Madame de Vitré with her, whom she liked more and more every day. Don Diego had not yet reached that point where a lover endures with impatience the company of strangers; his affection for Germaine was still disinterested, because it was cold and calm. He sought before all else everything that would amuse his young wife, and attach her gently to existence. Perhaps, too, this timid man, like all men who are really strong, avoided explaining to himself the new feeling that attracted him towards her. He feared to find himself caught between two opposing duties, and he could not hide from himself that he was pledged for life to Madame Chermidy. He believed her worthy of his love; and he esteemed her, in spite of her error, as we all esteem a woman, innocent or guilty, of whose love we are secure. Had any man come, proof in hand, to tell him that Madame Chermidy was not worthy of him, he would have experienced a feeling of agony, and not of deliverance. It is not easy to break off from three years of happiness; and a man does not rub his hands and say, "Thank Heaven, my son is the child of a profligate woman!"

The Count, then, experienced a moral discomfort, a sort of dull uneasiness, which ran counter to his rising passion. He feared to read himself, and he stood before his heart, as if before a letter of which he dared not break the seal.

In the meanwhile the young couple sought each other, and felt happy, and in their hearts thanked the persons who

prevented them from being alone together. The circle of friends that collected round them sheltered their love, just as the great elms that surround the Normandy orchards protect the delicate blossom of the apple-trees.

The receiving room was in the middle of the garden. Germaine, seated in her easy chair, smoked iodized cigars; the Count watched her enjoyment of life; while the Dowager played with the child like a tall old black Faun with her tanned babe. The friends sat around in American rocking-chairs; while Mantoux, or some other footman, served coffee, ices, and sweetmeats, according to the usages of Eastern hospitality. The visitors were rather surprised that the mistress of the house was the only smoker in the whole company, for people smoke everywhere in the East. You throw away your cigarette at the door, but the mistress of the house offers you another while welcoming you. Germaine, either because she was inclined to indulge her husband's fault, or because she took pity on the poor Greeks, who could not live without tobacco, one day decreed that the cigarette would henceforth be permitted throughout her entire empire; and when Don Diego smilingly reminded her of her old repugnance, she blushed, and quickly replied: "I have read in *Monte Cristo* that Turkish tobacco was a perfume, and as I knew that no other is smoked here in sight of the shores of Turkey, there is no question about your odious cigars, the very sight of which makes me ill."

Before long, the grand chibouk, with red bowl and amber mouthpiece, and the narjilih, which "singeth a pleasant tune" in smoking, made their appearance in the garden and the house. At the end of July, the odious cigars timidly escaped from some invisible receptacle, and found mercy in Germaine's sight. This was a sign that she was much better.

It was about this period that the elect of Madame Chermidy, Mantoux, called *Little Luck*, decided on poisoning his mistress.

There is some good in the most vicious man, and I am bound to confess that Mantoux was an excellent servant for two months. When the Duke, who was ignorant of his history, procured him a passport in the name of Mathieu, he crossed the frontier joyfully and gratefully. Perhaps he really dreamed of being an honest man. Germaine's gentleness, the charm she threw over all those who came near

her, the excellent wages she paid her people, and the slight hope entertained of saving her, inspired this contraband valet with honest feelings. He knew better how to pick a lock than to prepare a glass of sugar-water, but he strove not to appear a novice, and succeeded. He belonged to an intelligent race, fit for anything, skilful in all trades and even in all arts. He applied himself so well, made such progress, and learnt his duties in so short a time, that his masters were satisfied with him.

Madame Chermidy had recommended him to conceal his religion, and deny it, even if cross-questioned; for she knew how intolerant Spaniards of old blood are toward Israelites. Unfortunately, this honest man could not hide his face, and Madame de Villanera suspected him of being at least a converted Hebrew. Now, as a good Spaniard, she drew little distinction between converts and heretics: she was the best woman in the world, and yet would have sent them all to the stake pell-mell, feeling assured that the twelve Apostles would have done the same.

Mantoux, who had more than once compromised with his conscience, felt no scruples in denying the religion of his fathers. He even consented to hear mass with the other servants; but, through one of those contradictions of which man is full, he could never make up his mind to eat the same meat as his comrades. Without drawing attention to his repugnance, he ate vegetables, fruit, and salads, like an ardent vegetarian. He consoled himself for this lenten fare when sent on an errand to town; then he ran straight to the Jew quarter, fraternized with his people, talked that same Hebrew which serves as a bond to the great dispersed nation, and ate *kaucher* meat—that is to say, killed by the sacrificer according to the precepts of the law. This was a consolation he must have missed sadly at the period he resided in the galleys.

In conversing with his co-religionists, he learned a good many things: that Corfu was an excellent country, a real Promised Land, where living was remarkably cheap, and a man was rich with 60*l.* a year. He learned that English justice was severe, but that with a good boat and two oars it was possible to escape the clutches of the law. It was merely necessary to steer for Turkey: the continent was only a few miles off; he could see it, almost touch it! Last of all, he learned



where arsenic could be bought at the fairest prices.

Toward the end of July he heard several persons affirm that the young Countess was on a fair way to recover: he assured himself of it with his own eyes, and expected to see her recovery every day. On handing her a glass of sugared water each evening, he noticed with Dr. le Bris the decrease of the cough and the diminution of the fever. He was present one day at the unpacking of a box much better packed than the one he had brought from Paris. He saw a charming apparatus of copper and glass taken out of it, a remarkably simple machine, so appetizing that the mere sight of it made one regret not being consumptive. The Doctor hastened to put it up, and said, as he regarded it tenderly, "perhaps this will prove the Countess's salvation."

This remark was the more painful to Mantoux, because he had just formed a design to buy a delicious little property close by, a perfect nest for honest people. The idea occurred to him of breaking this engine of destruction which threatened his future fortune; but he thought that he should be discharged if he did so, and lose his wages as well as his pension. Hence he resigned himself to be merely a faithful servant.

Unluckily, his companions talked loudly about his vegetable diet; the Dowager was alarmed, inquired into matters, and decided that he was an incorrigible Jew relapsed, and all that follows. She asked him if he would prefer looking for a place in Corfu or returning to France. In vain did he beg for mercy and seek the charitable intervention of kind-hearted Germaine, for the Dowager would not listen to reason in such an affair as this. All that he obtained was, that he should keep his place till his successor arrived.

He had a month before him, and this is how he profited by it. He procured some arsenious acid and concealed it in his bedroom. He took a pinch of it, about a dose for two men, and dissolved it in a large glass of water. He placed this glass in the pantry on a tall shelf which could only be reached by standing on a chair, and, without loss of time, poured several drops of this poisoned liquid into the invalid's sugared water. He decided on doing this daily, killing his mistress by slow degrees, and thus deserving Madame Chermidy's benefaction—in spite of the little apparatus.

## CHAPTER IX.

## LETTERS FROM CHINA AND PARIS.

*To Monsieur Mathieu Mantoux, at the Count de Villanera's, Villa Dandolo, Corfu.*

No date.

"You do not know me, but I know you as well as if I had made you. You are an ex-scholar of the Government Naval School at Toulon; it was there I saw you for the first time. I met you afterwards at Corbeil; you were not doing very brilliantly, and the police had their eyes upon you. You had the luck to fall in with a great fool of a Parisian who got you a good place, with the hope of a pension. The lady and her maid take you for a servant. I hear that your masters honour you with their confidence. If the patient you wait on had taken a passage to the other world, you would be rich, respected, and live like a gentleman in any country you please. Unfortunately, she has not made up her mind to it, and you have not had the sense to push her along the road. All the worse for you; you will keep your name of *Little Luck*. The Inspector of Police at Corbeil is looking after you, and is on the trail. If you do not take care you will be found out, just as I, who am writing to you, found you. Would you like to go and pick pepper in Cayenne? To work, then, sluggard; fortune is in your hands, so surely as my name is— But you have no need to know my name. I am not Rabichon, or Lebrasseur, or Chassepie; but I am, in the hope that you will understand your interests, your friend,

"X. Y. Z."

*Madame Chermidy to Dr. le Bris.*

"Paris, Aug. 13, 1853.

"Key of hearts, my delightful friend, I have most magnificent news for you. Madame de Sévigné would make you wait for it for a couple of pages; but I go to work more quickly, and tell you at once. I am a widow, my dear friend, a widow without appeal, a widow by law. I have received the official notification, the burial certificate, the compliments of condolence from the Ministry of Marine, the sword and epaulettes of the defunct, and a pension of £30 to keep my carriage with in my old days. Widow! widow! widow! There is not a prettier word in the language. I have dressed myself in black. I walk about the streets, and feel inclined

to stop the passers-by to tell them I am a widow.

"I discovered on this occasion that I was no ordinary woman. I know more than one who would have wept through human weakness, and to give some slight satisfaction to his manes; but I laughed like a madwoman, and rolled on Lump, who was just as bad as I was. Chermidy is no more. Chermidy is gone, as clean as the palm of my hand. I am justified in calling him the late Chermidy.

"You know, tomb of secrets, that I never loved that man, and that he was nothing to me. I bore his name, and I endured his abuse; two or three blows he gave me were the sole ties love had formed between us. The only man I ever loved, my real husband, my real spouse before God, was never called Chermidy. My fortune does not come from that sailor; I owe him nothing, and I should be a hypocrite if I mourned for him. Were you not present at our last interview? Do you remember the conjugal grimace that improved his features? If you had not been present, he would have played me an ill-turn. Those sea-monsters are capable of anything. The cards have often told me that I should die a violent death; probably they knew Chermidy. He would have wrung my neck, sooner or later, and danced at my funeral. Now it is my turn to laugh and dance.

"The history of his death, on my word, is famous; you never saw such a thorough Chinese picture, and I intend to have it painted on a screen. All my friends came yesterday to condole with me. They had prepared mournful faces, but I told them the story, and presto! they all changed, as if by magic. We never left off laughing till half after twelve at night.

"Just imagine, my dear Doctor, that the *Naiad* was anchored off Ky-Tcheou. I have not been able to find the place on any map, and I am in a state of despair. The geographers of the present day are surely not up to their work. Ky-Tcheou ought to be in the Corean Peninsula, in the Sea of Japan. I have found Kiu-Tcheou, but that is in the province of Ching-King, on the Gulf of Leou-Tung, in the Yellow Sea. Put yourself in the place of a poor widow who does not know in what degree of latitude she was deprived of her husband.

"However this may be, the magistrates of Ky-Tcheou, or Kiu-tcheou, at the mouth of the Li-kiang river, had ill-treated two French missionaries. The mandarin

governor, or father of the family, the powerful Gou-Ly, employed all his leisure hours in sending strangers to a happier world. There are three European factories at this pleasant spot, and a French silk-buyer performed the duties of consular agent. He had a flag before his door, and the missionaries lodged with him. Gou-Ly sent to arrest the two priests, and accused them of preaching a strange religion. They could not deny it with good grace, for they had come precisely for that purpose: they were condemned, and the report spread that they had been put to death. Under these circumstances the Admiral sent the *Naiad* up to see what was going on, and the commander ordered Gou-Ly on board. You can imagine my husband *tête-à-tête* with this Chinese. Gou-Ly protested that the missionaries were perfectly well, but that they had infringed the laws of the country, and must remain six weeks in prison. My husband asked to see them, and it was proposed to show them to him behind the bars. He went that same evening to the prison with a company of marines; he saw two missionaries in ecclesiastical robes gesticulating at the window. The French consul recognised them, and everybody was satisfied.

"The next day, however, the consul was told that the missionaries had been really strangled a week before the arrival of the *Naiad*, and twenty witnesses were heard, who verified to the fact. My husband put on his uniform, landed his men, returned to the prison and broke in the doors, in spite of the signs of the missionaries, who moved their arms about to make him go back to the ship. He found in the dungeon two wax images modelled with Chinese perfection; they were the missionaries shown him on the previous evening.

"My husband got into a furious passion, for he did not like being deceived; that was a fault I always had to find with him. He went back on board, and swore his great oath that he would bombard the town if the murderers were not punished. The mandarin, trembling like a leaf, made his submission, and condemned the judges to be sawn asunder between planks. Of course my husband could say nothing against that.

"But the legislature of the country permits any person condemned to death to supply a substitute. There are special agencies which, for a sum of £200 to £300 and fine promises, induce a poor



devil to let himself be sawn in pieces. The Chinese of the lower classes, who grovel pell-mell with the animals, do not hold enormously to life, so they will willingly consent to have a short life and a merry one when they are offered a thousand dollars to squander in three days. My husband accepted the substitutes—was present at the punishment, and made his peace with the ingenious Gou-Ly. He carried his clemency to such an extent as to invite him to dinner the next day, with the magistrates whose lives had been bought off. This was acting like a clever diplomatist; for, after all, what is diplomacy? the act of pardoning insults, as soon as you have obtained entire satisfaction for them.

"Gou-Ly and his accomplices went to dine in great state on board the *Naiad*. The dessert was interrupted by a magnificent fire; the vessel flared like a lucifer-match. The pumps were set to work just in time: the accident was put upon a cook's mate, and apologies were offered to the venerable Gou-Ly.

"Perhaps you may think the story rather long,—but patience, you have not much longer to wait. The mandarin would not be beaten in politeness, so he invited the Captain the next day to one of those banquets where Chinese prodigality triumphs. We are but poor dumps by the side of those originals. The gentleman who ate a twenty-pound dinner all to himself at the Café de Paris was greatly admired; but the Chinese would consider it a trifle. The commander was promised ragouts powdered with fine pearls, swallows' nests with golden-pheasants' tongues, and that celebrated omelette of peacocks' eggs which is made on the table by killing the hens to obtain the eggs. My Chermidy, who was as simple as an oar, did not suspect that he would have to pay the bill. He licked his lips, so the official report states, and promised to listen with all his ears to the plays which season a Chinese festival.

"He went on shore with the Consul and four men as an escort, through a refreshing shower. You will suppose that he had not forgotten his best uniform. A deputation of magistrates received him at the landing-place with all the requisite ceremonies, and I presume he was not dissatisfied with the harangue; for if the Chinese adore compliments, sailors do not detest them. He was mounted on a little pony. I think I can see him trotting along. The animal (I mean the pony)

was sunk in the mud up to the knees, for the Chinese towns are paved with a macadam used for two modes of locomotion—carriages and boats. Twelve young men, dressed in rose-coloured silk, walked on his right and left, with peacocks' feathers in their hands. They sung through their noses the praises of the great, the powerful, the invincible Chermidy, and gently tickled his steed with the quills of their feathers. The little ones teased its nostrils, the taller boys the inside of its ears, until at last the animal reared. The rider, clumsy as a sailor, fell on his back, the boys ran up to him, and asked him altogether if he had hurt himself?—if he wanted anything?—if he would have some water to wash, or like some smelling salts?—and while speaking, they drew their little knives from their pockets, and cut his throat without any noise or scandal, till the head was completely severed from the body.

"It was the Consul who told the story, and I really fear would not have told it, had it not been for the aid of the four sailors who saved his life, and took him back on board. I stop here; the piece is no longer interesting from the moment the hero is interred. You will know the rest from the newspapers and the enclosed letter, which the officers of the *Naiad* took the trouble to write to me. I sincerely regret the death of Mandarin Gou-Ly; were he still living, I would settle on him a pension of swallows' nests for the remainder of his life. As my happiness depends on a double widowhood, I made a vow to divide £50,000 between the charitable souls who delivered me from my enemies. There were £25,000 in my secretaire for that mandarin who does not live to enjoy them.

"Tomb of secrets, you will burn my letters, I am sure? Burn, also, the newspapers which mention the affair. Don Diego must not learn that I am free, so long as he is himself enchained. Let us spare our enemies too cruel regrets. Above all, do not tell him that I look remarkably well in black.

"Take great care of the person to whom you are devoted; whatever may happen, you will have the merit of having made her live beyond all hope. If you had been told that you were leaving Paris for seven or eight months, would you be enjoying your becaficos so much? When she is cured, or the other thing, you will return to Paris, and we will get you a practice together again, for I am sure

that none of your patients except myself will recognise you.

"The Duke de la Tour, who does me the honour of dining at my table sometimes, has asked me to find you another footman. I did not inquire sufficiently into the character of the first I sent you, and I lately heard that he is a dangerous person. So kick him out as soon as possible, or keep him on your own responsibility, until the arrival of his successor.

"Farewell, key of hearts. My heart has been open to you for a long time; and if you are not the best of all my friends, it is not my fault. Take care of my husband and my son, and I will be for life ever yours,  
"HONORINE."

*The Officers of the 'Naiad' to Madame Chermidy.*

"Honkong, April 2, 1853.

"MADAM—The officers serving on board the *Naiad* fulfil a painful duty in adding their regrets to the grief which the loss of Commander Chermidy will cause you.

"Anodious treachery has robbed France of one of her most honourable and experienced officers—you, madame, of a hus-

band whose goodness and gentleness every one would appreciate; and us of a chief, or rather a comrade, who made it a point of honour to lighten our duties by taking the greater portion on himself.

"The pleasure of revenge is but a weak consolation, madam, to a sorrow like yours. Still, we are proud of being able to tell you that we gave our brave commander a glorious funeral. When the Consul and the four sailors who were witnesses to the crime brought us the news on board, the senior lieutenant, who succeeded the excellent officer we had lost, ordered the factories to be evacuated; and we then bombarded the town, and reduced it to ashes in two days. Gou-Ly and his accomplices believed themselves in safety in the fortress; but a company of marines besieged them for a week with a couple of guns we landed. The *Naiad* did not return to her station till she had taken ample satisfaction for her commander. At this moment, madam, no town exists under the name of Ky-Tcheou. There is only a pile of ashes which may be called the tomb of Commander Chermidy."

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be continued.)

## THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,  
And looked at the stormy tide;  
The evening mist came rising  
And floating far and wide.

One by one, in the lighthouse,  
The lamps shone out on high,  
And far on the dim horizon  
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,  
Of sailors, and how they live,  
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,  
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,  
In regions strange and fair,  
And of the wondrous beings  
And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,  
Which are launched in the twilight  
hour,  
And the dark and silent Brahmins,  
Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,  
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,  
Who crouch round their oil-fires cooking,  
And chatter, and scream, and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,  
Till at last we spoke no more.  
The ship like a shadow had vanished,  
And darkness fell deep on the shore.



## PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

## No. 5.—HADDON HALL.



HADDON HALL, in North Derbyshire, stands on an eminence which rises bluffly from the river, in the midst of broad level meadows. As its battlemented turrets are seen from among the trees, which partly conceal the extent of the building, it wears a stern and warlike aspect. But it appears more of a stronghold than it really is. It was not erected till after the period was passed when the feudal chiefs were allowed to raise castles that might at need defy an army—even of the sovereign. The oldest part of the building was erected in the fifteenth century, but the greater portion belongs to the sixteenth—and no part is later. The manor at the Domesday Survey belonged to the Avenels, from whom it passed by marriage to the Vernons and Bassets. In the reign of Henry VI. it had fallen wholly to the share of the latter. The last Vernon was the Sir George who is said to have been the lord of thirty manors, and whose boundless hospitality and splendid style of living procured for him the *sobriquet* of “King of the Peak.” On his death, which occurred in 1565, his estates were divided between his two daughters. Haddon fell to the share of Dorothy, who had married Sir John Manners, the second son of the Earl of Rutland. Their grandson became

Duke of Rutland; and Haddon has since formed a portion of the Rutland property. For the last century and a half Haddon Hall has been deserted; Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, having been made the family residence.

You cross the Wye by an old bridge, and then approach Haddon Hall by a long and rather steep slope. A lofty embattled tower is before you, the large gateway of which is the grand entrance. On passing through this you find yourself in a tolerably spacious quadrangle, the buildings around which speak aloud of a time when state was maintained after a fashion very different indeed to that of our days, and ease and elegance were considered of but secondary consequence. This air of antiquity is so strong here, that the appearance of a retainer in buff jerkin crossing from the hall, or a sturdy steel-capped soldier stepping from the guard-room to take a survey of the intruder, would hardly excite in you any considerable astonishment. Around this court-yard are the great hall, chapel, chaplain’s room, and other apartments, with a turret or two lifting their heads at the angles.

In this court-yard attention is particularly called to the chaplain’s room—chiefly, however, for its contents, for the

room itself is little likely to interest the ordinary visitor. These contents are, first, some pewter dishes and platters of capacious size—for which the chaplain's room may have been thought an appropriate depository. Then there are huge jack-boots, thick leathern doublets, and cumbrous matchlocks, for which, unless literally of the church militant, the clerk would hardly seem a fitting keeper. But why the cradle should be placed here it is more difficult to guess. The visitor will notice the fireplace and stone fender. From the chaplain's room you pass naturally to the chapel. It is a curious and noteworthy building, erected before the middle of the fifteenth century—being, with the hall, the most ancient part of the edifice. It is rude and small, but most valuable as an example of the domestic chapel of that age. In the windows are some fragments of the original stained glass, bearing the date 1427.

The great hall was erected before 1452. It is a good-sized room, though hardly so large as some other existing halls. Its appearance is imposing. The roof is open: the walls to a good height are lined with panelled oak wainscoting. Round two of its sides is carried a gallery of carved oak; but this appears to be somewhat less ancient than the room. At the end of the hall is a dais, and upon it still remains the high-board. A capacious fireplace with huge andirons tells of ancient cheer. But a curious instrument in this hall speaks in coarser tones of the rudeness of ancient hospitality. It is a kind of iron handcuff, which is fastened against the screen; when any guest refused to drink off a certain potation, he was punished by locking his hand in this frame, which is fixed at some height above the head—the remainder of the draught was then poured down the arm. It was also used for the punishment of other small offences.

Now the hall is bare of furniture, only a few stags' horns being suspended from the gallery and around the walls. Yet is it in its silent deserted state singularly impressive and suggestive to the imagination. This hall, the reader may remember, is that which Sir Walter Scott describes under the title of Martindale Hall, and makes the scene of some chapters in his "Peveril of the Peak."

From the great hall you pass to the dining-room—an apartment constructed when it had become the fashion for the lord of the house to dine in private, ex-

cept on special occasions. It is probably one of the oldest of these private dining-rooms: it was erected about 1545. The drawing-room, and the bed-room connected with it, are particularly interesting. In the former is a noble bay window. Both are hung with tapestry that will repay examination.

From these rooms you pass to the long gallery, a room 109 feet long, by 18 wide and 15 high. This apartment was built in the reign of Elizabeth, and there is a tradition that the first ball given in it was opened in person by the Virgin Queen. In the withdrawing-room adjoining the ball-room are some noticeable features, and also a few pictures. The floor of this long ball-room is traditionally said to have been cut from a single oak which previously grew in the park.

There are many other rooms which will be shown to the stranger, and all of which are more or less worth looking over. In one is a curious antique state-bed, brought here from Belvoir Castle; the last person who slept in it, you are told, was George IV., when Prince Regent. One of the rooms bears the name of Dorothy Vernon. This lady, the daughter of the King of the Peak, "the circumstances of whose loves," it has been said, "have thrown such a romantic interest over Haddon,"—this lady, it will be remembered, perhaps—for the story has been told a hundred times, and in as many ways—formed a secret attachment to Sir John Manners, and when her father refused to consent to their union, eloped with him. We are sorry to tell the story in this bald style, because the lovely one and her adventures are evidently great favourites with the fair visitants to Haddon. All the tender meetings, soft vows, and pretty occurrences, our fair readers will readily supply out of their own happy imaginations. We will only add, by way of assisting them, that they show here a little oratory to which the fair one used to retire, in order to watch from the oriel the fond youth's coming; and the lattice is pointed out through which they used to exchange sighs and greetings; the spot, too, is shown whither they repaired for their stolen interviews; and the door by which, on a festal evening, the lady escaped

"Into the night, and to the call of love."

It was through this lady thus won, let us repeat as a climax, that the Haddon pro-

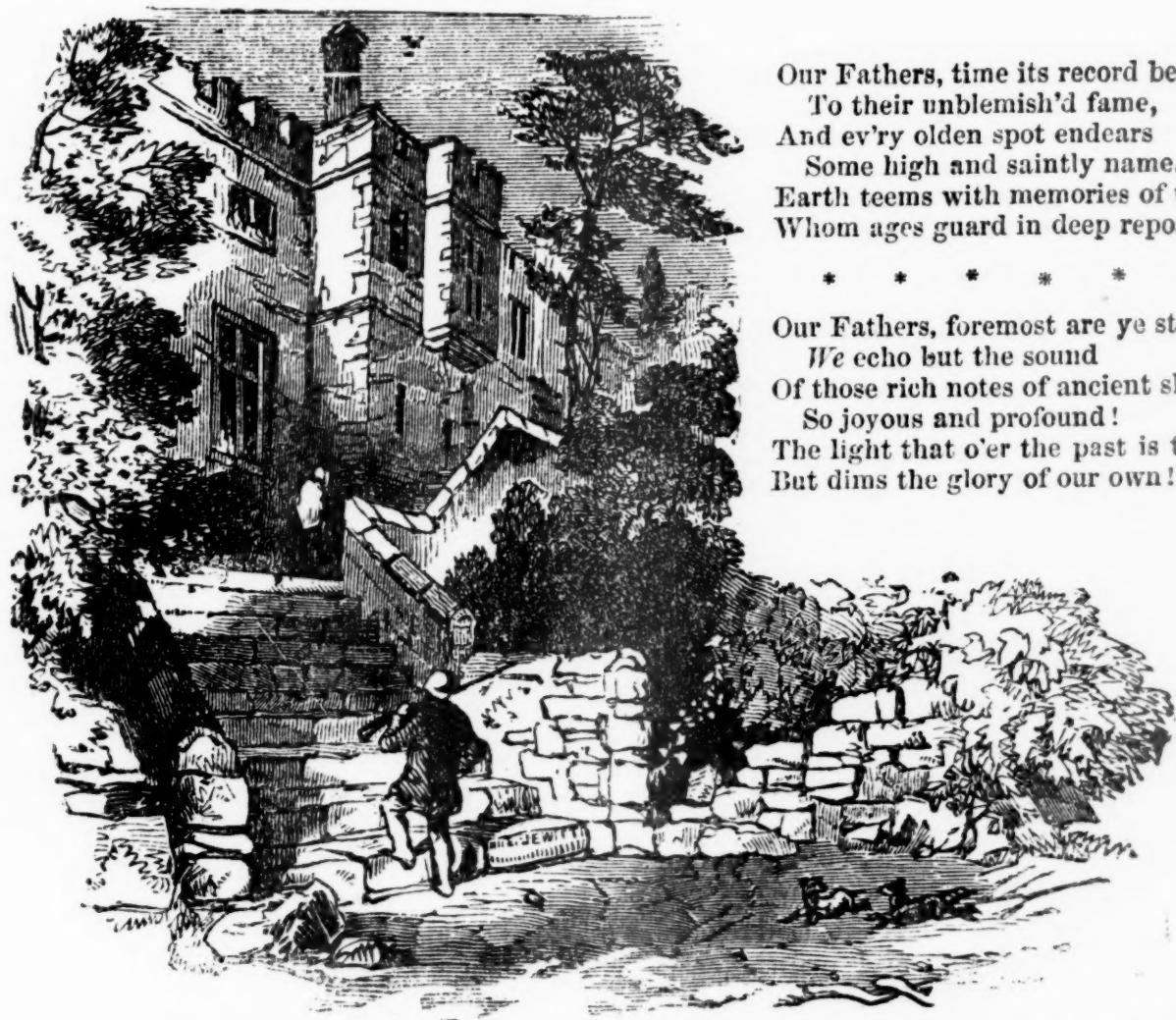


perty (and a good deal more) passed over to the Rutland family.

The slightest sketch of Haddon Hall would be justly condemned that left the gardens unnoticed. These, though neglected, show the tall clipped hedges and narrow alleys which the memory always associates with the ancient hall, but which are so seldom found existing. Here, however, they have been preserved, and now, happily, are little likely to be destroyed. The Terrace, with its quaint balusters, is too well known from pictures (and every recent exhibition has contained more than one), to need more than mention here. The Upper Terrace (or, if the fair reader pleases, Dorothy Vernon's Walk) has been seldomer painted or praised—but, to our thinking, it is, with the delicious avenue of noble limes, far more charming. We had almost forgotten to mention the view from the Eagle Tower, and from the turret at the angle. From the tower the eye ranges far and wide over a beautiful country; and then turns to gaze, with fresh interest, upon the roofs and courts of the ancient mansion. The least sentimental will hardly be unmoved, the least thoughtful scarcely escape from pensiveness, as the mind turns from these remains of the dim past, and

looks over the hazy mountains, emblems of the dreamy future. Nay, even the outline of some slender foot, cut by an admiring swain on the leads, might almost lead one to moralize, as the date enclosed within its boundary tells that the fair one and the swain are alike mouldering in the grave.

The great charm of Haddon is the almost perfect example it affords of an ancient hall. Altogether it is a noble relic, perhaps the most perfect of its age, and in many respects the most interesting, as it is certainly the most picturesque. To one who passes hastily through it, often it appears but small, and rude, and mean. Yet the most indifferent it will soon interest, if examined at leisure; and the most skilful it will longest delight and most thoroughly stimulate. Not alone did Scott draw inspiration from Haddon; painters of every class have here acquired knowledge, and, in return, have done honour to the ancient pile. Cattermole has re-peopled its halls; Nash illustrated the glories of its ancient state; Creswick eternized the terrace in all its vernal bloom; and many another has, in his manner, embodied some feature of the matchless edifice.



Our Fathers, time its record bears  
To their unblemish'd fame,  
And ev'ry olden spot endears  
Some high and saintly name.  
Earth teems with memories of those  
Whom ages guard in deep repose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our Fathers, foremost are ye still!  
We echo but the sound  
Of those rich notes of ancient skill,  
So joyous and profound!  
The light that o'er the past is thrown  
But dims the glory of our own!

## TROTTY'S TRIP TO FLOWER LAND; OR, BOTANY IN A BONNET SHOP.

A MARRIED man's greatest joy is, or should be, to behold his wife in a new bonnet. The ladies all agree that bonnets are essential to existence; that the "female face divine" must be framed in silk, thatched over with straw, or wreathed around with amaranths, in order to exhibit its beauty, intelligence, and innocence. If the ladies in council assembled, or when presiding individually—each like a priestess of Apollo's tripod, at the tea urn; if in their conversations, speculations, disputations, and imaginations, they agree that bonnets are necessities of life, and that man, "the great enemy," has no higher privilege than that of shading their angelic brows with the "last novelty," or the "newest importation;" if, we say, such conclusions are arrived at by the whole female body-politic, then we must certainly agree that the said body-politic is right. Let us, then, conclude that bonnets are essentials of female existence; the further conclusion follows, that bonnets, like kings and queens, please best by succession, or, rather, like chromatropes, are not worth beholding unless the pattern constantly changes. If all these postulates be granted, what better fate can befall a "devoted wretch"—that is, a husband—than to become a haunter of bonnet shops,—to choose, purchase, and order home a rapid tide of bonnets—a tide always flowing, knowing no ebb.

The philosophic husband, who desires to understand and unravel the profound mysteries of life, will of course occasionally speculate on bonnets; and his first step in this pursuit of knowledge under pecuniary difficulties will be to define a bonnet. As in the game of thirty questions, he must first ask, is it an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral? He orders home a fresh necessity, and, with the aid of dictionaries, microscopes, dissecting scissors, and an encyclopædia, sets about a definition. Is it an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral? His speculations are arrested by a disturbance above stairs. The Pet rushes into the study, bonnet in hand, tries it on before him, and rushes away again, exclaiming, "What a duck of a bonnet!" "Animal and ornithological, by all that's definite in definitions!" he exclaims, knocking his fist upon his desk with frantic pleasure. The Pet returns

alarmed: "What's the matter, dear Trotty?" she asks; "don't you care whether the bonnet suits me, or not?" "Oh—ah—yes, love, but I was lost for a definition, and, eureka! I've found it." "Oh, stuff: I don't know what you mean; you're always talking nonsense, Trotty: make me a present of a little lace and a wreath of corn flowers." Trotty wakes up, and, beaming with conjugal sunshine, lights his cigar, and fondles the Pet.

Just as a little pebble makes a circle over the entire surface of a lake; just as the invisible particle of poison from a wasp's sting makes a stout man writhe; just as a single grain of food passing into the trachea instead of the œsophagus chokes one; just as a single spark explodes a powder mine, so does the minute philosophy of a bonnet agitate the profound and otherwise calm soul of our philosopher.

By degrees his ideas take form and arrangement; the metaphorical "duck" floats away to the horizon of "the troubled sea of mind," till it is lost in doubling with its own shadow. It is not animal, not mineral, but *vegetable*. A bonnet is a vegetable! So the philosopher concludes; and there is the definition.

If made of straw, it is vegetable, of course; if of silk, mulberry transmogrified, vegetable again; lace, net, crape, muslin, taffety, paper—all vegetable. So far the basis of the great necessity. The addenda, that is, the trimmings—the delirium trimmings, which sunder the constitution of the Pet, vegetable again; the silk, the ribbons, as before, mulberry welted by caterpillars, the quilling, ditto, and the flowers, all vegetable.

But the latter are symbolic; therein is the great field for speculation. When the Pet flung herself from the marble pedestal of cold virginity into the philosopher's receptive arms, the orange blooms, the lily blooms, the white roses, and the tendrils of jasmine were all symbolic and suggestive of a perpetuity of bonnets and babies in the future. They were the first flowers which he encountered in the march of life; but his path has been adorned with them ever since, for he replenishes, for his peace sake, the domestic parterres and borders by a weekly visit to the peren-



nial flower-bed of cambric heartseases, fuchsias, and lilies, blossoms which need the manure of money, and which only bloom to perfection under the shadow of a bonnet.

Of the hull—the carcase—the framework—the skeleton, little can be said scientifically, except that it varies its shape like the proteus and its colour like the chameleon. It rides on the head and off the head,—on the right side, the left side, and “the small of the back.” It is very changeful; becomes ugly in a week, and, though the Pet does not acknowledge it, is expensive. The philosophy of the hull, carcase, or skeleton, is therein exhausted. As for the ribbons, they vary in colour and shape; they are ephemeral, and that’s all. The profound speculations, therefore, cluster about the wreaths of symbolic flowers.

Excited by the increasing interest of the inquiry, and encouraged by the Pet, the philosopher hurries to the perennial flower-bed. He calls for poppies and wheat-ears. The blue-eyed and melancholy lady gardener dashes through beds of tulips and hyacinths to find the emblems of life’s harvest. The philosopher drags forth a “Pocket Botany,” which he has cherished from his youth. The poppies and wheat-ears are before him, and he is determined to refresh his knowledge of botany with the help of specimens. But the Pocket Botany says that poppies have five petals, the cambric specimens have but four. The real flower, so the book says, has rough, notched leaves of a bluish green,—these have smooth, entire ones, of a yellow green. He remembers that poppies have the prettiest appearance when the open flowers are surrounded with unopened buds, each bud bent downward. There are no buds at all on these; the blossoms spring out of the leaves, or stems, or out of nothing. The soil must have spoilt them, and he wont have the poppies.

He asks for wheat-ears. He knows wheat pretty well, has eaten largely of it all his life, and has seen bunches of the real article in the windows of corn-chandlers, and once plucked a bunch himself at Cobham. He scrutinizes the imitation. The stem is like straw, and, as to shape, the ears are like wheat-ears, but their colour is an azure blue! Blue wheat! He rushes to the index, and finds no entry or reference to help him, and thinks for a moment he must have opened “Bradshaw” by mistake. But no: there

are the classes of Linnæus, and De Candolle, and Jussieu, with descriptions and “figures drawn from life.”

No, no, thinks he, I’m not to be caught in this way; quite enough of the blues without having them in our bread, or on our wives’ bonnets. Blue wheat *wont* do. “Look here, Miss Millefleur,” says he, “if these are to be imitations of nature, let me have them correct, or at least nearly so. Designs and inventions are all very well in their way, but we don’t expect designs against nature and propriety to that extent.” The young florist turns pale and trembles, but reassured by a bright thought, she falls back on a sprig of oats. “These are very elegant,” she says, in a winning tone; “we sell a vast number of them.” “What are they?” “Oats.” But the oats are crimson. Who ever saw crimson oats except at a bonnet shop? Besides, they are no more like oats than British cabinets are like councils of wisdom: they are more like the wing cases of cockroaches, each oat being composed of two long convex scales, though the colour is the best joke—crimson! “Not meant for English oats, surely?” asks the customer. “Oh, they are only *called* oats,” replies Miss Millefleur, getting vexed; “they are not *common* oats; they are much handsomer than common ones.” He wont have them, but is willing to look at something else.

He now wanders into the region of lilies—lilies of the valley. Many a time has he bought bunches of lilies and violets in Covent-garden—he used to give the Pet a bouquet every day before he bore her from her home. But these are not the lilies he used to purchase. They were quiet, innocent things, with half-a-dozen little waxen bells nestling between folding leaves, the snow-white blossom being set on gently arching stalks. The cambric ones are in huge, gaudy clusters, fifty flowers on a stem, and lengthened out like ringlets of clay pipe-bowls. Who would insult a lady by giving her ringlets of pipe-bowls, and calling them lilies of the valley? He spurns the abortions.

“I want artificial flowers,” says he; “I want them because they represent forms which have traditional as well as artistic beauties. A lady cannot well wear real flowers in her bonnet or cap, they are too ephemeral. But that is no reason why these more substantial substitutes should not be like real ones,—as like them as it is possible to make them; not as unlike

as these stupid oats, and wheat-ears, and pipe-bowls. If they are not imitations of nature, they are no better than dolls' clothes, or mud pies, or any other childish toys. I want artificial flowers, not shells of cockroaches."

Forthwith he plunges into the flowery parterres in search of one really beautiful object. He finds roses springing out of ivy leaves, violets shaped like sweet peas, geraniums growing upside down as if they were studying antipodean gymnastics, and daisies shaped like button covers. Oh! shade of Linnæus, rise and confound these perverters and distorters! Teach them how flowers are formed, and assure them that they cannot practise an art without first knowing its elements.

But there was one dark region of this perennial flower-bed which unfolded still worse horrors. It was a sort of spiky enclosure divided into parterres of every possible size and shape, each parterre edged round, not with box or thrift, but with toothpicks, pen-knives, and tuning-forks. It was called the Garden of Fancy Flowers. The philosopher recoiled from the horrid forms that presented themselves. There were eye-sockets springing out of perforated leaves, nutmeg graters, miniature dust-pans, corkscrews developing themselves in fantastic wreaths and bouquets, and there were toads on stalks. All these were called "Fancy Flowers," though no resemblance to a flower was to be found there. A few of the specimens hinted at what they were meant for; for instance: there were some things of a quaker-drab colour called grapes: Bacchus would not have known them even as the ghosts of grapes, much less fancy *improvements* on his divine berry. Apples, and strawberries, and cherries came out abundantly; but they were yellow, brown, vermilion, red, green, and even gilt, but none of the colour which they have in nature. As for the strawberries, they looked as if they had grown in a soil of sweetmeats, for they were stuck all over with hundreds and thousands, while the cherries, in shape, came very near to caraway comfits. But the drab grapes pleased the wretched visitor best; he forgot his first pangs, and laughed outright. "Bright son of Semele, drab grapes! Fruitful daughter of Cybele, blue oats, sanguinary wheat, calico poppies! Ha! ha! ha!" The fair florist thought him mad; but an old and indulgent customer was not to be lost

without an effort. She tried to delude him one step farther by reaching over to some huge clusters; but he held her hand—he would see none of these fancy flowers.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Grass," replied the dispenser of fancy-work.

It was as much like a green ribbon as possible, half an inch broad, delightfully green, silky in texture, twisted like a corkscrew, or like the lines around a barber's pole, and each blade had a bead or a brass button at the top. Fine idea, to produce beads and brass buttons in the meadow of fancy-flower-land!

"What are these?" he asked, tossing over a heap of absurdities. They were without names—they were the real fancy-flowers, *par excellence*; they had perforated leaves, each leaf a good lace or crochet pattern; they produced flowers of gum, Dutch metal, glass, earthenware, and tin-foil. Their buds were crimped, curled, spotted, frosted, and embroidered with filigree gold work. Their berries and fruits were of all shapes and sizes, from a blackbird's egg to a tenpenny nail; while on all sides they sprouted into green, white, blue, brown, peach, and purple tendrils, feathers, ringlets, ear-drops, icicles, ram's-horns, and powder-flasks, the object evidently being to avoid, by every possible freak, manœuvre, and contrivance, a resemblance to anything in nature. The greatest wonder of the matter was, why they were called *flowers*.

But the florist triumphed; she reached the flower bed where grew the choicest of her crops, and scattered before the astonished eyes of the philosopher troops of daisies, fuchsias, heartseases, convolvuluses, jasmins, cactuses, geraniums, and carnations. There was such an air of superiority about them that he seized them with ecstasy. Every detail was true to nature; the very stamens were accurately placed, the petals correct in number and colour, the calix of each different sort correct to life; they seemed to have sprung up, not in calico, but in real vegetable tissue, with dewdrops clustering in their axils, and the downy appendages soft and delicate; and nowhere was there any exaggeration in colour. Their exquisite beauty proved the superiority of the natural model over all the fantastic absurdities of the uneducated invention. A gardener might have made cuttings from them to increase his stock.



"Where do these charming realities come from?" asked the inquiring botanist, freshened from fatigue and nausea by the first sight of them.

"*They are French,*" replied the florist.

"Now," said the customer, "I am an Englishman; I am about to part with English money, and if I could have English goods I would; but they are ridiculous abortions, monstrosities, the offsprings of stupidity and ugliness. I must have French goods when I purchase artificial flowers."

What a boxful he ordered home for the Pet! How the Pet glorified in head-dresses, in bonnets, in bouquets for the opera, in lovely clusters of anemones and fairy roses worn near her heart when she fluttered through quadrilles and polkas that season! The French flowers bore away the palm; that is, they bore away the money; the English ones were left to wither in their corkscrew parterres; our philosopher, though very patriotic, cared not what became of them.

When he reflected on the matter, he concluded thus: The office of art is to imitate nature, not servilely, but within proper limits. Flowers of different seasons may be grouped together if they contrast well, or help out an idea in their combination. But if in the making of artificial flowers, the artist departs from nature and sets up as his model some dreamy abstraction of his own, he degrades his occupation, helps to corrupt popular taste, and makes himself ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people. That he can invent forms more beautiful than those which nature presents to him, is not to be admitted for a moment. His skill is to imitate closely, his invention to combine and arrange gracefully;—we may even allow, in the latitude of artistic licence, the combination in the same group of the snowdrop and the rose, but

we cannot abide button covers, when he calls them daisies. The poorest products of the vegetable kingdom are sufficiently various to supply infinitely more models than the cambric florist can ever use; and when the market demands something new, let him find a model with the help of a "*Pocket Botany*," and a visit to Kew or Sydenham; or, better still, let him grow real flowers as well as make linen ones.

It is as much a commercial question as a question of art-manufacture. The French command the markets, because they know the elements of the art. *They study flowers*; they apprentice themselves to the soil; they cultivate flowers to perfection, and the love which springs up for such beautiful creations as a necessary consequence of the care bestowed upon them, leads to a study of their forms, their peculiarities of growth, their combinations and contrasts as arranged by nature. As long as the girls in your work-rooms are ignorant of botany, as long as they are strangers to gardens, they must be familiar with wretched garrets and the pinch of want. Their competitors of Paris and Lyons, who from their childhood have the love of flowers implanted in their breasts, will excel them in the delicacy and the accuracy of their productions, and claim fair prices for their work, while these stupid English abstractions keep the low place and low price which mark their worth. Flower culture would elevate these workers in the social scale, and furnish them with the knowledge, the refinement, and the means to take a position in society from which they will continue to be excluded as long as they practise an art in ignorance of its elementary principles.

So thought our botanical friend. We are very much of his opinion.



BEETHOVEN AND HIS FRIENDLY MONITOR.

## Tales of the Musicians.

### No. 5.—THE MISSION OF GENIUS.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely summer afternoon about 1787; one of those days late in the season, when the luxuriant beauty of summer is the more precious, because it must soon depart. The serenity of the skies, the blandness of the atmosphere, deepening to a refreshing coolness as the day drew near its close, the bright green of the foliage, and the clear blue of the waters, added joyousness to the wonted cheerfulness of a holiday in the fair city of Bonn and its neighbourhood. Numerous boats, with parties of pleasure on board, were passing up and down the Rhine; numerous companies of old and young were assembled under the trees in the public gardens, or along the banks of the river, enjoying the scene and each other's conversation, or partaking of the rural banquet. But we have nought to do with any of these.

At some distance from the city a wood

bordered the river; this wood was threaded by a small sparkling stream, that flung itself over a ledge of rocks, and tumbled into the most romantic and quiet dell imaginable, for it was too narrow to be called a valley. The sides, almost precipitous, were richly lined with verdure; the trees overhung it so closely that at noon-day this sweet nook was as dark as twilight; and the profound silence was only broken by the monotonous murmur of the stream. A winding path led down to the secluded spot.

Close by the stream half sat, half reclined a youth just emerging from childhood. In fact, he could hardly be called more than a boy; for his frame showed but little development of strength, and his regular features, combined with an excessive paleness, the result of confinement, gave the impression that he was even of tender years. His eyes would alone have given him the credit of uncommon beauty; they were large, dark,



and so bright that it seemed the effect of disease, especially in a face that rarely or never smiled.

A most unusual thing was a holiday for the melancholy lad. His home was an unhappy one. He had been treated from infancy with harshness by his father. His brothers received hourly indulgences; Louis had none. They were praised for their application to study, or pardoned when they played truant; Louis was called a dunce, and punished severely for the slightest neglect. His brothers jeered and rallied him continually; he responded by sullen silence. The father boasted of them as his pride, and denounced Louis as an ungrateful blockhead, who had no aptitude nor taste for learning.

Besides that this cruel partiality sank deep into the boy's heart, and nourished a feeling of jealousy and discontent, Louis felt within himself that he in some degree deserved the charge of neglecting his lessons. His general studies were utterly distasteful and disgusting to him: and he found application to them impossible. His whole soul was given up to one passion—the love of music.

"Oh, how precious to him were the moments of solitude! He loved for this even his poor garret room, meanly furnished, but rich in the possession of one or two musical instruments, whither he would retire at night when released from irksome labour, and spend hours of delight stolen from slumber, till nature yielded to exhaustion. But to be alone with nature—in her grand woods—under the blue sky—with no human voice to mar the infinite harmony—how did his heart pant for this communion! Welcome, thrice welcome, the permission given to spend this holiday as he pleased; and while others of his age joined lively parties of their friends, he stole forth from the busy city, and wandered far as he dared, in search of solitude.—His breast seemed to expand, and fill with the grandeur, the beauty, of all around him. The light breeze rustling in the leaves came to his ear laden with a thousand melodies; the very grass and flowers under his feet had a language for him. His spirit, long depressed and saddened, sprang into new life, and rejoiced with unutterable joy. Yes—the lonely, friendless boy, to whom no father's heart was open, was happy—beyond measure happy!

Blessed is the poet; for him there is an inner life, more glowing, more radiant, more intense than the life of other men! For him there is a voice in nature, mute

to others, that whispers of peace, and love, and immortal joy. To him the visible enshrines the invisible: the earthly is but the shell of the god-like, with which his spirit claims kindred. Woe to him, if he, the appointed interpreter of Heaven, do not reveal to men less favoured the utterings of that mysterious voice; if he suffer not the light within him to radiate a glory, that it may enlighten the earth!

The hours wore on, a dusky shadow fell over foliage and stream, and the solitary lad rose to leave his chosen retreat. As he ascended the narrow winding path, he was startled by hearing his own name; and presently a man apparently middle-aged and dressed plainly, stood just in front of him.

"Come back, Louis," said the stranger; "it is not so dark as it seems here; you have time enough this hour to return to the city."

The stranger's voice had a thrilling, though melancholy sweetness; and Louis suffered him to take his hand and lead him back. They seated themselves in the shade beside the water.

"I have watched you for a long while," said the stranger.

"You might have done better," returned the lad, reddening at the thought of having been subjected to espionage.

"Peace, boy," said his companion. "I love you, and have done all for your good."

"You love me?" repeated Louis, surprised. "I have never met you before."

"Yet I know you well. Does that surprise you? I know your thoughts also. You love music better than aught else in the world; but you despair of excellence—because you cannot follow the rules prescribed."

Louis looked at the speaker with open eyes.

"Your masters, also, despair of you. The court organist accuses you of conceit and obstinacy; your father reproaches you; and all your acquaintances pronounce you a boy of tolerable abilities, spoiled by an ill disposition."

The lad sighed.

"The gloom of your disposition increases your distaste to all studies not directly connected with music, for you feel the need of her consolation. Your compositions, wild, melancholy as they are, embody your own feelings, and are understood by none of the connoisseurs."

"Who are you?" cried Louis, in deep emotion.

"No matter who I am; I come to give you a little advice, my boy. I compassionate, yet I esteem you. I like your heaven-imparted genius; I commiserate the woes those very gifts must bring upon you through life!"

The boy lifted his eyes again; those of the speaker seemed so bright, yet withal so melancholy, that he was possessed with a strange fear. "I see you," continued the unknown, solemnly, "exalted above homage, but lonely and unblessed in your elevation. Yet the lot of such is fixed by fate; and 'tis better, perhaps, that one should consume in a sacred fire, than that the many should lack illumination."

"I do not understand you," said Louis—wishing to put an end to the interview.

"That is not strange, since you do not understand yourself," said the stranger. "As for me—I pay homage to a future master!" and he suddenly snatched the boy's hand and kissed it. Louis was convinced of his insanity.

"A master in art"—continued the unknown. "The sceptre that Haydn and Mozart have held, shall pass into your hands. When you are acknowledged in all Germany for the worthy successor of these great masters—when all Europe wonders at the name of BEETHOVEN—remember me."

What a prediction to the obscure lad, whom his father, a tenor singer in the Elector's chapel, almost daily called a blockhead!

"But you have much ground to pass over," resumed the stranger, "ere you reach that glorious summit. Reject not the aid of science—of literature; there are studies now disagreeable, that still may prove of service to you in the cultivation of music. Contemn not *any* learning; for Art is a coy damsel, and would have her votaries all-accomplished. Above all—*trust yourself*. Whatever may happen, give no place to despondency. They blame you for your disregard of rules; make for yourself higher and vaster rules! You will not be appreciated here, but there are other places in the world: in Vienna——"

"Oh, if I could only go to Vienna!" sighed the lad.

"You *shall* go there, and remain," said the stranger; "and there too shall you see me or hear from me. Adieu now—*auf wiedersehen*." ("To meet again.")

Before the boy could recover from his astonishment, the stranger was gone. It was nearly dark, and he could see nothing

of him as he walked through the wood. He could not, however, spend much time in search; for he dreaded the reproaches of his father for staying out so late.

All the way home Beethoven tried to remember where he had seen the unknown, whose features, though he could not say to whom they belonged, were not unfamiliar to him. It occurred to him at last, that while playing before the Elector one day, a countenance, similar in benevolent expression, had looked upon him from the circle surrounding the sovereign. But known or unknown, the "*auf wiedersehen*" of his late companion rang in his ears, while the friendly counsel sank deep in his heart.

Traversing rapidly the streets of Bonn, young Beethoven was soon at his own door. An unusual bustle within attracted his attention. To his eager questions the servants replied that their master was dying. Louis had ever loved his father, notwithstanding his harshness; and shocked to hear of his danger, he flew to his apartment. His brothers were there, also his mother, weeping; and the physician supported his father, who seemed in great pain.

The elder Beethoven lingered long enough to know, and to be touched by, the filial attentions of his son; when he died, it was with affectionate regret that Louis closed his eyes.

Much needed, and of incalculable use, were the counsel and comfort of the unknown friend. They sustained the youthful composer amid the railleries, the reproaches, the anger of all who knew him in his native city, excited by what they termed his scorn of the laws of harmony; they sustained him against discouragement and self-distrust, nourished by continual censure in a character naturally gloomy and eccentric; against temptation to gain popularity by humouring the prevalent taste; against the desire of triumphing at once over his enemies by showing them that he could be great, even on their own ground. Still more—they sustained him amidst the anguish of a first and unhappy love; the only passion that ever divided with Art the empire over his soul. Most of all, they sustained him under the want of appreciation where he had confidently looked for it. When the Elector, having promised him after Neeffe the place of court organist, sent him to Vienna to complete his studies under the direction of Haydn, that great man failed to perceive how fine a genius had been



entrusted to him. Nature had endowed them with opposite qualities; the inspiration of Haydn was under the dominion of order and method; that of Beethoven sported with and set both at defiance. When Haydn was questioned on the merits of his pupil, he would answer with a shrug of his shoulders—"He executes extremely well." If his early productions were cited as giving evidence of talent and fire, he would reply—"He touches the instrument admirably." To Mozart belonged the praise of having recognised at once, and proclaimed to his friends the wonderful powers of the young composer.

Years passed on, and Beethoven continued to reside at Vienna with his two brothers, who had followed him thither, and took the charge of his domestic establishment, so as to leave him entirely at leisure for composition. His reputation had advanced gradually but surely, and he now stood high, if not highest among living masters. The prediction was beginning to be accomplished.

It was a mild evening in the latter part of September, and a large company was assembled at the charming villa of the Baron Raimond von Wetzlar, situated near Schoenbrunn. They had been invited to be present at a musical contest between the celebrated Wolff and Beethoven. The part of Wolff was espoused with great enthusiasm by the Baron; that of Beethoven by the Prince de Lichnowsky; and, as in all such matters, partisans swarmed on either side. The popular talk among the music-loving Viennese was everywhere on the merits of the rival candidates for fame.

Our hero was walking in one of the avenues of the illuminated garden, accompanied by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries. The melancholy that marked the composer's temperament seemed more than ever to have the ascendancy over him.

"I confess to you, Ferdinand," said he—apparently in continuation of some previous conversation, "I regret my engagement with Sonnleithner."

"And yet you have written the opera?"

"I have completed it, but not to my own satisfaction. And I shall object to its being produced first at Vienna."

"Why so? The Viennese are your friends."

"For that very reason I will not appeal to their judgment; I want an impartial one. I distrust my genius with the opera."

"How can that be possible?"

"It is my intimacy with Salieri that has inclined me that way; nature did not suggest it; I can never feel at home there. Ferdinand, I am self-upbraided, and should be were the applause of a thousand spectators sounding in my ears."

"Nay," said the student, "the *artiste* assumes too much who judges himself."

"But I have not judged myself."

"Who then has dared insinuate a doubt of your success?"

Beethoven hesitated; his impressions, his convictions, would seem superstitious to his companion, and he was not prepared to encounter either raillery or ridicule. Just then the host with a party of guests met them, exclaiming that they had been everywhere sought; that the company was all assembled in the saloon, and everything ready for the exhibition.

"You are bent on making a gladiator of me, dear Baron," cried the composer, "in order that I may be torn to pieces for the popular amusement by your favourite Wolff."

"Heaven forbid that I should prejudge either combatant," cried Von Wetzlar. "The lists are open; the prize is to be awarded not by me."

"But your good wishes—your hopes—"

"Oh, as to that, I must frankly own I prefer the good old school to your new-fangled conceits and innovations. But come, the audience waits."

Each in turn the two rivals played a piece composed by himself, accompanied by select performers. Then each improvised a short piece. The delight of the spectators was called forth in different ways. In the production of Wolff a sustained elevation, clearness, and brilliancy recalled the glories of Mozart's school, and moved the audience to repeated bursts of admiration. In that of Beethoven there was a startling boldness, an impetuous rush of emotion, a frequency of abrupt contrasts—and withal a certain wildness and mystery—that irresistibly enthralled the feelings, while it outraged, at the same time, their sense of musical propriety. There was little applause, but the deep silence, prolonged even after the notes had ceased, told how intensely all had been interested.

The victory remained undecided. There was a clamour of eager voices among the spectators, but no one could collect the suffrages, nor determine which was the successful champion in the contest. The Prince Lichnowsky, however, stood up and boldly claimed it for his favourite.

"Nay," interrupted Beethoven, ad-

vancing, "my dear Prince, there has been no contest." He offered his hand to his opponent. "We may still esteem each other, Wolff, for we are not rivals. Our style is essentially different; I yield to you the palm of excellence in the qualities that distinguish you."

"You are right, my friend!" cried Wolff; "henceforth let there be no more talk of championship between us. I will hold him for my enemy who ventures to compare me with you; you so superior in the path you have chosen. It is a higher path than mine—an original one; I follow contentedly in the course marked out by others."

"But our paths lead to the same goal," said Beethoven. "We will speed each other with good wishes, and embrace cordially when we meet THERE at last."

There was unusual solemnity in the composer's last words, and it put an end at once to the discussion. All responded warmly to his sentiment. But amidst the general murmur of approbation one voice was heard that seemed strangely to startle Beethoven. His face grew pale, then flushed deeply; and the next moment he pressed his way hastily through the crowd, and seized by the arm a retreating figure.

"You shall see me in Vienna," whispered the stranger in his ear.

"Yet a word with you. You shall not escape me thus."

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" And shaking off his grasp, the stranger disappeared.

No one had observed his entrance: the host knew him not, and though most of the company remarked the composer's singular emotion, none could inform him whither the unbidden guest had gone. Beethoven remained abstracted during the rest of the evening.

The opera of *Leonore* was represented at Prague; it met with but indifferent success. At Vienna, however, it commanded unbounded applause. Several alterations had been made in it; the composer had written a new overture, and the finale of the first act; he had suppressed a duo and trio of some importance, and made other improvements and retrenchments. Great was his triumph at the favourable decision of the Viennese public. A new turn seemed to be given to his mind; he revolved thoughts of future conquests over the same portion of the realm of art; he no longer questioned his own spirit. It was a crisis in the composer's life, and might have resulted in his choice of a different career

from that in which he has won undying fame.

## CHAPTER II.

BEETHOVEN sat alone in his study; there was a light knock at the door. He replied with a careless "come in," without looking up from his work. The composer was engaged in revising the last scenes of his opera.

The visitor walked to the table, and stood there a few minutes unobserved. Probably the *artiste* mistook him for one of his brothers; but on looking up, he started with indescribable surprise. The unknown friend of his youth stood beside him.

"So, you have kept your word," said Beethoven, when he had recovered from his first astonishment: "and now, I pray you, sit down, and tell me with whom I have the honour of having formed acquaintance in so remarkable a manner."

"My name is of no importance, as it may or may not be known to you," replied the stranger. "I am your good genius, if my counsel does you good; if not, I would prefer to take an obscure place among your disappointed friends."

There was a tone of grave rebuke in what his visitor said, that perplexed and annoyed the *artiste*. It struck him that there was affectation in this assumption of mystery; and he observed coldly—

"I shall not attempt, of course, to deprive you of your incognito: but if you assume it for the sake of effect, I would merely give you to understand that I am not prone to listen to anonymous advice."

"Oh, that you would listen," said the stranger, sorrowfully shaking his head, "to the pleadings of your better nature!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Beethoven, starting up.

"Ask your own heart. If that acquit you, I have nothing to say. I leave you then to the glories of your new career; to the popular applause—to your triumphs—to your remorse."

The composer was silent a few moments, and appeared agitated. At last he said—"I know not your reasons for this mystery; but whatever they may be, I will honour them. I entreat you to speak frankly. You do not approve my present undertaking?"

"Frankly, I do not. Your genius lies not this way;" and he raised some of the leaves of the opera music.

"How know you that?" asked the



*artiste*, a little mortified. "You perhaps despise the opera?"

"I do not. I love it; I honour it; I honour the noble creations of those great masters who have excelled in it. But you, my friend, are destined to a higher, a holier path."

"How know you that?" repeated Beethoven; and this time his voice faltered.

"Because I know you; because I know the aspirations of your genius; because I know the misgivings that pursue you in the midst of success; the self-reproach that you suffer to be stifled in the clamour of popular praise. Even now, in the midst of your triumph, you are haunted by the consciousness that you are not fulfilling the true mission of the *artiste*."

His piercing words were winged with truth itself. Beethoven buried his face in his hands.

"Woe to you," cried the unknown, "if you suppress, till they are wholly dead, your once earnest longings after the pure and the good! Woe to you, if, charmed by the syren song of vanity, you close your ears against the cry of a despairing world! Woe to you, if you resign unfulfilled the trust God committed to your hands; to sustain the weak and faltering soul, to give it strength to bear the ills of life, strength to battle against evil, to face the last enemy!"

"You are right—you are right!" exclaimed Beethoven, clasping his hands.

"I once predicted your elevation, your world-wide fame," continued the stranger, "for I saw you sunk in despondency, and knew that your spirit must be aroused to bear up against trial. You stand now on the verge of a more dreadful abyss. You are in danger of making the gratification of your own pride, instead of the fulfilment of Heaven's will, the aim—the goal of your life's efforts."

"Oh, never!" cried the *artiste*; "with you to guide me——"

"We shall meet no more. I watched over you in boyhood; I have now come from retirement to give you my last warning; henceforth I shall observe your course in silence. And I shall not go unrewarded. I know too well the noble spirit that burns in your breast. You will—yes, you will fulfil your mission; your glory from this time shall rest on a basis of immortality. You shall be hailed the benefactor of humanity; and the spiritual joy you prepare for others shall return to you in full measure, pressed down and running over!"

Beethoven's kindling features showed that he responded to the enthusiasm of his visitor; but he answered not.

"And now farewell. But remember, before you can accomplish this lofty mission, you must be baptized with a baptism of fire. The tones that are to agitate and stir up to revolution the powers of the human soul, come not forth from an unruffled breast, but from the depths of a sorely wrung and tried spirit. Remember this—and droop not when the hour of trial comes! Farewell!"

The stranger crossed his hands over Beethoven's head, as if mentally invoking a blessing—folded him in his embrace, and departed. The *artiste* made no effort to follow him. Deep and bitter were the thoughts that moved within him; and he remained leaning his head on the table in silent reverie, or walking the room with rapid and irregular steps, for many hours. At length the struggle was over; pale, but composed, he took up the sheets of his opera and threw them carelessly into his desk. His next work, *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, attested the high and firm resolve of his mind, sustained by its self-reliance, and independent of popular applause or disapprobation. His great symphonies, which carried the fame of the composer to its highest point, displayed the same triumph of religious principle.

Once more we find Beethoven, in the extreme decline of life. In one of the most obscure and narrow streets of Vienna, on the third floor of a gloomy-looking house, was now the abode of the gifted *artiste*. For many weary and wasting years he had been the prey of a cruel malady, that defied the power of medicine for its cure, and had reduced him to a state of utter helplessness. His ears had been long closed to the music that owed its birth to his genius; it was long since he had heard the sound of a human voice.

In the melancholy solitude to which he now condemned himself, he received visits from but few of his friends, and those at rare intervals. Society seemed a burthen to him. Yet he persisted in his labours, and continued to compose, notwithstanding his deafness, those undying works which commanded for him the homage of Europe.

Proofs of this feeling, and of the forgotten affection of those who knew his worth, reached him in his retreat from time to time. Now it was a medal struck

in Paris, and bearing his features; now it was a new piano, the gift of some amateurs in London; at another time, some honorary title decreed him by the authorities of Vienna, or a diploma of membership of some distinguished musical society. All these moved him not, for he had quite outlived his taste for the honours of man's bestowing. What could they—what could even the certainty that he had won immortal fame—do to soften the anguish of his malady, from which he looked alone to death as a relief?

"They wrong me who call me stern and misanthropic," he said to his brother, who came in March, 1827, to pay him a visit. "God knoweth how I love my fellow-men! Has not my life been theirs? Have I not struggled with temptation, trial, and suffering, from my boyhood until now, for their sakes? and now, if I no longer mingle among them, is it not because my cruel infirmity unfits me for their companionship? When my fearful doom of separation from the rest of the human race is forced upon my heart, do I not writhe with terrible agony, and wish my end were come? And why, brother, have I lived, to drag out so wretched an existence? Why have not I succumbed ere now? I will tell you, brother. A soft and gentle hand—it was that of Art—held me back from the abyss. I could not quit the world before I had produced all—*had done all that I was appointed to do!* When my mission is accomplished, then thrice welcome death! I have been guided through life by Patience, the handmaid of truth; I will go with her even to the footstool of the Eternal."

The servant of the house entered, and gave Beethoven a larged sealed package directed to himself. He opened it; it contained a magnificent collection of the works of Handel, with a few lines stating that it was a dying bequest to the composer, from the Count de N——. He it was who had been the unknown counsellor of Beethoven's youth and manhood; and the arrival of this posthumous present seemed to assure the *artiste* that his own close of life was crowned with the approval of his friend. It was as if a *seal* had been set on that approbation, and the friendship of two noble spirits. It seemed like the dismissal of Beethoven from further toil. Could it be that nothing more remained for him to accomplish on earth?

The old man stooped his face over the papers; tears fell upon them, and he breathed a silent prayer. After a few moments he arose and said somewhat

wildly, "We have not walked to-day, Carl. Let us go forth. This confined air suffocates me."

The wind was howling violently without; the rain beat in gusts against the windows; it was a bitter night. The brother wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to Beethoven.

"A storm?—well—I have walked in many a storm, and I like it better than the biting melancholy that preys upon me in my solitary room. Oh, how I loved the storm once; my spirit danced with joy when the winds blew fiercely, and the tall trees rocked, and the sea lashed itself into fury. It was all music to me. Alas! there is no music now so loud that I can hear it. Do you remember the last time I led the orchestra in the concert at Von ——'s? Ah! you were not there; but I heard—yes—by leaning my breast against the instrument. When some one asked me how I heard, I replied, '*J'entends avec mes entrailles.*'"\*

Disturbed by his nervous restlessness, the aged composer went to the window, and opened it with trembling hands. The wind blew aside his white locks, and cooled his feverish forehead.

"I have one fear," he said, turning to his brother and slightly shuddering, "that haunts me at times. It is the fear of poverty. Look at this meanly-furnished room, that single lamp, my meagre fare; and yet, all these cost money, and my little wealth is daily consumed. Think of the misery of an old man, helpless and deaf, without the means of subsistence!"

"Have you not your pension secure?"

"It depends on the bounty of those who bestowed it; and the favour of princes is capricious. Then, again, it was given on condition I remained in the territory of Austria at the time the King of Westphalia offered me the place of chapel-master at Cassel. Alas! I cannot bear the restriction. I must travel, brother—I must leave this city."

"You—leave Vienna!" exclaimed his brother, in utter amazement, looking at the feeble old man, whose limbs could scarcely bear him from one street to another. Then recollecting himself, he wrote down his question.

"Why? Because I am restless and unhappy. I have no peace, Carl! Is it not the chafing of the unchained spirit, that pants to be free, and to wander through God's limitless universe? Alas! she is built up in a wall of clay, and not

\* Fact.



a sound can penetrate her gloomy dungeon!"

Overcome by his feelings, the old man bowed his head on his brother's shoulder and wept bitterly. Carl saw that the delirium which sometimes accompanied his paroxysms of illness had clouded his faculties.

The malady increased. The sufferer's eyes were glazed; he grasped his brother's hand with a tremulous pressure.

"Carl! Carl! I pardon you the evil you did me in childhood; I have pardoned all. Pray for me, brother!" cried the failing voice of the *artiste*.

His brother supported him to the sofa, and called for assistance. In an hour the room was filled with the friends and neighbours of the dying man. He seemed gradually sinking into insensibility.

Suddenly he revived; a bright smile illuminated his whole face; his sunken eyes sparkled. "I shall *hear* in heaven!"

he murmured softly, and then sang in a low but distinct voice the lines from a hymn of his own:—

"Brüder!—über 'm Sternenzelt,  
Muss ein lieber VATER wohnen."

In the last faint tone of the music, his gentle spirit passed away.

Thus died Beethoven, a true *artiste*, a good and generous man. Simple, frank, loyal to his principles, his life was spent in working out what he conceived his duty; and though his task was wrought in privation, in solitude and distress, though happiness was not his lot in this world, doth there not remain for him an eternal reward?

The Viennese gave him a magnificent funeral. More than thirty thousand persons attended; the first musicians of the city executed the celebrated funeral march composed by him, and placed in his heroic symphony.

### KEEP IN STEP.

"Those who would walk together must keep in step."

Aye, the world keeps moving forward,  
Like an army marching by;  
Hear you not its heavy footfall  
That resoundeth to the sky?  
Some bold spirits bear the banner—  
Souls of sweetness chant the song—  
Lips of energy and fervour  
Make the timid-hearted strong!  
Like brave soldiers we march forward;  
If you linger or turn back,  
You must look to get a jostling  
While you stand upon the track.  
Keep in step!

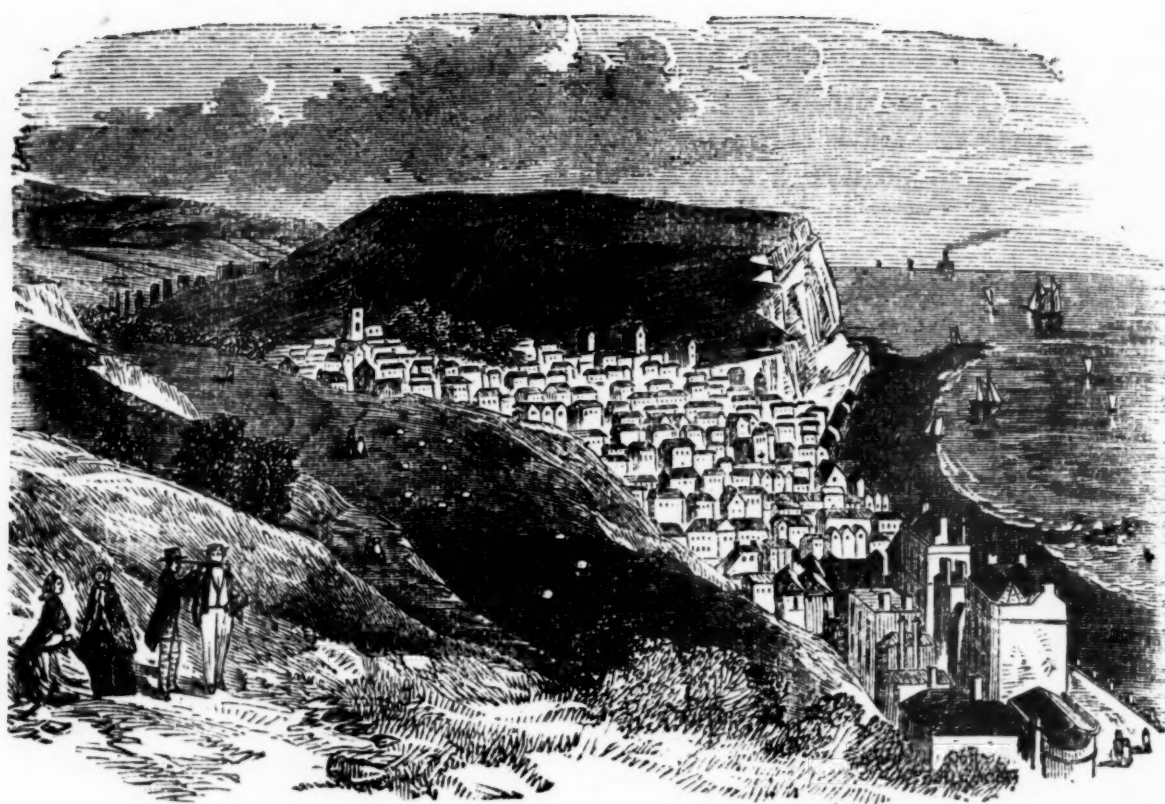
My good neighbour, Master Standstill,  
Gazes on it as it goes;  
Not quite sure that he is dreaming,  
In his afternoon's repose!  
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue  
From this endless 'moving on'—  
Ancient laws and institutions  
Are decaying, or are gone;  
We are rushing on to ruin  
With our mad, new-fangled ways."  
While he speaks, a thousand voices,  
As the heart of one man says,  
"Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbour, will you join us,  
Or return to "good old ways?"  
Take again the tranquil pleasures  
Of old Adam's ancient days;  
Or become a hardy Briton—  
Beard the lion in his lair—

And lie down in dainty slumber,  
Wrapp'd in skin of shaggy bear—  
Rear the hut amidst the forest,  
Skim the wave in light canoe?  
Ah! I see! you do not like it;  
Then, if these "old ways" wont do,  
Keep in step!

Be assured, good Master Standstill,  
All-wise Providence design'd  
Aspiration and progression  
For the yearning human mind;  
Generations left their blessings  
In the relics of their skill;  
Generations yet are longing  
For a greater glory still;  
And the shades of our forefathers  
Are not jealous of our deed—  
We but follow where they beckon,  
We but go where they do lead!  
Keep in step!

One detachment of our army  
May encamp upon the hill,  
While another, in the valley,  
May enjoy "its own sweet will;"  
*This* may answer to one watchword,  
*That* may echo to another;  
But, in unity and concord,  
They discern that each is brother!  
Breast to breast they're marching onward  
In a good and peaceful way;  
You'll be jostled if you hinder,  
So don't struggle nor delay.  
Keep in step!



HASTINGS FROM THE CASTLE HILL.

## TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

### CHAPTER VIII.

SOUTHERN HEALTH DISTRICT OF ENGLAND CONTINUED.

#### HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

WHEN we left the coast to take our inland route our last noticed place was the Cinque Port of Hythe; and now, keeping the direct road from Tunbridge, we return to the sea at Hastings, missing a stretch of seaboard, which has no special interest as far as our present object is concerned, unless we should like to inspect the numerous martello towers which were built to repel one Napoleon, and may yet come in usefully for another of the name. Should we not have visited Tunbridge, we can reach Hastings direct from Folkestone or Dover, by way of Ashford, as a glance at Bradshaw's map will show. From London to Hastings the distance is about 76 miles; or, by time, about three hours from London Bridge.

How often do we hear it said, in the latter months of the year, that such an one "has gone or been sent to Hastings for the winter;" and when we hear it, how certainly do we conclude that it is

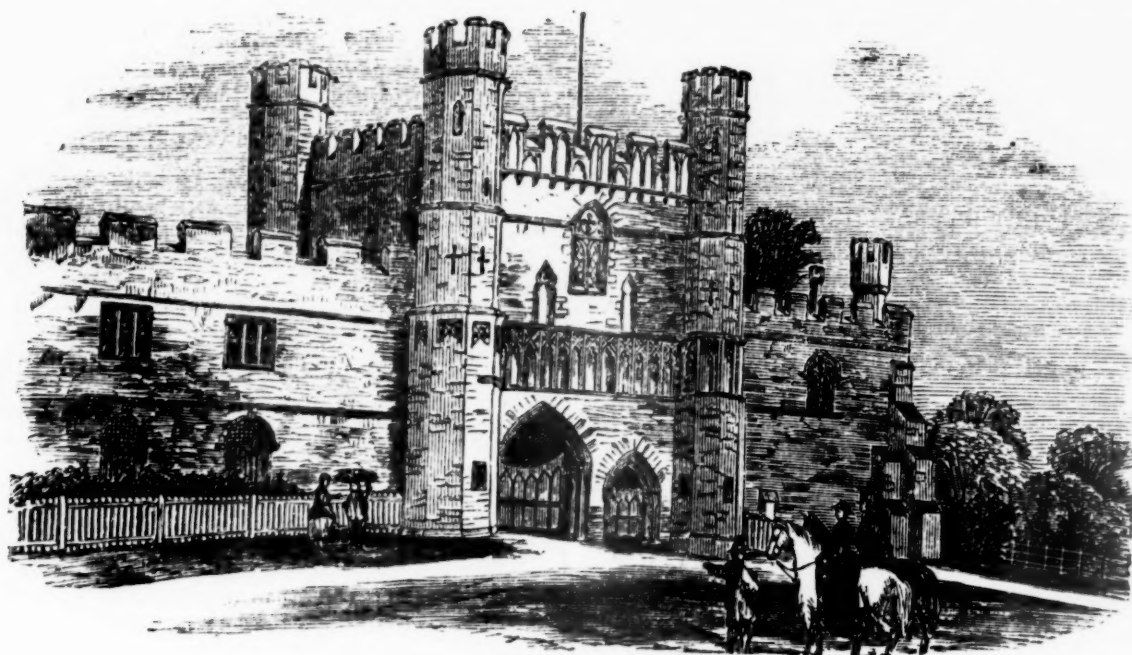
for some manifestations of delicacy of chest; or perhaps it may be on account of consumptive symptoms actually developed, that this winter residence has been selected. But why Hastings in preference to any other locality on the south coast of England, on which so many well-known health-resorts are situated? One look at the place, could it be had, would suffice to answer the question; one glance at the tall cliffs which guard the little valley in which the town lies from the dreaded east and north winds, must tell why Hastings is so often chosen as the refuge for those to whom these winds in winter and spring bring disease and death.

As just remarked, the town of Hastings is situated at the base of cliffs, from 300 to 600 feet in height, which almost surround it, leaving it open only to the south, with its generally soft breezes, and to the full influence of the sun, which gives warm days even in winter. Added to these advantages of ground and exposure, we have the close proximity to the sea, another source of increased warmth during



the cold months. From the end of October until the beginning of April, the climate of Hastings is considered to offer its greatest advantages as compared with other parts of the kingdom; but the months of December and January are those in which it is thought to excel most, if not all other places—such as Brighton—on the south coast, as a residence for invalids, those particularly with tendency to consumption. Sir James Clark, always regarded as the authority on climate,

says of Hastings—"As might be expected from its low and sheltered situation, it affords a favourable residence generally to invalids labouring under diseases of the chest; hence delicate persons, who require to avoid exposure to the north-east winds, may pass the cold season here with advantage. But in recommending Hastings as a residence in such cases, it will be necessary to take into consideration the full influence of the sea-air; for, owing to the close manner in which this



BATTLE ABBEY.

place is hemmed in on the sea by steep and high cliffs, it has an atmosphere more completely marine than almost any other part of this coast, with the exception of St. Leonards. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the climate of Hastings is unfavourable in nervous complaints, more especially in nervous headaches, connected with, or entirely dependent upon, an irritable condition of the digestive organs, and also in cases where a disposition to apoplexy or epilepsy has been manifested. But it will be understood from what has been already stated respecting the topographical relations of Hastings, that this effect of its climate is chiefly experienced in the lower and more confined parts—nor is such an effect peculiar to this place—it is common, I believe, to all places similarly situated. The class of persons alluded to, if induced to reside for any length of time at Hastings, should avoid the more confined situations below the cliff, and rather seek such quarters as are more open and elevated, yet in some degree protected from north and north-east winds."

"These remarks on the climate of Hastings apply to it as a winter residence;

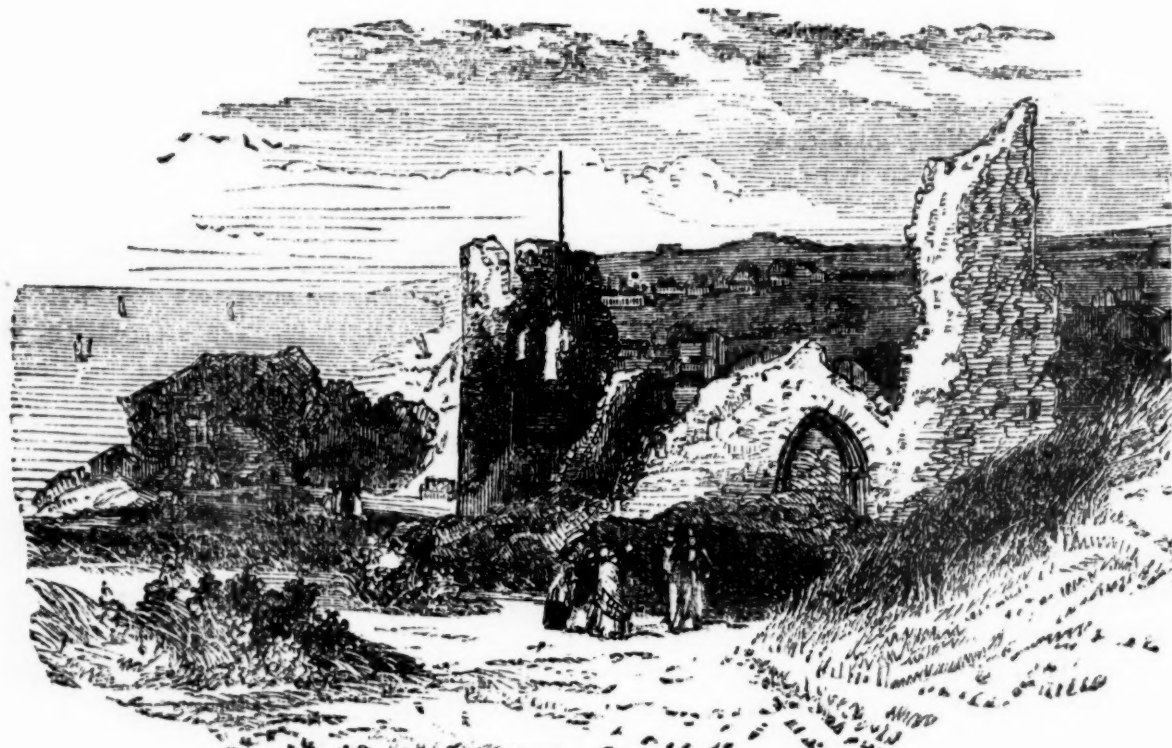
as a summer residence, the more open and exposed situations should be sought, and for many persons the high grounds behind Hastings would be preferable to the lower situations close to the shore."

With all its advantages, however, Hastings has unfortunately the drawback of being deficient of walks for the invalid. The entire town is, of course, not equally sheltered; some situations are more exposed than others to blasts from the east and north-east, and these, consequently, must be shunned by the delicate, whose range for exercise is thus circumscribed in one way, while, in another, the ascent which must necessarily be made in almost every direction leading away from the town, is a barrier which the weak of chest and short-breathed cannot attempt with impunity. For those who can brave a little exposure, and endure a little fatigue, Hastings has, in its vicinity, a good share of objects both of interest and of beauty; of these the castle is at once the nearest, and perhaps the best known. Situated on the "Western Hill," its elevation above the sea is at least 400 feet. The ruins themselves, the old chapel and its fine remaining arch, the sea prospect, and the

fine range of buildings extending westward to St. Leonards, altogether form a combination of ancient and modern structure, of art and nature, which will quite repay the visitor for the climb up the elevation. Under the west hill are some curious caves, which are generally considered worth a visit, especially when the attraction of lighting up is added. A couple of miles to the north, and standing two hundred feet higher than the castle, the elevation of Fairlight offers a view which few places can rival. The wide expanse of sea, ever beautiful, is in front; around lie the hills and dales of one of the most fertile districts of southern England, dotted with towers and spires. Westward the eye travels across Pevensey Bay to Eastbourne, backed by the lofty promontory of Beachy Head, and in another direction lie the cliffs of France, best seen when touched by the rays of a setting sun. We must not forget, however, the pretty little glen which has its name from Fairlight, and which is well worth attention. Among the other attractions, the waterfall, "Old Roar," about two miles from Hastings, should come in for a visit; its situation in a wood adds to the natural beauty of the object, and it seems quite in place: but why a church should be situated in a wood, and a quarter of a mile from any house, is a puzzle to most.

Such a unique object occurs, nevertheless, near Hastings, and Hollington "Church in the Wood" is a favourite resort. Of course, to such an unusual local object, there must be some curious local tradition attached.

"It is said by authentic tradition of the peasantry, that this very peculiar structure was built by angels! A church was designed on a neighbouring height, and the building begun; but every night beheld the day's work removed, and in the morning the workmen had always to re-commence their labours. This they must have done with most unwearied perseverance, since the materials they used thus vainly, served to build Hollington Church. 'For it was the fiend,' says the legend, 'who took away nightly the stones used in the daytime, and hid them in Hollington Wood. There they remained for a while unseen by man; but one bright Sunday morning there came from that thick coppice of huge trees, through which there neither was, nor is, a road, the sound of the church-going bell, and in wonder and awe men obeyed the call, urged by curiosity to trace the voice; and there in the centre of those old trees, amongst which only a tiny footpath winds, they found a church—the Church of Hollington—which angel hands had doubtless built, since till that moment



HASTINGS CASTLE—INTERIOR.

human eye had not seen it.' So runs the tale. We cannot say the architecture tends to confirm it, though the strange uncleared narrow access undoubtedly does."

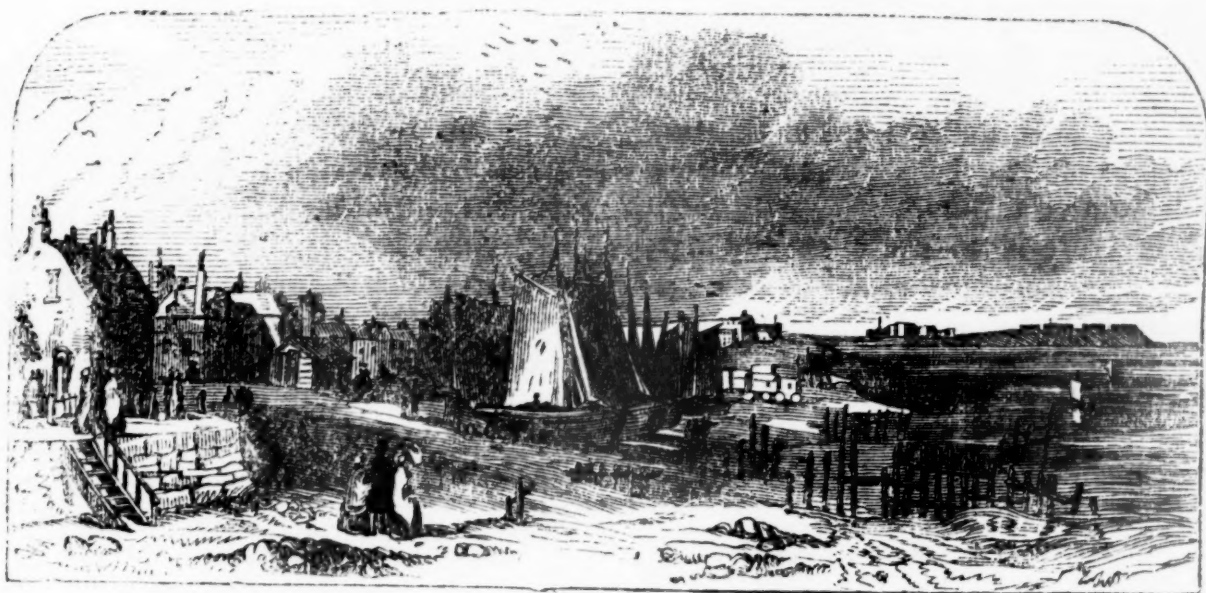
Another curiosity to be seen at Hastings, is its submarine forest, of which, at rare intervals, some ancient tree trunk is bared by very low tides, but which is also visible from the surface of the water; we



shall find a still more striking example on the coast of South Wales. Now, to see the remains of a submarine forest, or a submarine anything else from the surface, involves a boat, and at Hastings, boating is somewhat of a difficulty, owing to the inconvenience which attends land-

ing or embarking, except at high tide, for harbour there is none; both pier and harbour there were in days of old, but they were destroyed by a storm and have never been restored.

For those to whom health and opportunity permit a wider range, the small



EASTBOURNE.

town of Battle, seven miles from Hastings, has many attractions. Here the famous battle of Hastings was fought, and here, shortly after, the Conqueror erected, in commemoration, the abbey, the magnificent ruins of which still testify to the original grandeur of the structure. The high altar of the church, it is said, was erected upon the precise spot where was found the body of Harold, the brave but unfortunate Saxon king. Here, too, was kept the famous roll of names to which it is the pride of families to point as evidence of their long and high descent, of their having "come in with the Conqueror."

Hastings itself, like many other places, consists of an old and a new town, the new extending westward, in ranges of tasteful modern houses, and presenting, faceward to the sea, its parades, which merge in those of St. Leonards. It was the old town of Hastings, however, which first made the reputation of the place.

"According to the local divisions of the town, as respects climate, by Dr. Mackness,—High-street, George-street, and Cavendish-place are the most sheltered. The Croft, Pelham-place, Breed's-place, Wellington-square, York-buildings, Beach-cottages, are also sheltered, and suited to patients suffering from indigestion, chronic rheumatism, or neuralgia, either as a summer or winter abode. Castle-hill, White-rock, Verulam-buildings, are bracing, and, with other elevated

localities, are best adapted for a summer residence, and for those who take active exercise. The Parade, Pelham-crescent, and the other houses fronting the sea, though less sheltered from winds, have, however, the advantage over High and George-streets, in being more exposed to the sun for a great part of the day."

The perfectly recent town of St. Leonards, so favoured in beauty of situation, in shelter—though in this respect not equal to Hastings—in the regularity and handsome character of its buildings, extends westward from Hastings, lying in what is called the "Vale of St. Leonards." Nature has done much for this town, but so has art, and well laid-out walks and drives add much to the enjoyment of visitors. Indeed there can be no question that in regard to the artificial conveniences of life, St. Leonards has considerable advantages over its more ancient rival—if rivals the towns can be considered, seeing they differ considerably in their adaptations to different forms of impaired health. Mr. Lee, whose useful work on the *Watering Places of England*, we have already quoted from, says—"The hills behind it not being so high as at Hastings, St. Leonards is not so warm as a winter residence. It is likewise less sheltered from the east, and is fully exposed to the south and south-west, so that, for very delicate invalids, susceptible of atmospheric variations, it would

not be so eligible; to others, however, it would be better suited, especially where a more bracing effect is required. In point of exposition and climate, St. Leonards is intermediate between Brighton and Hastings."

The sea-bathing at both St. Leonards and Hastings is excellent, with a sandy beach, and those who visit it, will find ample means and accommodation for its use. At both places chalybeate springs arise, and may, under medical sanction, be used as aids in restoring the health of the debilitated invalid.

It is scarcely requisite to add, that places like Hastings and St. Leonards offer to the visitor all that convenience or luxury can demand in the way of hotel accommodation and sources of amusement; neither are the needs of religion unattended to. All Saints' and St. Clement's are the ancient churches, and there are now recently erected chapels of the same names, as well as the chapel of St. Mary's in the Castle, which is capable of holding 1400 persons. In addition to the above, the principal dissenting bodies have also their respective places of worship.

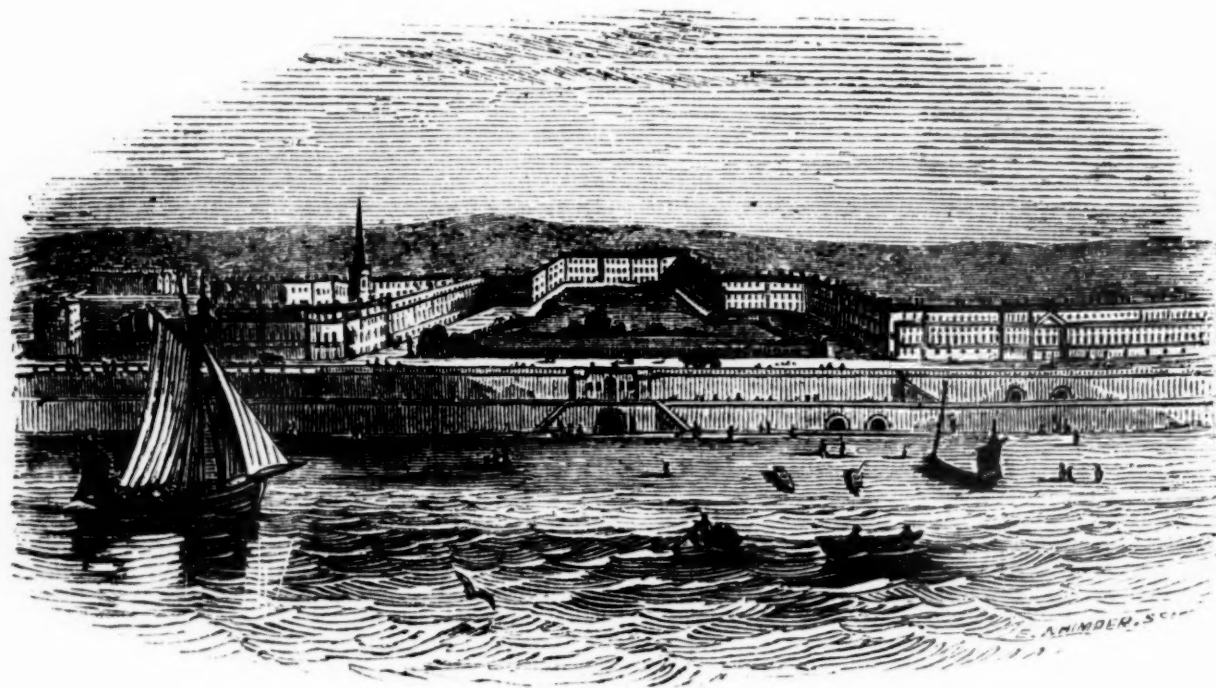
The drainage of both Hastings and St. Leonards was at one time complained of, but is now much improved.

#### EASTBOURNE.

From Hastings to Brighton, by the South Coast Rail, is about thirty-four miles, and the line a very direct one; but we make a slight diversion by stopping at Polegate station, and run down four miles of branch to Eastbourne, a pleasant, rising, but comparatively small and quiet sea-bathing place, which lies to the east of the great promontory of Beachy Head, and in the west corner of Pevensey Bay. Good bathing, which involves good sands, sufficient accommodation, and many of the "*agréments*" of a small watering-place, to which we may add a chalybeate spring, are the recommendations of Eastbourne. For some persons it would possess additional interest as the scene of the somewhat extensive allotment system operations promoted by Ann Davies Gilbert.

#### BRIGHTON.

If we have not been touring it on the South Coast, but have started direct from town, fifty miles of easy, rapid travelling by rail—and how easy and rapid is travelling now-a-days to those who remember the inconveniences and tedium of the old coaches—fifty miles by measure, one to two hours by time, will bring us to



KEMP TOWN, BRIGHTON.

that queen of the sea-coast towns, Brighton, which, like so many others, has been converted into a marine suburb of London by the iron rail.

Little more than a century ago, Brighton, or Brighthelmstone, as it was called, was but a fishing village, with 800 inha-

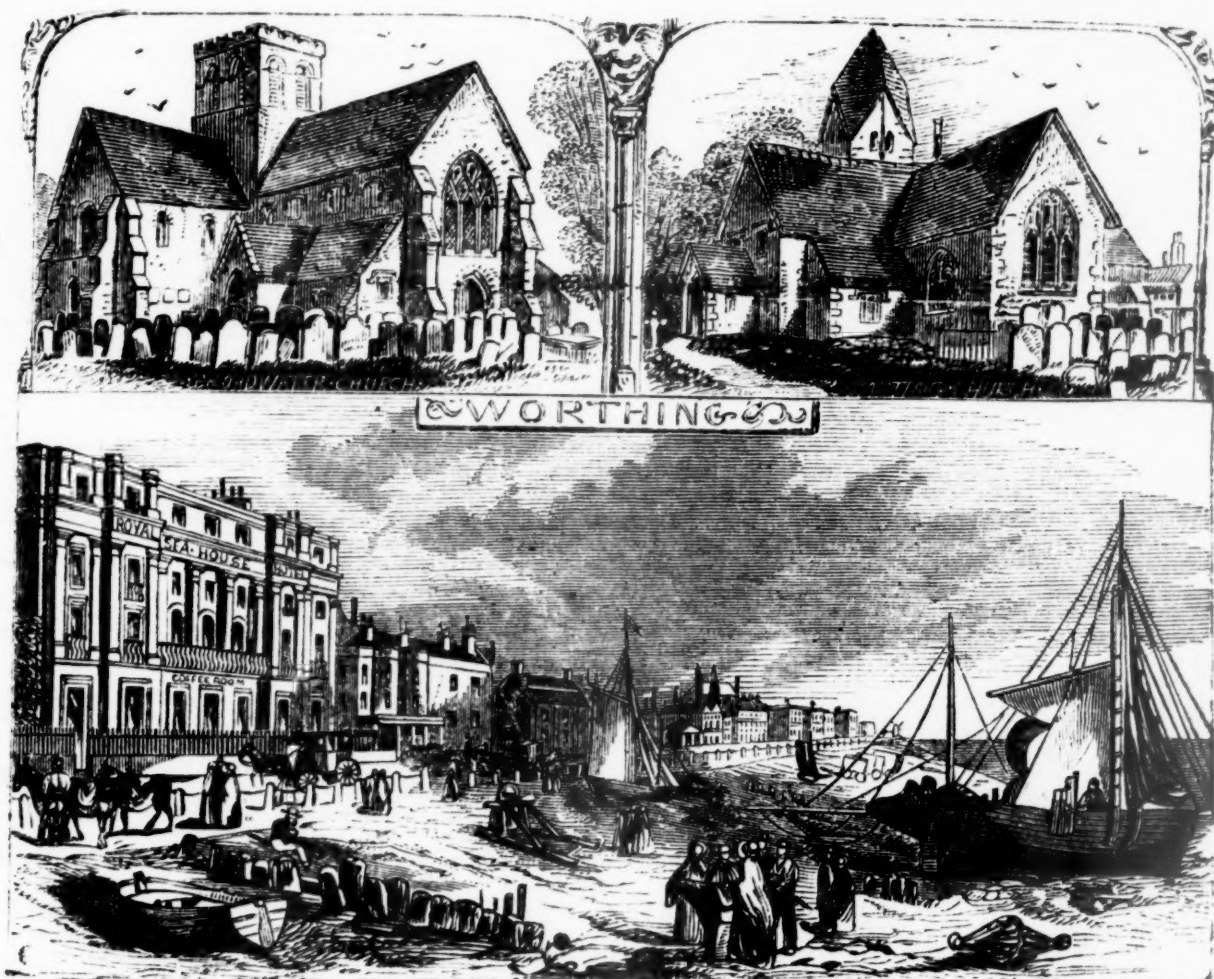
bitants: it is now the principal and most fashionable watering-place of Great Britain, with streets, squares, shops almost on a par with those of London; its inhabitants are 70,000, and its annual visitors 20,000. It occupies a shore line three miles long, its sea-wall and esplanades



being two miles by themselves. Of course, as all know, Brighton owes its rise and progress mainly, if not entirely, to George IV., who built the fantastical and most expensive Pavilion Palace, and made it a favourite residence. Now, it is a favourite resort of fashionable London,

and, indeed, of numbers who, having nothing to do with fashion, and yet having a holiday, long or short, rejoice in "a run down to Brighton," and in breathing for a few days or hours the bracing air of its elevated Downs.

Protected from the north and east by



CHURCHES AND BEACH, WORTHING.

the South Downs, Brighton lies, for the most part, on their southern slope; but it thus receives the full force of the south, south-east, and south-west winds, and that is one reason why, in the spring and early summer months, it is neither so salubrious nor so pleasant a residence as in the later months, when Brighton is truly in season.

The sense of freedom and elastic buoyant health which so many describe themselves as experiencing when exercising over these Downs, is the best evidence of their health-promoting power. But the Downs, of course, do not constitute Brighton; and we must not, in regarding the advantages of its environs, overlook the health influences of the town itself. As a whole, it may be said of Brighton that few places can rival it in general salubrity, though there are persons, even in comparative health, who find a residence in it produce disagreeable effects; and there are invalids who are injured, and diseases which are aggravated

rather than relieved by its climate, or, as we might say, by any of its climates; for the fact is most important, and one ignorance of which is continually productive of evil, that within the limits of the town, three distinct kinds of climate exist, "each of which is beneficial or injurious, according to the nature of the malady subjected to its influence; and these three climates present characteristics as distinct as any three watering places in the kingdom." This extreme variation of climate is undoubtedly owing to the extended coast-line—more than three miles—of the town, and to variations in the nature of the elevation of the soil, and differences of shelter. To whatever cause, however, it be due, it is of too great moment to be overlooked by visitors, whether seeking pleasure or health. Unfortunately, people generally, and even medical men, are apt to regard the simple being within the influence of the sea-air as sufficient, and to forget how much that influence may be modified by local cir-

cumstances. By those who have written on the subject, the climate of Brighton, as already remarked, is divided into three different sections. That which lies to the eastward is dry, elastic, and bracing; and these, according to Sir James Clark, are the characters of the true Brighton climate. To the westward, the climate is milder but damper than it is on the east side; towards the centre of the town, occupied by the Steyne, a somewhat intermediate position, and one more sheltered than either the eastern or western, is met with. Of course, persons who seek to have the full benefit of their change to the pure air of the country and sea-coast, would not, unless for some special reason, locate themselves in the middle, or more particularly town portion of Brighton—although those who make a visit solely for pleasure, will there more easily meet with the conveniences and artificial excitements of life. The decision of the invalid must, in most cases, lie between the eastern and western districts; and this, perhaps, is best left to be fixed by a medical man acquainted with the peculiarities of the climate. As a general rule, Sir James Clark says, “delicate, nervous invalids generally feel better in the western part. Those, on the other hand, who suffer from a relaxed state of the system, enjoy their health more fully in the eastern district.” The characteristic geological feature of the eastern portion is a chalky, and therefore dry soil, with considerable elevation above the sea, whilst to the west the land is lower, and chiefly clay.

“Compared with other parts of the South Coast, the climate of Brighton appears to the greatest advantage in the autumn and the early part of winter, when it is somewhat milder and more steady than that of Hastings. Accordingly, in all cases in which a dry and mild air proves beneficial, Brighton, during this period of the year, deserves a preference over every other part of this coast. In the spring, on the other hand, owing to its exposure to the north-easterly winds, the climate is cold, harsh, and irritating to delicate constitutions. At this season, therefore, sensitive invalids generally, and more especially persons with delicate chests, should avoid Brighton.” As a general rule, persons who are liable to local congestions or accumulations of blood, will scarcely find Brighton a suitable residence.

Although as an invalid residence, the

advantages of Brighton are chiefly prized during the autumnal and early winter months, there can be no question that the summer beauties of the place itself, and of its surrounding country, when walks and drives are in their perfection, render it a most attractive sea-side home.

No place is without its drawbacks and annoyances, and one of the principal to which Brighton is subject is its high winds. These coming from the seaward are laden with fine particles of sand, which they deposit inland, only to bring them back again the next time the blasts come from the opposite point of the compass. We may well imagine that these fine particles drawn into delicate lungs must exert a most injurious effect, and that it will be wiser for the delicate-chested to remain indoors when the wind is very high. The elevated position of the Downs frees them in some degree from this objection, and renders the resort to their green sward an additional attraction.

A scarcely suspected source of danger to visitors, and to the delicate, and children particularly, is the favourite “Chain Pier.” Dr. Wigan says of it:—“It is so frequent a cause of indisposition in the early part of the year, that I have been accustomed to say that it ought to be maintained at the expense of the medical men of the town. The sheltered walk under the cliff, which leads to it, affords a delightful resource when a bitter north-easter makes other places disagreeable. The perfect defence from the wind, with the benefit of a winter or spring sun reflected from the cliffs, gives quite the feeling of summer; and this degree of shelter and warmth will extend, perhaps, to half the length of the pier itself. At a certain point the protection of the cliff ceases; you pass from a calm air (under the cliff) at fifty-five or sixty degrees, to a keen wind at thirty-five or forty, which, from its rapidity, produces the effect of a frost. The bright day has, perhaps, induced some change in the clothing, and, with women and children especially, the mischief is often done in a few minutes.” Such effects most closely resemble those which are experienced in some towns in Spain, which, situated in a hot climate themselves, are yet exposed to cold blasts from lofty snow-clad mountains situated at no great distance. These blasts are the fertile causes of some of the rapidly fatal diseases to which the natives are subject.

Dr. Wigan, from whose work we have



already quoted, and who has the authority of having practised for some years in Brighton, testifying to the great aid derived from the climate in the cure of disease, and expressing his belief as to its pre-eminent salubrity, adds:—"It is, however, of the very essence of atmospheric influence, that if it benefit one class of diseases, it must necessarily aggravate those of an opposite character; and the air of Brighton," as far as his experience extends, is "*never neutral*." Such being the case, it may be well understood how "serious" is the "mischief of an indiscriminating recommendation of the town of Brighton to invalids," and how, often, "a great deal of advice and guidance" may be required rather than medicine. In other words, an invalid resorting to Brighton should be sure that he is well advised; in the first place, in going at all; in the second, that the season of the year is the proper one; and thirdly, when he gets there that he chooses his site of residence where he is likely to derive most benefit from the climate. As regards season—from June to the middle of October, is that of the

sea-bathers and summer visitors; from the latter date to March, for those who require to winter in a mild but not in a thoroughly protected climate, such as that of Hastings, Undercliff, or Torquay. March, April, and May are the worst months for Brighton, as far as invalids are concerned.

The Brighton Spa is a powerful chalybeate; containing other salts as well as iron in considerable proportion. It certainly should not be had recourse to without medical advice.

To sum up our report, however, it may be said, that with the few simple precautions which are equally requisite, perhaps, in every health resort of any extent, no place in the kingdom offers more advantages than the gay, well-built, well-watered, well-supplied in every way, town of Brighton.

Having taken our leave of Brighton, and continuing our route along the South Coast westward, we come to, one after another, a series of health resorts, of—if we may be allowed the term, and if Worthing would not take it amiss—secondary importance.



CHICHESTER, FROM MARKET CROSS.

WORTHING, BOGNOR, CHICHESTER, ETC.

The first of these, Worthing, is noted for its extensive sands, and for its excel-

lent bathing, which is carried on till a comparatively late period of the year. It is a pleasant little watering-place of about six thousand inhabitants, sheltered from

the north and north-east winds by the elevated Sussex downs, and having a comparatively mild winter climate, much like that of the western part of Brighton, warm but somewhat relaxing. There is, of course, the usual complement of houses in terraces facing the sea, esplanade, &c.

A few miles further west we have Bognor, about one-third the size of Worthing, and very similar as regards site and character of climate; it is reached by a four-mile branch from the Woodgate station on the South Coast line of rail. The cathedral town of Chichester is our



RYDE, FROM THE PIER.

next point; scarcely to be classed with the watering-places, it has yet an equable South Coast climate, which renders it a desirable winter residence for invalids. With the same general remarks we may dismiss Southampton; for, though its southern sheltered situation, sloping face to the south, and gravelly quickly-drying soil, render it well suited for some classes of the ailing, these, its health capabilities, seem to be eclipsed by its great and increasing importance as the steam seaport for the East. The climate is humid and relaxing, and the "water" has not, of course, the continued change and freshness of the sea. Southampton, like Brighton, possesses a chalybeate water, but not one of great reputation.

We have had a long tour since we took our way from London for East Kent, and as we are getting on new rails, the South-Western, and have got into a new country, we may as well make our start from the centre afresh.

Four hours' ordinary, three hours' express travelling, take us from London to Portsmouth, and the steamer quickly

covers the five miles of salt water which intervene between the naval port and the opposite town of Ryde, where we first put our foot upon—

#### THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The first frosty nights and heavy dews of October have scarcely changed the green of the summer foliage into the bright warm tint of the late autumnal landscape, when many an invalid begins to turn the thoughts, or prepare for the journey, to some one of those favoured spots of Southern England, where the winter months seem to lose their severity; where frost and snow are comparatively rare and transient visitors, and where the myrtle, the heliotrope, the fuchsia, and other tender plants wintering without protection, give evidence of the mildness of the climate. One of these spots has acquired the promising title of the "Garden of England," because of its general beauty in all seasons; and well does the Isle of Wight deserve the appellation; but still more promising to the invalid is the term "British Madeira,"



which has been bestowed upon one portion of this favoured little island.

Goldsmith's lines—

"Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting Summer lingering blooms delayed,"

sum up most aptly a description of the climate.

The position of the Isle of Wight, or as it is often proudly called, "The Island," on the southern coast, and its being sea-girt, are circumstances which in themselves tend to give it a climate milder than that of almost any other place in the kingdom; but, in addition to these advantages, some of its most favoured sites are still further ameliorated by the circumstances of soil and protecting cliff. Of these, perhaps, none is better or more favourably known than that portion of the island which lies on

the south-east coast, between Shanklin on the one side, and the southern point of St. Catherine's Hill on the other, and comprehends within its limits Bonchurch, Ventnor, St. Lawrence, &c., all well frequented, and every day becoming better frequented resorts for the invalid. This district, if the term can be applied to a narrow strip of land not more than half to three quarters of a mile wide, and from six to seven miles in length, is called the "Undercliff," from its being situated at the base of the lofty cliffs which have doubtless yielded the material for its formation, and now yield that protection which renders the little strip of sea-land soil so valuable as the winter resort of hundreds, who, suffering from delicacy of chest or tendency to consumption, cannot reside in more northern or less sheltered districts.

(To be continued.)

## OUR SUPREMACY AT SEA, AND HOW IT WAS ESTABLISHED.

WHEN any great good fortune befalls one of our friends—when the man who has been seen striving and struggling against adverse circumstances, is suddenly seen to be in the possession of wealth, and the enjoyment of ease and comfort, the question naturally arises—"Will it last?" and the greater the prosperity, the more importunately does the question of its permanency intrude itself.

Now, there have not been wanting, in these later days, persons of a timorous and apprehensive character, who have asked this question, with considerable anxiety, regarding this realm of England. The commercial prosperity of our country has been so marvellously rapid in its growth, that the idea of a collapse, such as has drearily fallen on Spain and Portugal, and, to a certain extent, on Holland also, might at first sight appear not an impossible contingency. *At first sight* only, however; for a further investigation of the enterprises which have made Britain pre-eminent as a naval power, and have endowed her with the great mercantile fleets which dot every sea "from Zembla to the line," will be sufficient to remove every reasonable doubt of the

continuance of the results achieved by such a fund of heroism, such high and lofty purpose, such enduring and unwavering valour as we find displayed at every page of the chronicles of the navigators in the Elizabethan era, and in the voyages of their successors, down to that great man who seems to have departed but yesterday from our shores, on that mission to the frozen north from which he was fated never to return. Whether we read of a Franklin, with only the light of his courage to illumine the darkness of an Arctic winter; or of a Gardiner, intent on missionary labour, breathing out his noble spirit in pious resignation on the desolate Patagonian shore, amid all the horrors of hunger, solitude, and destitution, the leading features of the story are still the same;—high and lofty courage in a noble cause—heroic self-sacrifice to attain some great end—and an utter absence of the rapacious cruelty which has marred the page of Spanish and Portuguese discovery, and has left an indelible stain on the fame even of such brave men as Cortez and Pizarro. The British, in their voyages of discovery, although with practical good sense they never lost sight

of the advantages of commerce, had always a higher motive in view than the acquisition of gold; in the enterprises of the southern nations, and of the Dutch, the one end and aim has been to enrich the discoverers at the expense of the natives;—and thus, on the one hand, colonies and thriving communities have arisen, while, on the other, conquerors and conquered have alike been demoralized—and the golden regions of Mexico and Peru are now but as wildernesses, compared to the rugged shore where, in 1620, the *Mayflower* disembarked her crew of sturdy and determined colonists—men who came not to seek for riches, but to found a home where they, and their children's children after them, might dwell in security and peace. The Spaniards bore hardships and endured dangers innumerable—but it was to gain *wealth*; the British colonists of North America faced equal hardships and danger—but it was in search of liberty. Hence the success on the one hand, and the failure on the other.

In the Middle Ages, the Italian republics had a very snug monopoly of the trade to the East. The silks, shawls, jewels, spices, gold, and ivory of India travelled up the Mediterranean to be distributed over Northern Europe; and the more the attention of the West was drawn to the productions of the East, the richer did Venice and Genoa and the minor states become. The Crusades, too, poured fresh wealth into their coffers, by opening to them a transport trade, and giving them the opportunity of victualling the armies engaged in the Holy Wars; and in a country where even the nobility embarked in trade, it may be imagined that so lucrative a branch of industry was not neglected. But as it is the natural effect of success to excite rivalry, several nations of Europe began seriously to consider what it was that made these overbearing Italians so rich and prosperous, and to try if some little rivulets of the golden stream of wealth might not be diverted from the broad Italian channel; and foremost in this opposition were the Portuguese.

That energetic people had first driven the Moors from their country, and then pursued them into Africa. John I., king of Portugal, took Ceuta in 1415, and bestowed the Governorship on his son Don Henry. From the time this prince entered on the possession of his African dominions, a system of maritime discovery

along the coast of that continent began. Farther and farther the navigators penetrated towards the regions of the torrid zone, then invested with mysterious terrors by the superstitions of the age. Madeira was discovered by a party driven out to sea by the violence of a gale. Cape Bogador, the limit beyond which no explorer had as yet penetrated, was doubled; and at the same time the De Bethincourts, Norman adventurers, with all the daring of the ancient Sea-kings, attacked and succeeded in conquering the Canary Islands. Don Henry also obtained from the Pope, Martin V., a grant of all lands that might be discovered between Cape Bogador and the Indies; a whimsical proceeding, but quite in the spirit of the fifteenth century. Gold dust began to pour in as a glittering earnest of future wealth: and incited by golden hopes, the Portuguese crept further and further around the unknown coast, till Bartholomew Diaz had discovered the Cape of Good Hope, the *Cape of Storms*, as he appropriately termed it; and at length in 1499, Vasco di Gamatriumphantly brought his ships into the harbour of Calicut, after having solved the great problem of the century, by the discovery of the sea route to India.

It seems almost incredible, but is a well-authenticated fact, that an ambassador was despatched from Portugal to England, to the court of Edward IV., to explain to that monarch the substance of the Pope's grant, and to induce him to restrain his subjects from prosecuting any discoveries on the African coast, and Edward actually granted the request.

The period of the Yorkist and Lancastrian wars was not a time for pursuing vague and distant projects, and perhaps the fact that our countrymen were restrained from taking an early part in the great maritime movement of the age, was in the end advantageous; for had two or three voyages undertaken with the defective means then at command, proved unsuccessful, a lasting check might have been given to the spirit of maritime enterprise in Britain. We came later into the field than other nations of Europe; but it was reserved for us to penetrate into regions where neither the Spaniards nor the Portuguese had penetrated before us, and to overcome difficulties and dangers which might have struck terror into the soul of the bravest followers of Cortez or Magellan.

The discovery of the new route to India



was like a death-blow to the Italian republics; and the successes of the Spaniards in America finished what Vasco di Gama had begun. Christopher Columbus, after twenty long dreary years of waiting and longing—after tasting all the bitterness of hope deferred—after being received with scorn at one court, with contemptuous pity at another—had sailed, at length, from Palos with his little squadron of caravels, and had given to Spain the opportunity and power of rivalling Portugal in the field of discovery. In the whole range of history there is, perhaps, not a more touching or noble picture than that of the mighty discoverer—whose name was to be known and honoured throughout the world—following the court of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, year after year, through disappointment and dejection, waiting till he should gain a hearing for the project of whose result he became more and more convinced, even as his hair was whitening with grief and dejection. Throughout all those years, he never once wavered in his faith, nor abated anything of the demands he stipulated as the reward of his proposed discoveries. He knew that he had spoken the truth, and no sneer of flippant courtier, or incredulous smile of sceptical pedant, could shake his trust in the voice within him crying to him to persevere to the end.

In the meantime, the attention of England had been drawn to these great discoveries. The Portugal, or, as they were more commonly called, "Portingal" captains of the early part of Henry the Eighth's reign stirred up no little emulation among our mariners by their accounts of the riches and resources of the New World; and, indeed, already in the time of Henry VII., the beginning of English maritime discovery may be traced. John Gavotta, or Cabot, with his three sons, Sebastian, Louis, and Lancius, were empowered to search for and to conquer unknown lands. Sebastian Cabot, the first of the great navigators who sailed from the English shores, conceived the idea which has since furnished the occasion for the display of so much heroism, besides, alas! costing us so many of our bravest men—the existence, namely, of a north-west route to India. With two small ships, furnished by King Henry, he proceeded far along the North American coast, but found "it running continually to the northward, which," says old Hakluyt, quaintly, "was to him a great displea-

sure." His provisions failing, he was obliged to return home, without having accomplished his purpose; but it is certain that either he or his father had already discovered the island of Newfoundland.

A whimsical tale is told by several travellers of some Spaniards, under the Cortereals, who, entering the Saint Lawrence in search of gold and silver—the continued object of their quest—exclaimed, in their disappointment on finding their efforts vain, "*Acanada*!"—"Nothing here!" These words were, it is said, afterwards caught up by the natives, and repeated to subsequent European visitors, who mistaking them for the native name of the country, called it "Canada." A more probable suggestion ascribes the name to the word "Canada," a village.

King Henry VIII. sent two fair ships, well manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men to seek strange regions; and they set forth out of the Thames the 20th day of May, which was the year of our Lord, 1527. Thus says Haleybury; and during the next ten years, two or three expeditions were undertaken for a similar purpose. By far the most important undertaking of the age, however, was the expedition under the advice of Sebastian Cabot, Grand Pilot of England, and Governor of the Myserie and Companie of the Marchauntes Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknowen," for the finding of a north-east passage to *Cathay*, a supposed tract to the west of India. This was the famous venture of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor. The commander perished of cold and famine with all his ship's company, on the coast of Lapland, where their bodies were found the following year; but Chancellor, more fortunate, entered the White Sea, and travelled overland to Moscow, to the court of the Czar Ivan Vasilowitch, by whom he was well received. In the following spring he sailed from Archangel, entrusted by the Czar with a letter to Edward VI.

The result of this voyage was the grant of a New Charter to the "Merchants Adventurers," and new expeditions were fitted out in search of the route to Cathaia. In his next voyage Chancellor suffered shipwreck, and perished on the coast of Scotland.

The Elizabethan period, extending from 1558 to 1603, forms one of the brightest and most glorious pages in our naval history. Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher,

Hawkins, and a host of names too illustrious to be lightly forgotten. England had now embarked, heart and soul, in the famous maritime enterprises for which the sixteenth century is remarkable. The defeat of the mighty Armada is the grand achievement round which many deeds of daring and endurance are grouped. Who can read, without a thrill, the address of Elizabeth to her troops and sailors; or fail to appreciate the kingly firmness of the mind that thought foul scorn that Spain, or Parma, or any foreign prince should invade the skirts of her dominions. Then that despatch of bold, buccaneering Drake, wherein he writes to Burleigh, concerning the brave Admiral Howard of Effingham, in such words as these: "I assure your good lordship, and protest it before God, that I find my lord Admiral so well affected for all honourable services in this action, that it doth assure all his followers of good success and hope of victory. Thus humbly taking my leave of your good lordship, I daily pray to God to bless Her Majesty, and to give us grace to fear Him. So shall we not need to doubt the enemy, although they may be many." In such high strains of loyalty and devout trust in God, was the first despatch written by the hand of Drake, on board "Her Majesty's good ship, the *Revenge*," and in such a spirit of loyalty and undoubting confidence, did Queen Elizabeth's fleet proceed to the attack of that mighty armament. When the pirate who had seen the Armada approaching, ran into Plymouth to give notice of the fact, his intelligence procured him a pardon and a pension from the zealous commanders. The ships were warped out of harbour with great difficulty, as the wind was blowing dead on shore. The men, however, worked with great alacrity; the brave old admiral himself pulling at a rope, to animate and encourage them. "I dare boldly say," says Fuller, "that he drew more, though not by his person, by his presence and example, than any ten in the place." We can readily believe it.

Never was a proud fleet more completely discomfited than were the ships of Medina Sidonia. Unwieldy in bulk, and crowded with troops, they were ill-adapted for the navigation of the Channel, and still less able to compete with the quick-sailing little English vessels, that darted to and fro among them, like wasps among a herd of bulls. From the time the armament left Corunna, till the day of the unlucky storm that cast some of its best

vessels on the Irish coast, the Armada had been exposed to a series of accidents and misfortunes; and nobly as our people had fought, it is impossible not to agree with the assertion of the biographer Speed, when he says that "Great as were the exploits of the English fleet, they were as nothing compared with what the elements wrought for England;" a fact aptly acknowledged by our Sovereign on that solemn day of thanksgiving, when, alighting from her chariot at the west door of St. Paul's, she there knelt down, and with great devotion audibly praised God, who had thus delivered the land from the rage of the enemy. There is not a grander period in our annals, or one more worthy to be studied than the great Elizabethan era; and even in the misfortunes of the only two commanders who were compelled to strike their flags to the Spaniards, Hawkins and Grenville, the circumstances are such as to surround their reverses with a halo of glory. What a grand speech is that of stout old Sir Richard Grenville, as he lay dying of his wounds, after having fought his ship, the *Revenge*, until, to use the chronicler's expression, "she was filled with blood, and with dead and dying men, like a slaughter-house;" Sir Richard having fought single-handed, under the impression that the rest of the fleet had deserted him. "Here die I, Sir Richard Grenville," said the hero, "with a joyful and quiet mind, for I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, Queen, religion, and honour. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier, who hath done his duty as he was bound to do." The whole spirit of Elizabeth's reign is breathed out in these dying words of the warrior, uttered, we are told, in Spanish, that the admiring foes, who stood around and heard them, might bear witness with what cheerfulness an English captain could die for his Queen and country.

Martin Frobisher was the first of the discoverers who adorned the Elizabethan period. For fifteen years, he cherished the idea of the north-west passage to India and Cathay, round the American coast. We are told he considered the solving of this problem "as the only thing in the world that was yet left undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate;" and at length he succeeded in equipping two little vessels,



one of thirty-five and the other of thirty tons, for the dangerous attempt. It seems a perfect marvel how such craft could have lived on the coast of Greenland, and the stormy seas of Labrador; but Frobisher, after pushing his way for a considerable distance through the ice, brought home his ships in safety, carrying with him an Esquimaux, one of the "strange infideles, whose like was never seen, read, nor heard of before."

Frobisher's next voyages were unsuccessful. Excited by the discovery of a mineral substance resembling gold, of which a cargo was brought home on his second voyage, a third expedition was fitted out, consisting of no less than fifteen ships, with the intention of establishing a colony on the shore of Frobisher's strait. But disaster succeeded disaster; and at length, after many perils, the attempt was abandoned, and the vessels of the fleet, scattered by a storm, made their way home to England as best they could. When next we hear of Frobisher it is as a companion of Sir Francis Drake, in the West Indies; in 1588, he commanded a ship in the fleet which repulsed the Armada, and for his gallantry was made "*Sir Martin Frobisher*."

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition must not be overlooked; it deserves mention, alike for the chivalrous gallantry with which it was conducted, and the tragic fate of the commander. After taking possession in the Queen's name of St. John's, Newfoundland, and the territory for ten leagues in each direction around, he embarked in a little bark of ten tons, to proceed southward; one of his ships was wrecked, and nearly the whole crew perished; and Sir Humphrey himself was urged to quit his little frigate for the larger vessel, the *Golden Hinde*, but he would not forsake his little company. As they passed the Azores, the admiral was seen from the *Golden Hinde*, sitting by the tiller of his ship, and was heard to cry, "Courage, my lads! we are as near heaven by sea as by land." Night came on, and when the sun rose again the bark was nowhere to be seen—nor were any tidings ever heard of her afterwards. Those gallant words of encouragement have remained as the last speech of the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the most gallant captains of a glorious age.

Some of the readers of this paper may have noticed in the old book-shops, where

ancient volumes in brown leather bindings and with worm-eaten pages form the stock in trade, a bulky folio series, entitled "*Purchas his Pilgrimes*," or in the more modern editions, "*Purchas's Pilgrims*." Among a collection of marvellous adventures, we find in these volumes the fortunes of Henry Hudson, the discoverer of "*Hudson's Bay*," who was turned adrift by a mutinous crew, in an open boat, with the sick and helpless among his followers;—not like Bligh in the *Bounty*, from motives of revenge, but through the force of dire necessity, which made savages of the men, and induced them to purchase a chance of life at the price of honour and duty, when death by starvation stared them in the face, and they found themselves on the bleak shores of North America with only fourteen days' provisions to sustain existence. The credulity of those times would occasionally peep out; as will appear from the following account by Hudson of an occurrence on his second voyage in search of a north-western passage to China. Between Nova Zembla and Cherry Island, he tells us, "One of our company looking overboard saw a mermaid; and calling up some of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time she was close to the ship's side, looking earnestly on the men; a little after a sea came and overturned her. Her backe and breast were like a woman's (as they say that saw her); her body as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long haire hanging down behind, of colour blacke; in her going downe they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porpoise, and speckled like a mackrell. Their names that saw her were Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner."

In 1669 the Hudson's Bay Company obtained the charter of monopoly, which they have continued to hold, without alteration, to the present day; and for a time the voyages to the north were discontinued. A most pathetic account, however, remains, of an expedition in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, after the ships had been crushed by the ice, the crews survived through two dreary winters, till they died off, one by one—decreasing in one season from fifty to twenty—and thus falling till only five of them were left; three of these died from eating too voraciously of whale's flesh, with which they were supplied by some pitying Esquimaux; whereupon the two survivors are said by the Esquimaux

to have mounted to the top of a hill, and to have remained there many days looking earnestly to the south, as if in expectation of seeing a ship; at length they sat down and wept for a long time; after which one of them lay down and died; and the other, in attempting to bury him, fell down beside him, and never rose again. What a picture! The two last survivors of a large company of men looking hopelessly for relief till their strength failed, and then lying down broken-hearted to die in the snow.

The war with the Spaniards, in Queen Elizabeth's time, opened up to us another field of discovery and commercial advantage. Sir Francis Drake's proceedings in the West Indies approached very near to what we should call piracy at the present day, though in these rough times they excited only admiration. Again we have to wonder at the smallness of the means employed. Drake's famous voyage round the world was made in company with a little fleet of five vessels, none of them more than 100 tons burden;—and the whole expedition comprised only one hundred and sixty men. The voyage itself was richer in results than any preceding enterprise had been.

Raleigh, meanwhile, was pushing his discoveries in Virginia, in the vain hope of founding a community that should recompense for all his anxiety, trouble, and expense. The first colony perished miserably from want, cold, and hardships of all kinds; but, with the exception of Raleigh's unfortunate delusions respecting the gold he hoped to find in those regions, his conclusions were in the main correct; and it is to be greatly regretted that he did not receive more countenance and encouragement in his enterprises. It is a remarkable fact, that every attempt made by British commanders with the ostensible purpose of obtaining gold, proved a failure. The success of the Spaniards, however, in that direction became ultimately the cause of many of the disasters they suffered. Utterly demoralized by the one pursuit to which they devoted their energies, they became the curse of the countries on which they descended, not as colonists, but as plunderers and robbers. The miserable natives were hunted down like wild beasts, subjected to horrible tortures in the hope of wringing from them the secret of hidden wealth, butchered from the fear of revolt, and worked to death in the mines. A little work in Latin, published in the

early part of James the First's reign, entitled *Crudelitates Hispaniorum*, sets forth in rude type, adorned with still ruder woodcut engravings, a series of atrocities outvying anything to be found in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*.

That many of the voyages of the time partook greatly of a freebooting character, there is unfortunately no denying. The practice of privateering is in itself very much akin to piracy, and the commanders of privateering vessels, in their expeditions to the Spanish settlements, were not over-scrupulous as to whether the communities they attacked were at war with their own country or not. "We do account that he which striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us," said Queen Bess to her favourite captain, who, with the rest of his guild, were pretty sure of the countenance of the sovereign whose power he increased, whatever may have been the illegality of his proceedings.

The slave trade, too, formed a most lucrative branch of commerce. John Hawkins, a gentleman of Devonshire, speaks of his exploits in this line of industry as a captain of the present day, employed in the northern fisheries, might talk of his whaling expeditions; lamenting at one time the scarcity of negroes, of whom he could procure no more than a hundred and fifty; exulting in another place over a successful razzia on a negro town. This laudable attempt he describes thus:—"A negro king came to us oppressed by other kings, his neighbours, desiring our aid, with a promise that as many negroes as might by these wars be obtained should be at our pleasure. I went myself, and with the assistance of the king of our side, assaulted the town by land and sea, and very hardly with fire (the huts being covered with dry palm leaves), and out of eight thousand souls, seized two hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children." How many unhappy wretches perished in the "hard assault with fire" Hawkins does not consider it necessary to tell.

These outrages, however, afterwards continued in the history of Henry Morgan and the other buccaneers, form the exception, not the rule, in the great enterprises of the Elizabethan era. In general, the commanders were induced to undertake these voyages from motives of patriotism, a healthy thirst for action and adventure, and a not unnatural desire for distinction and glory; and the stubborn valour and heroic determination with which they

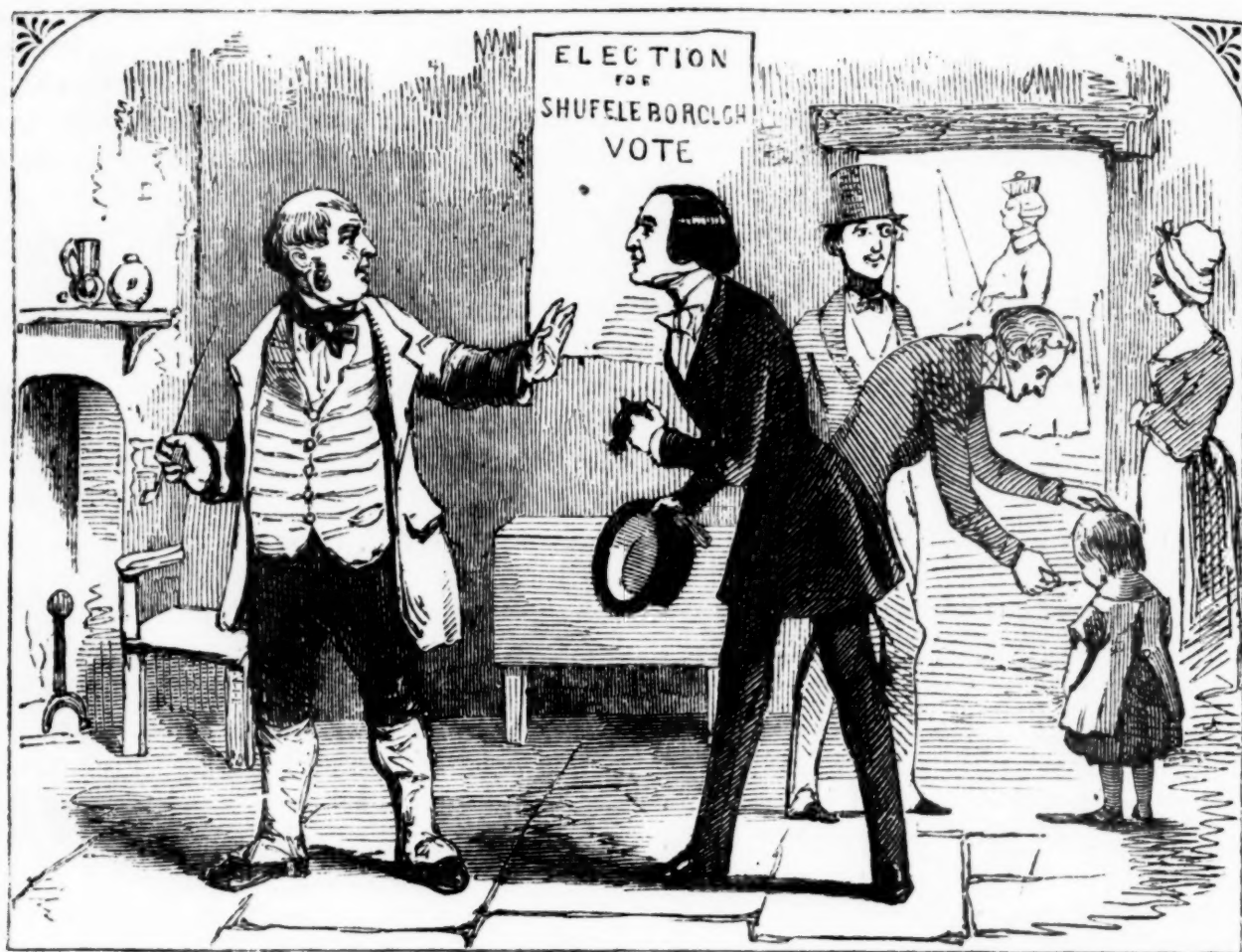


were carried out, go far towards reconciling us to the national antipathies which sometimes broke forth, and resulted in deeds of rapine and plunder. The sympathies and affections, the likings and dislikings of seamen are proverbially strong. Even Nelson could give no better advice to a young midshipman than to bid him "Always speak the truth, and hate a Frenchman as he would the Evil One himself," and something of the Nelson stamp was the feeling with which Englishmen of the sixteenth century regarded Spain and Spaniards, from King Philip on his throne to the captive in the dungeon.

King James's peaceful reign offers little of moment so far as our naval history is concerned. Raleigh's unfortunate expedition to Guiana, resulting in his execution, in virtue of a harsh sentence pronounced fifteen years before, has a mournful interest; but across the Channel events of far greater moment were transacting, and paving the way for new combats and victories against a gallant, stubborn, and unscrupulous foe.

The Dutch had struggled nobly and successfully for their freedom. They had opposed their stubborn courage to the cruelty and ambition of Spain, and had at last achieved their freedom, to the wonder and admiration of all Europe, and the dismay of their Spanish oppressors. Nay more, the men contemptuously characterized as *Geusen* or beggars had formed themselves, the land geusen into an army, the water geusen into a fleet, which bade defiance to the older-established powers. Shipbuilding was now conducted on new principles, the old and cumbrous ornaments being discarded in favour of strength, solidity, and real usefulness. Charles I., however

wrong he may have been in raising ship-money arbitrarily, and without the consent of Parliament, is certainly deserving of some credit for having fostered every improvement in marine architecture and science with a zeal which might have been profitably imitated by late governments. Howard, Frobisher, and their Elizabethan contemporaries would have opened the eyes of wonder at the ships in which their successors Blake and Montague fought their battles; and though it is greatly to Blake's credit that he should have been the first practically to demonstrate that ships can not only attack, but take fortresses on shore, it must not, in justice to his brave predecessors, be forgotten that they could not try the great experiment in which Blake succeeded so happily, through want of the means which were at his disposal. We should remember this when we read the account by the contemporary historian who tells us that Blake was the first man that brought the ships to condemn castles on shore, which had been ever thought very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. That Blake solved the difficulty nobly, let his campaigns in the Mediterranean and elsewhere bear witness. The energy of the great Protector had much to do with our naval glory during the time the English were under his rule. The fact that Amsterdam was illuminated on the intelligence of Cromwell's death, speaks volumes for the fear in which he caused his naval power to be held; though so public a rejoicing on the death of a powerful rival says little for the delicacy or good feeling of the people who could indulge in such ill-timed joy.



A GREAT FAILURE.

## STEPHEN BRIARLY,

THE MAN WHO "KNEW HIS RIGHTS AND MAINTAINED THEM."

"BUT, my dear sir——"

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but I can't do it. Everybody has an opinion—mine may be wrong—yet it is but just I should vote with them who think as I do."

"Still there may be reasons, Mr. Briarly;" here the young nobleman stopped and glanced at a purse that he was holding, but not too ostentatiously, in his hand.

"There may be," replied Stephen Briarly, without even looking at the intended bait; "but they have no weight with me. I have a conscience."

Lord Skimperly opened his eyes—a conscience! His lordship flattered himself that he was up to a thing or two; but that a small farmer, who was, like most other small farmers, under the thumb of his landlord, should speak of such a thing, surprised him.

"A conscience? why, ha! ha! of course you have. I should hope that every voter in Shuffleborough has one."

His lordship ought to know, for he was buying them up, one after another, at a good round sum.

"I can't answer for others—it is sufficient that I know myself. I have given my word to Mr. Dale."

"It's not too late to retract it," and Skimperly agitated the partially concealed purse, so that its contents gave a very audible, and, to Mrs. Briarly's ear, a very mellifluous chink.

"I have given my word of honour," said the farmer, somewhat sternly.

Here was another surprise for the young nobleman. He knew what honour was as well as most men—hadn't he been "out" twice; once at Brussels, and once at Baden? the first time with young Blazer of the Guards, who had doubted his word at the *rouge et noir* table, and the second time with a Prussian Baron, to whose wife, he, Skimperly, had made some rather audacious proposals: *honour*, let any one doubt it, and he would have to look down a pistol barrel in less than four and twenty hours. They, the Skimperlys, were always particular "upon a point of honour;" it was their boast that every member of the family had killed his man, from rattling Tom Skimperly (son of Anne Skimperly, the founder of the family, a



lady who was so fortunate as to attract the notice of Charles II.), down to Hector Skimperly, the present young man's father, who "brought down his bird," we quote the old nobleman's own words, "with the very same pistols with which Best shot Camelford." Honour! Skimperly Castle was the right place for that kind of thing, but it was scarcely the commodity to be expected in the house of a poor hard-working farmer.

Yet it *was* a commodity, and must be considered as such, so Skimperly returned the purse to his pocket, and drew forth a rustling substitute.

"I must have your vote, Mr. Briarly, positively I must;—Come, you can't do better than that I'm sure," and, right

before Briarly's eyes, Skimperly waved a bank-note, a bank-note for twenty pounds.

Stephen's eyes glistened, he looked hard at the note, then harder at his lordship.

"Might I make bold to ask how many such notes your lordship has in your pocket?"

"Yours is a very dear conscience, Mr. Briarly."

"Very dear," and the farmer repeated his question.

"Oh! some dozen, perhaps; but we have much to do, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know; there's still a third of Shuffleborough to buy—stay!" for Lord Skimperly had slipped the note into the hand of the farmer's wife, "give me, that note, Hannah."



A GREAT SUCCESS.

Hannah did as she was bid, and her husband smoothed the crumpled paper, folded it up carefully, and returned it to the astonished Skimperly.

"There's your money, my lord. You are fortunate in having it safely returned—another in my place might have torn it."

Innocent Stephen Briarly! Why, there is not a man in Shuffleborough but would have torn his hair rather than have seen that money slip through his fingers.

"Then you refuse it?"

"Could your lordship paper these white-washed walls with similar notes, my an-

swer would be the same. I tell you I am pledged to Mr. Dale."

"And why?"

"I am a poor man—and might be content with my lot, but that I have many children; therefore I would leave the world better than I found it."

"And Mr. Dale is to make the desired improvement?"

"Mr. Dale knows the poor man's wants. He was once a poor man himself; by his own abilities he has risen, and he is not ashamed of the soil in which the good seed was first cast."

Lord Skimperly was getting angry.

"And has my father—have I done nothing for you?"

"You have re-erected the maypole—and revived most of the old festivals, so that on certain days there are not twenty sober men in the parish. You come among us and superintend our drinking bouts and games; and—"

"Well!"

"There's not a better cricketer in the county than your lordship."

"Well!"

"But as cricketing is somewhat different from law-making—and keeping up their games is not the only salve required by the people for their wounds, I think, upon the whole, that Mr. Dale is the best man for our interests."

"Are you aware your landlord, Squire Grindley, is with us?"

"The squire is his own master, not mine."

"He is your landlord."

"And I pay his rent honestly—never fear, sir,—I know my rights, and will maintain them." At this moment the squire entered the cottage.

"How d'ye do, my lord—getting on well in your canvassing, I hope? Friend Briarly is with us, of course."

"It's by no means of course," replied the party addressed, somewhat pettishly.

"Farmer Briarly has a conscience—"

"A what!" The squire's face darkened, and he turned upon his tenant, "What do you mean, Briarly?"

"Merely what I have said. I have my rights, and shall maintain them."

"Your farm progresses well, I understand?"

"Pretty well, thank'ee, squire. Indeed, I may say, very well. I have laid out money upon it; and what with night and day labour it ought to produce something in time."

"You have no lease, I believe?"

"You promised me one."

"And can be turned out"—the farmer winced—"at any time we like."

"But after my expenditure both of money and labour, you wouldn't."

"I haven't the wish to do so; indeed, I am glad to hear the farm is likely to be so profitable to you." He moved towards the door, while Skimperly was busy kissing the children; his lordship's fondness for children was remarkable at certain seasons. His was at election time.

Arrived at the door, Squire Grindley turned to his tenant, who had followed respectfully at his heels.

"We understand each other now. You are with us, of course?"

The farmer answered firmly,

"I vote for Mr. Dale."

"Then," and Grindley hissed the words into the ear of the farmer, "then out you go!"

"I know my rights, and shall maintain them."

It was thus landlord and tenant parted.

Our way lies over green fields—among bearded grain, over rustic bridges, and along dusty roads—but our journey does not improve as it draws to a close. There are many sounds and sights we could dispense with; for this is Shuffleborough, and Shuffleborough is not a clean town, as the most enlightened of its inhabitants confess. The Sanitary Commissioners have somehow overlooked it, with very many other towns in a similar state; and its inhabitants, that is, the majority of them, who are not enlightened, cling to old habits and take kindly to dirt, ready—like the venerable bantam in the Shuffleborough market-place—to oppose all innovation, and battle stoutly for the impurity of the dunghill they inhabit. They are, nevertheless, an acute race, and boast other privileges besides that of being of created men the most dirty, drunken, and disorderly,—their greatest privilege, as it is also the least deserved, is that of returning a member to Parliament. Now the population of Shuffleborough is independent, not to say rude, in its character, and—excepting some few, who, with despair at their hearts, and hunger on their lips, crawl out of the way to live or die as they may think fit—do a good stroke of business during the elections.

The inhabitants of Shuffleborough were ever a stiff-necked race, as Lord Skimperly of Skimperly Castle (the castle was just three miles from Shuffleborough) was often heard to complain. Lord Skimperly—the old lord—was a proud man, "vengeance proud, and loved not the common people;" but his lordship was compelled to put his pride as well as his hand in his pocket, when he sought the sweet voices of the men of Shuffleborough. There was a time—ah! how the Skimperlys dwelt upon that time—when their ancestors owned the entire land upon which Shuffleborough now stood; and when Ranulph Skimperly, the founder of the family, kept a Bastorgus or headsman, as a retainer in the castle, to be ready when occasion might require. But those times have



long since passed away, and there remains but one power that rebellious Shuffleborough will bow to—the power of money—a power that had already at the previous election defeated the noble Skimperly, in the shape of the very long purse of plebeian Smith, “Radical Smith,” as he was called, the mill-owner.

Ah! that Radical Smith! How he was publicly endured and secretly hated by the stately Skimperlys; and how old Jacob Smith—for that was his name—in public always spoke lightly of the Skimperlys, and in secret envied that name and position his money would not purchase. But it was all one to the voters of Shuffleborough; they were a constituency that Sir Robert Walpole would have rejoiced in; for, though the most independent of voters, every man “had his price,” and with them money was “always respectable.” A sad place this Shuffleborough! And the clergy? Here is one—the sample of a class—a most devoted follower of the Skimperlys. He has supported them through thick and thin—and thick and thin in Shuffleborough is no joke; of course he has done this upon strictly independent principles. His son has “a snug something” somewhere, and there is an equally “snug something” somewhere else, in the gift of the great family, that will clothe the old age of this complaisant shepherd with the mantle of prosperity. And his flock? He cannot be said to neglect it; on the contrary, he has some fifty sermons, one of which he preaches every Sunday, and has done so for years with the same regularity as the time kept by the old church clock—that was never out more than a few minutes at the most. The rector was what may be called an “easy-going” man; but the women—bless their hearts! how they run after a red-coat or a cassock—liked him much, and through them, and the establishment of a Dorcas and other mild charities, he commanded a fifth of the votes in his neighbourhood. The attorneys, too, had good pickings in Shuffleborough, for the inhabitants were quarrelsome and litigious. They made good pickings out of the borough, but more out of its members; for there, all demands were equalled by the supply—Lord Skimperly’s government interest being great, and Radical Smith boasting the purse of a Fortunatus.

But a change has come over the prospects of the Skimperlys. Radical Smith

died: his family asserted, in consequence of a too strict attendance to his parliamentary duties; others said—but we have all our detractors—that it was the result of a too constant attendance at public dinners; whatever the cause, the effect was that he died and left the borough of Shuffleborough once more open to competition.

\* \* \* \*

The great Shuffleborough election was at its height; the members, Tory and Liberal, had a hard fight for it; bribes were offered and refused by members who speculated upon a “rise” in the evening. Mrs. Grump’s little girl received a superb doll, intrinsic value eighteen pence, with a bank-note for its apron. Stirrup, the drunken cobbler, was presented with a screw of tobacco whose envelope was also a bank-note, with which he was about to light his pipe, until interrupted in his proceedings by the shrill virago who figured as his wife. The effect of sudden surprise was so great upon Messrs. Grump and Snap, that both these gentlemen lost their recollection, and, though promised to Mr. Dale, went to the poll and voted, unconsciously, of course, for his opponent. Many, however, were the mistakes that occurred among the Bæotians that hung about the polling-booth; one, especially, excited the indignation of the clerk, and the risibility of the audience.

“Now then, my good man, what do you want, eh?” said the clerk, as a large good-tempered face grinned in upon him for the third time; each time withdrawn without its owner speaking a word; “what do you want?”

“Oi doant want nothin’. Ize got all oi wants.”

“Then what do you come here for?”

“Whoa ’cos they gi’ed it oi to come.”

“I suppose you’ve come to vote?”

“O’ coorse, an’ oi wishes it wos every day, they wouldn’t catch oi at work again in a hurry.”

“Well, well, don’t stand there, come in.”

The gentleman entered, and stood grinning, and roosting, so to speak, first upon one leg and then upon the other.

“Who do you vote for?”

“Who do oi wote vor?”

He stared at the polling clerk in much perplexity, and buried five red fingers in a shock of yellow hair.

“Wote vor—whoy oi wotes vor—danged if oi an’t vorgotten—” and he continued his manipulation with all the ardour of a phrenologist—“oi wotes vor, vor—”

here he gave it up in despair—"oi must jist go back an' ax the zquire," and with the puzzled look still upon his face, he turned round and disappeared down the ladder.

At half-past three, the numbers stood thus:—

DALE . . . 360  
SKIMPERLY . . 354

The excitement was great—it increased with each minute—for the poll closed at four o'clock precisely: the time drew nigh, expectation was on tiptoe as six independent freeholders mounted the ladder; they were all tenants of Squire Grindley, and voted to a man for the liberal candidate—for Mr. Dale?—no! the *most* liberal candidate we should have said—like Cassius, each had an itching palm, and a cooling salve had been found for it. Lord Skimperly was now equal with his opponent.

"It's all right, my lord, we shall beat the manufacturer," and the squire took the patrician hand and shook it heartily; it was a privilege, and Grindley felt it to be such, but society relaxes its bonds, and class forgets its prejudices at a borough election. "Curse the fellow, his father was a hand-loom weaver, and he himself only a factory boy; what business have such riff-raff in parliament?"

Mr. Grindley's father was an attorney who had made much money in Shuffleborough; had twice narrowly escaped being struck off the rolls, but had succeeded by the sharpest of sharp practice in making a large fortune, which he laid out in the purchase of an extensive estate, which, immediately after his death, came into the possession of his son. No wonder the latter gentleman felt indignant at Mr. Dale's presumption.

"Four o'clock," and he turned quickly to the polling clerk.

"Wants two minutes to it," said that worthy, preparing to close his books.

"Stop!" cried a voice from the crowd, and "Stop!!!" roared the unwashed, too glad of a pretext to roar out anything.

A man, "fiery-red with haste," pushed his way through the noisy mob and ascended the ladder.

"Just in time."

"I had to fight my way along, but I'm not the man to be daunted."

"Just in time," and the books were closed as the neighbouring steeple told the hour.

The mob shout, hiss, applaud, and yell, staring like wild beasts at each other;

they are announcing the close of the poll:—

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And so Mr. John Dale is declared to be duly elected.

"It was that scoundrel Briarly," said the squire, purple with passion.

"A dangerous character," echoed Skimperly, white with rage.

"He shall have notice to quit the first thing to-morrow."

"Quite right—such men must be taught their place—things are at a pretty pass when a fellow sets himself up against his landlord and talks of conscience—"

"Conscience!" and Grindley smote the table with his clenched fist—"I wonder what my father would have said, had he been alive to see it!"

What indeed? That "upright and righteous man"—we are quoting his epitaph still to be seen in Shuffleborough church—had always considered the article as a pleasant fable, something akin to the Unicorn, Dodo, or Phoenix, which everybody talked about, but whose existence as a tangible fact no one had yet discovered.

"Out he goes before another year is over!"

And out Stephen Briarly did go—expelled from his little paradise for tasting of the tree of knowledge. "This is a free country," it was his custom to say when urged to do anything against his wish, and he found it so; he was turned out of house and home—for "knowing his rights and maintaining them!"

"What a fool!"

Stop a moment, my friend, the world is not quite so bad as it seems, and the whirligig of time brings about its changes: another year saw Stephen Briarly in another farm, though under a different landlord. He had done one thing—no slight thing to do, after all—he had won the respect of his neighbours—he had won that by maintaining his own—and Grindley bit his thin lips with vexation.

It is market-day at Shuffleborough, and a dozen farmers are grouped about the door of the Green Dragon. "That's good carn," and the red nose—reddened by wind and general exposure—of Farmer No. 1, is buried in the sample.

"Cap'tal carn!" and Farmer No. 2, inhales the pleasant aroma.

"Fust-rate"—echo Farmers No. 3, 4, 5, and 6.



"What's the price?"

The price is mentioned, and again noses and fingers are brought into requisition.

"Is that the lowest?"

"Yes; it's Stephen Briarly's carn, and Stephen it is known makes no abatement."

"An honest man, Stephen."

"Steady chap—"

"First-rate farmer."

"Plucky too—blessed if it warn't—a credit to the country the way he served young Grindley—"

"I makes it a point to back a man like Briarly; he's to be depended upon—never has a second price, and his fust is al'ays a fair one."

So Stephen Briarly's name stood well in the market—and Stephen Briarly prospered—his crops all turned out well—his cattle did credit to their feeding—and upon the principle, we suppose, that "he who keeps fat oxen should himself be fat!"—Stephen took life as he had every reason to do—easily—and grew heartier and fatter every day.

He had cast the dice of fortune with a fearless hand—his stake was a heavy one, but his throw was an honest one—and had come up double sixes.

With our reader's permission we will now quit the country for a time, and taking a first-class ticket—we always travel first class—on paper—hurry up to London. We have arrived, and are standing in the magnificent vestibule of the Carlton Club House.

"When did the news arrive?"

"This morning by electric telegraph."

"Where did it take place?"

"Bois de Boulogne."

"Sad thing!"

"Yes; shot right through the lungs—died directly of course."

"And the cause of the quarrel?"

"Why—it appears that a young French officer was cleaned out at écarté, lost his temper and complained of false play: as Skimperly was the man who had won his money, he took it up; for a man of honour can't stand an accusation like that, you know."

"Certainly not."

"They went out directly, and the young frog-eater, who was a better hand with the pistol than the cards, sent poor Harry to the other world at the first shot."

"Pity! Skimperly was a good fellow, only too fond of the gaming-table."

"Since his estate became so soundly dipped he lived by it; it was

his only chance of making both ends meet, till the old Earl died."

"Skimperly knew the green baize pretty well—he always won."

"Always;" here they both laughed. "A clever fellow, and knew a thing or two as well as most—hilloa!—here's Bloodworth—is the House up?"—"Yes."

"And the motion?"

"Lost!" and the new comer took snuff with much irritability—"that cursed fellow Dale made a thundering speech as usual—three hours on his legs till I felt inclined to knock him off them."

"He's a rising man, Dale."

"Yes, he rises on every question. I don't know what we're coming to, when these fellows who never had a father get the ear of the House."

"Have you heard about Skimperly?"

"Curse Skimperly! he cheated at cards, and got shot for his pains. To think of losing the motion through that fellow's speech. I shall try it again next session though;" and the politician hastened away scattering a cloud of snuff as he went.

Back into the country again—how fast we travel in these days to be sure.

"Poor Grindley's been obliged to put his estate up to the hammer—"

"You mean his creditors have done it for him; but it serves him right—what business had a pettifogger's son to hand on to such nobs as the Skimperlys. I knew how it would be when he went up to London after young Skimperly's defeat at Shuffleborough."

"That election business was Grindley's ruin: he supplied all the funds, to be repaid when the old Earl died, and now Harry Skimperly's wiped out, and Grindley loses his money."—"Much?"

"A stiffish figure; but Grindley's London life has completed the business. I knew Grindley's wife when she was Polly Bateson—you know—daughter of old Bateson who kept the Crown, and ran Blue Peter at the Shuffleborough races. She cut all her old friends though directly she knew a lord. Nothing would do but Belgrave Square and an Opera-box for the season—serves Grindley right."

"Quite right; but who's bought the estate?"

"Oh, they've sold it piecemeal; some chap in Shuffleborough has bought a good slice of it."—"What's his name?"

"I don't know; but who's that? I've seen the face before." The two farmers turned and looked attentively at a man riding slowly up the road—a mean unprepossessing figure, with a sporting, or

rather "turfy" air about it—he sat his horse well, however—as one who delighted in, and was accustomed to the saddle.

"It's Grindley—come down about the purchase, I suppose; Rapp, the auctioneer, told me he expected him to-day."

"Well, push on; I don't like him, never did; but shouldn't like to be obliged to give him the cold shoulder now he's in misfortune."

The farmers put spurs to their nags and rode quickly away in an opposite direction to that Grindley was travelling. That worthy gentleman let the reins lie loose upon his horse's neck, using neither whip nor spur as the animal passed slowly along; his head was bent and his thin lips compressed; he was evidently in what is termed a brown study. He had journeyed thus for some time when he suddenly aroused himself, and looked around.

"And all this was mine, and would still be mine, but for—" we shall not chronicle the oath — "Mrs. Grindley's and my infatuation and folly. That villain Skimperly! what business had he to go fighting duels? his life was mine; didn't I speculate upon it—buy it? and here he goes and flings it away, just three days before the death of his father, which would have made my fortune and his own at the same time; he might then have broken his neck, or blown out his brains, whichever he liked, for anything I should care about the matter."

"This was the first lot; Ralph wrote me to say he'd sold it at a good price, but didn't tell me the name of the buyer; he's got some fine land, whoever he is; he's my good wishes."

Here Mr. Grindley ground his teeth, and struck the spur savagely into his horse's sides, at the same time checking the poor brute with the rein.

"May his ploughshare be the sexton's spade, and his grave the first furrow!" and with this Christian wish the squire rode on.

"I wonder what's the name of the fellow who has bought it!—here, boy—" and he addressed a young gentleman in smock and gaiters, who, seated on a distant gate, was busy shouting at the rooks, who were sailing in a dark cloud within a few yards of the teeming earth—"here, boy!"

"Wall?" questioned the young gentleman.

"What's the name of the person who has bought Meadow-dale?"

"Wot's his name?" the boy took some five minutes to fully comprehend the question, then answered—

"Wot's your'n?"

"I'll come and freshen up your wits with a horsewhip!" roared the amiable Mr. Grindley.

"Noa, yer wunt!" and the juvenile Corydon grinned from ear to ear.

"Why not, you scoundrel?"

"Cos you can't get at I, an' so I b'aint afeard."

"If I throw you a sixpence will you answer my question?"—"O'coorse!"

Mr. Grindley muttered to himself as he felt in his pocket—"I know I've got a bad sixpence somewhere; I took it in change at Abingdon. Ah! here it is; there you are, my boy," and he threw it into the field, "and I hope you'll be taken up for smashing (this latter part of his speech was delivered to himself). "Now, then, tell me who is it that has bought Meadow-dale?"

The boy rose from the stile, and was about to answer, when some object met his eyes, and he extended his hand—

"There he bees!"

Grindley looked in the direction to which the arm of the urchin pointed, and saw a hearty, fat, and burly gentleman, clad in the usual gaiters and cords, bright coat, and brighter buttons, of the well-to-do English farmer. This one in particular looked the very picture of health and contentment; his arm was resting caressingly upon the back of a fat ox, whose ribs he had just been probing, and at his feet reclined an—in proportion—equally fat sheep. Mr. Grindley touched his horse with the spur, and approached the gate.

"I beg your pardon," and Grindley raised his hat—for a man begins to do homage to respectability when his own is on the decline—"I beg your pardon, but I was asking the name of the purchaser of Meadow-dale."

"I'm the fortunate man," returned the stout farmer, briskly, as he was about to acknowledge the salute; then their eyes met, and they both started. The farmer was the first to speak.

"Is it possible?—Squire Grindley!"

The individual addressed struck his hat down firmly upon his head, and without a word, gave his horse the spur and galloped down the road; it was only after he had proceeded some fifty yards that the words burst from his lips—

"It's that scoundrel Stephen Briarly! Well, *who'd have thought it!!!*"



## THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

## CHAPTER IX.

SIR LOVEL MORTIMER'S DRUNKEN  
SERVANT.

I HAVE said that Ringwood Markham was a milksop. In days when men's swords were oftener out of the scabbard than in, the young squire had little chance of winning much respect in the gaming-houses and taverns that he loved to frequent; except by the expenditure of those golden guineas which his father had hoarded in the quiet economical life the Markham family led at Compton Hall before the death of the old squire. The Hall property which was by no means considerable, was so tightly tied up that Ringwood was powerless either to sell or mortgage it; and as he saw his father's savings melting away he felt that the time was not far distant, when he must either go back to Compton, turn country gentleman and live upon his estate, or else sink to the position of a penniless adventurer hanging about the purlieus of the scenes in which he had once been all in all to half a dozen shabby toad-eaters, and the obsequious waiters of twenty different taverns.

Ringwood Markham had never been in love. He was one of those men who, secure from the tempest of passions that wreck sterner souls, sink in some pitiful quicksand of folly. With no shade of profligacy in his own lymphatic temperament, he was led by his vanity to ape the vices of the most profligate amongst his vicious companions. With an utter distaste to drinking, he had learned to become a drunkard; without any real passion for play, he had half ruined himself at the gaming-table; but, do what he would, he was still a girlish coxcomb, and men laughed at his pretty face, his silky golden hair, and small waist.

Darrell Markham and his cousin Ringwood had met once or twice in London, but the old quarrel was still rankling in the heart of at least one of the two men; and the coolness between them had never been abated. Darrell felt a contempt for Millicent's brother which he took little pains to conceal; and it was only Ringwood's terror of his cousin that kept him from showing the hatred which had been engendered on the day of the one brief encounter between the two men. Darrell's sphere of action lay far away

from the taverns and coffee-houses in which the young squire wasted his useless life. Too brave to drown his regrets in drunkenness or dissipation, he fought the battle of his own heart, and emerged a conqueror from the strife. True to the memory of the past, he was true also to the duties of the present. He had ambitious dreams that consoled him in those lonely hours in which his cousin Millicent's mournful face stole between him and the pages of some political pamphlet. He had high hopes for a future, which might be brilliant though it could never be happy; perhaps some dim foreshadowing of a day on which the good ship *Vulture* should go down under a tattered and crime-stained flag, and he and Millicent be left high and dry upon the shore of life.

In the summer succeeding that Christmas upon the eve of which the foreign-looking pedlar had robbed Mrs. Sally Pecker of three silver spoons, a Tompion watch, seven pounds twelve shillings and four-pence in money, and her senses; while the mowers were busy about Compton in the warm June weather, Ringwood Markham was occupying a shabby lodging in the neighbourhood of Bedford-street, Covent-garden. The young squire's purse was getting hourly lower; but though he had been obliged to leave his handsome lodgings and dismiss the man who had served him as valet for a couple of years, flattering his weaknesses, wearing his waistcoats, and appropriating casual handfuls of his loose silver; though he could no longer afford to spend a twenty-pound note upon a tavern supper, or shatter his wine-glass upon the wall behind him after proposing a toast, Ringwood Markham still contrived to wear a peach-blossom coat, with glittering silver lace, and to show his elegant person and pretty girlish face at his favourite haunts.

He spent half the day in bed, and rose an hour or two after noon, to lounge till dusk in a dirty satin dressing-gown, which was variegated as much with wine stains as with embroidered flowers, worked by Millicent's patient fingers years before. His dinner was brought from a neighbouring tavern, together with a beer-stained copy of the *Flying Post*, in which Ringwood patiently spelt out the news, that he might be enabled to swagger and

display his stale information to the companions of the evening. It was as he was poring over this very journal, with the June sunlight streaming into his shabby chamber, where the fine toilette of the evening lay side by side with the relics of the morning's breakfast, in the shape of an empty chocolate cup and the remains of a roll—it was during Ringwood's dinner-hour that he was disturbed by the slipshod servantmaid of the lodging-house, who came to tell him that a gentleman, one calling himself Mr. Darrell Markham, was below and wished to speak with him.

Ringwood glanced instinctively to the space above the mantel-shelf, upon which there was a great display of pistols, rapiers, and other implements of warfare, and then, in rather a nervous tone of voice, told the servant girl to show the visitor upstairs.

Darrell's rapid step was heard upon the landing before the girl could leave the room.

"It is no time for ceremony, Ringwood," he said, dashing into the apartment, "nor for any old feeling of ill-will—I have come to talk to you about your sister."

"About Millicent?"

Mr. Ringwood Markham's countenance evinced a powerful sense of relief as Darrell declared the object of his visit.

"Yes, about Mrs. George Duke. If your sister was dead and gone, Ringwood Markham, I doubt if you would have heard the news."

"Millicent was always a poor correspondent," pleaded the squire, who spent the best part of a day in scrawling a few ill-shaped characters and ill-spelt words over half a page of letter-paper; "but what's wrong?"

"I scarce know if that which has happened may bewellor ill for my poor cousin," answered Darrell. "Captain Duke has been away a year and a half, and no word of tidings of either him or his ship has reached Compton."

Mr. Ringwood Markham opened his eyes and breathed hard by way of expressing strong emotion. He was so essentially selfish that he was a bad hypocrite. He had never learned even to affect an interest in other people's affairs.

Darrell Markham was walking rapidly up and down the room, his spurs clattering upon the worm-eaten boards.

"I only got the news to-day," he replied, "in a letter from Sally Pecker. I

had not heard from Compton for upwards of eight months, for it did me little good to have the old place brought to my mind; and to-day I got this letter from Sally, who says that the captain's return has long ceased to be looked for in Compton, except by Millicent, who still seems to expect him."

"And what do you think of all this?" asked Ringwood.

"What do I think? Why, that Captain George Duke and his ship, the *Vulture*, have met the fate that all who sail under false colours deserve. I know those who can tell of a vessel with the word *Vulture* painted on her figurehead, that has been seen off the coast of Morocco, with the black flag flying at the fore, and a crew of Africans chained down in the hold. I know of those who can tell of a wicked traffic between the Moorish coast and the West India Islands, and who speak of places where the coming of George Duke is more dreaded than the yellow fever. Good Heavens! can it be that this man has met his fate, and that Millicent is free?"

"Free?"

"Yes, free to marry an honest man," cried Darrell, his face flushing crimson with agitation.

Ringwood Markham had just intellect enough to be spiteful. He remembered the encounter in Farmer Morrison's kitchen, and said maliciously,

"Millicent will never be free till she hears certain news of her husband's death; if George Duke is such a roving customer as you make him out to be, his carcase may rot upon some foreign shore and she be none the wiser."

"He has been away a year and a half," answered Darrell; "if he does not return within seven years from the time of his first sailing, Millicent may marry again."

"Is that the law?"

"As I've heard it, from a boy. A year and a half gone; five years and a half to wait. My little Millicent, my poor Millicent, the time will be but a day, an hour, with such a star of hope to beckon me on to the end."

Darrell sank into a chair against the open window, and buried his face in his hands.

Ringwood Markham could not resist the pleasure of inflicting another wound.

"I shouldn't wonder if the captain is back before the summer is out," he said; "from what I know of George Duke, I think him no likely fellow to



lose his life lightly, either on sea or land."

Darrell took no notice of this speech. I doubt much if he even heard it. His thoughts had floated away on that one floodtide of hopeful emotion to the distant ocean of a happy future.

"Hark ye, Ringwood," he said presently, rising, and walking towards the door, "I did not come here to talk lovers' talk. If George Duke does not return, Millicent will be a lonely and helpless woman for nearly six years to come, with nothing to live upon but the interest of the two thousand pounds the squire gave her on her marriage. I am but a poor man, but I claim a cousin's right to help her; but I must keep from her all knowledge of the quarter whence that help will come. You, as her brother, are bound to protect her. See that she wants for no comfort that can cheer her lonely life."

If Ringwood had not been afraid of his stalwart cousin, he would have whimpered out some petty excuse about his own poverty; but as it was, he said, with rather a long face,

"I will do all I can, Darrell."

Darrell shook hands with him for the first time since their quarrel, and left him to his toilette and his evening's dissipation.

Ringwood dressed himself in the peach-blossom and silver suit, and cocked his hat jauntily upon his flowing locks. In an age when periwigs were all the fashion, the young squire prided himself much upon the luxuriant natural curls which clustered about his high but narrow forehead. This particular evening he was especially careful of his toilette, for he had appointed to meet a gay party at Ranelagh, the chief of which was to be a certain west-country baronet, called Sir Lovel Mortimer, and better known in two or three taverns of rather doubtful reputation than in the houses of the aristocracy.

The west-country baronet outshone Ringwood Markham both in the elegance of his costume and the languid affectation of his manners. Titled ladies glanced approvingly at Sir Lovel's slim figure as he glided through the stately contortions of a minuet, and many a bright eye responded with a friendly scintillation to the flaming glances of the young baronet's great, restless black orbs. This extreme restlessness, which Darrell had perceived even in the apartment at the Reading inn, was of course a great

deal more marked in a crowded assembly such as that in the brilliant dancing-room at Ranelagh.

The west-country baronet seemed ubiquitous. His white velvet coat, in which frosted rosebuds glittered in silk embroidery and tiny foil stones; his diamond-hilted court sword and shoe buckles; his flaxen periwig, and burning black eyes flashed in every direction. His incessant moving from place to place rendered it almost impossible for any but the most acute observer to detect that Sir Lovel Mortimer had very few acquaintances amongst the aristocratic throng, and that the only persons whom he addressed familiarly were the four or five young men who had accompanied him, Ringwood Markham included.

The young squire was delighted at having made so distinguished an acquaintance. It was hard for the village-bred Cumbrian to detect the difference between the foil stones upon Sir Lovel's embroidered coat and the diamonds in his shoe-buckles; how impossible, then, for him to discover the wide varieties of tone in the west-country baronet's manners and those of the earls and marquises who lifted their eye-glasses to look at him. Ringwood followed Sir Lovel with a wide open-eyed stare of respect and admiration, and when the place began to grow less crowded, and the baronet proposed adjourning to his lodgings in Cheyne Walk, and giving the party a broiled bone and a few throws of the dice, the squire was the first to assent to the proposition.

The young men walked to the baronet's house. It was not in Cheyne Walk, but in an obscure street leading away from the river—a street in which the houses were small and gloomy.

Sir Lovel Mortimer stopped before a house the windows of which were all dark, and knocked softly with his cane upon the panel of the door.

Ringwood, who had been already drinking a great deal, caught hold of the brazen knocker, and sounded a tremendous peal.

"You have no need to arouse the street, Mr. Markham," said the baronet, with some vexation; "I make no doubt my servant is on the watch for us."

But it seemed as if Sir Lovel was mistaken, for the young men waited some time before the door was opened; and when at last the bolts were undone, and the party admitted into the house, they found themselves in darkness.

"Why, how's this, you lazy hound?" cried Sir Lovel; "have you been asleep?"

"Yesh," answered a thick, unsteady voice; "sh'pose—I've been—'shleep."

"Why, you're drunk, you rascal," exclaimed the baronet: "here, fetch a light, will you?"

"I'm feshin' a light," the voice answered; "I'm feelin' for tind' box."

A scrambling of hands upon a shelf, the dropping of a flint and steel, and the rattling of candlesticks, succeeded this assertion; and in a few moments a light was struck, a wax candle lighted, and the speaker's face illuminated by a feeble flicker.

Sir Lovel Mortimer's servant was drunk; his face was dirty; his wig pushed over his eyebrows, and singed by the candle in his hand; his cravat was twisted awry, and hung about his neck like a halter; his eyes were dim and watery from the effect of strong liquors; and it was with difficulty he kept himself erect by swaying slowly to and fro as he stood staring vacantly at his master and his master's guests.

But it was not the mere drunkenness of the man's aspect which startled Ringwood Markham.

Sir Lovel Markham's servant was Captain George Duke.

About four o'clock the next afternoon, when Ringwood awoke from his prolonged drunken sleep, the first thing he did was to find a sheet of paper, scrawl half a dozen words upon it, fold it, and direct it thus:—

"Darrell Markham, Esq.,  
At the Earl of C——'s,  
St. James's Square."

The few words Ringwood scrawled were these:—

"Dear Darrell—George Duke is not ded. I saw him last nite at a hous in Chelsey.—Yours to comand,

"R. MARKHAM."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOUSE AT CHELSEA.

DARRELL MARKHAM had left London on some business for his patron when Ringwood's messenger delivered the brief lines telling of the young man's encounter with Captain George Duke.

It was a week before Darrell returned to St. James's-square, where he found the

young squire's letter waiting for him. One rapid glance at the contents of Ringwood's ill-spelled epistle was enough. He crumpled the letter into his pocket, threw his hat on his head, and without a moment's delay ran straight to the squire's lodging by Bedford-street.

He found Ringwood lying in bed, spelling out the grease-stained pages of one of Mr. Fielding's novels. Tavern tankards and broken glasses were scattered on the table, empty bottles lay upon the ground, and the bones of a fowl and the remnants of a loaf of bread adorned the soiled table-cloth. Master Ringwood had entertained a couple of old friends to supper on the previous evening.

"Ringwood Markham," said his cousin, holding out the young man's missive, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Of which?" asked the squire, with a stupid stare. The fumes of the wine and ale of his last night's orgy had not quite cleared away from his intellect, somewhat obscure at the best of times.

"Of this letter, in which, as I think, you tell me the biggest lie that ever one man told another. George Duke in England—George Duke at Chelsea—what does it mean, man? speak!"

"Don't you be in a hurry," said Ringwood, throwing his book into a corner of the room, propping himself up upon his pillow, and looking at Darrell with a species of half-tipsy gravity most ludicrous to behold; "split me, if you give a fellow time to collect his ideas. As to big lies, you'd better be careful how you use such expressions to a man of my reputation. Ask 'em round in Covent-garden whether I didn't offer to throw a spittoon at the sea captain who insulted me; and would have done it, too, if the bully hadn't knocked me down first. As to my letter, I'm prepared to stand to what I said in it. And now what did I say in it?"

"Look at it in your own hand," answered Darrell, giving him the letter.

Ringwood spelt out his own epistle as carefully as if it had been some peculiar and mystic communication written in Greek or Hebrew; and then returning it to his cousin, said, with a toss of his pale golden locks that flung his silk nightcap rakishly askew on his forehead,

"As to that letter, Cousin Darrell Markham, the letter's nothing. What do you say to my finding George Duke, of the *Vulture*, acting as servant to my distinguished friend from Devonshire, Sir Lovel Mortimer, Baronet? What do you



say to his taking Sir Lovel's orders like any low knave that ever was? What do you say to his being in so drunken a state as to be sent away to bed with a sharp reprimand from his master, before I had the chance to speak a word to him?"

"What do I say to this?" cried Darrell, walking up and down the room in his agitation, "why, that it can't be true. It's some stupid mistake of yours."

"It can't be true, can't it? It's some stupid mistake of mine, is it? Upon my word, Mr. Darrell Markham, you're a very mannerly person to come into a gentleman's room and take advantage of his not having his sword at his side to tell him he's a fool and a liar. I tell you I saw George Duke, drunk, and acting as servant to my friend, Sir Lovel Mortimer."

"Did George Duke recognise you?" asked Darrell.

"Don't I tell you that he was blind drunk!" cried the young squire, very much exasperated; "how should he recognise me when he could scarcely see out of his eyes for drunkenness? I might have spoken to him, but before I could think whether 'twas best to speak or not, Sir Lovel had given him a kick and sent him about his business; and on second thoughts I reflected that it would be no great gain to expose family matters to the Baronet by letting him know that my brother-in-law was serving him as a lacquey."

"But did you make no inquiries about this scoundrel?"

"I did. I told Sir Lovel I had a fancy that I knew the man's face, and asked who he was. The baronet knew nothing of him, except that he had served him for a twelvemonth, and was as faithful a fellow as ever breathed, though over-fond of drink."

Darrell did not make any reply to his cousin's speech for some little time, but walked up and down the room absorbed in thought.

"Ringwood Markham," he said at last, stopping short by the side of the bed, "there's some mystery in all this that neither you nor I can penetrate. I know this Lovel Mortimer, this west-country baronet."

"Then you know my very good friend," said Ringwood, with a consequential smirk.

"I know one of the most audacious highwaymen that ever contrived to escape the Old Bailey."

"A highwayman! The baronet—the

mould of fashion and the glass of form—as Lawless, the attorney, said of him; the most elegant beau that ever danced at Ranelagh; the owner of one of the finest estates in Devonshire. Have a care, Darrell, how you speak of my friends."

"It would be better if you had more care in choosing them," answered Darrell, quietly. "My poor, foolish Ringwood, I hope you have not been letting this man clean out your pockets at hazard."

"I have lost a few guineas to him at odd times," muttered Ringwood, with a very long face.

The young squire had paid dearly enough for his love of fashionable company, and he had borne his losses without a murmur; but to find that he had been made a fool of all the while was a bitter blow to his self-conceit; still more bitter, since Darrell, of all others, was the person to undeceive him.

"You mean to tell me, then," he said, ruefully, "that this Sir Lovel——"

"Is no more Sir Lovel than you are," answered Darrell; "that all the fashion he can pretend to is that he has picked up on the king's highway; and that the only estate he will ever be master of in Devonshire or elsewhere will be enough stout timber to build him a gallows when his course comes to an abrupt termination. He is known to the knights of the road and the constables by the nickname of Captain Fanny, and there is little doubt the house in Chelsea to which he took you was a nest of highwaymen."

Ringwood had not a word to say; he sat with his nightcap in his hand and one foot out of bed, staring helplessly at his cousin, and scratching his head dubiously.

"But that is not all," continued Darrell, "there is some mystery in the connexion between this man and George Duke. They might prove a dozen alibis, and they might swear me out of countenance, but prove what they may, and swear all they may, I can still declare that George Duke was the man who robbed me between Compton-on-the-Moor and Marley Water—George Duke was the man who stole my horse, and it was only seven months back that I found that very horse, stolen from me by that very George Duke, in the custody of this man, your friend, the baronet, alias Captain Fanny. The upshot of it is, that while we have thought George Duke was away upon the high seas, he has been hiding in London and going about the country robbing honest men. The ship *Vulture*

is a fiction, and instead of being a merchant, a privateer, a pirate, or a slaver, George Duke is neither more nor less than a highwayman."

"I only know that I saw him one night last week at a house in Chelsea," muttered Ringwood, feebly. His weak intellect could scarcely keep pace with Darrell's excitement.

"Get up and dress yourself, Ringwood, while I run to the nearest magistrate; this fellow, Captain Fanny, stole my horse and emptied my pockets on the Bath road; we'll get a warrant out, take a couple of constables with us, and you shall lead the way to the house in which you saw George Duke; we'll unearth the scoundrels and find a clue to this mystery before night."

"Two constables is not much," murmured Ringwood, doubtfully. "Sir Lovel always had his friends about him, and there may be a small regiment in that house."

Darrell looked at his cousin with undisguised contempt.

"We don't want you to face the gang," he said; "we shall only ask you to show us the way and point out the house; you can run away and hide round the corner when you've done that, while I go in with the constables."

"As to pointing out the house," answered the crest-fallen squire, "I'll give you my help and welcome; but a man may be as brave as a lion, and yet not have any great fancy for being shot from behind a door."

"I'll take the risks of any stray bullets, man," cried Darrell, laughing; "only get up and dress yourself without loss of time, while I go and fetch the constables."

The getting of a warrant was rather a long business, and sorely tried Darrell's patience. It was dusk when the matter was accomplished, and the young man returned to Ringwood's lodging with the two constables and the official document which was to secure the elegant person of Captain Fanny.

Darrell found his cousin specially equipped for the expedition, and armed to the teeth with a complicated collection of pistols, of the power to manage which he was as innocent as a baby. A formidable naval sword swung at his side, and got between his legs at every turn, while the muzzles of a tremendous pair of horse-pistols peeped out of his coat-pockets in such a manner that had they by any chance exploded, their charge

must inevitably have been lodged in the elbows of the squire.

Darrell set his cousin's warlike toilette a little in order, Ringwood reluctantly consenting to be left with only one pair of pistols and a small rapier, in exchange for the tremendous cutlass he had placed so much faith in.

"It isn't the size of your weapon, but whether you're able to use it, that makes the difference, Ringwood," said Darrell. "Come along, my lad. We won't leave you in the thick of the fight, depend upon it."

Ringwood looked anxiously into the faces of the two constables, as if to see whether there were any symptoms of a disposition to run away in either of their stolid countenances; and being apparently satisfied with the inspection, consented to step into a hackney-coach with his three companions.

Ringwood Markham was by no means the best of guides. The coachman who drove the party had rather a bad time of it. First, Ringwood was for going to Chelsea through Tyburn turnpike, and could scarcely be persuaded that Ranelagh and Cheyne Walk did not lie somewhere in that direction. Then the young squire harassed and persecuted his unfortunate charioteer by suddenly commanding him to take abrupt turnings to the left, and to follow intricate windings to the right, and to keep scrupulously out of the high road that would have taken him straight to his direction. He grew fidgety the moment they passed Hyde-park Corner, and was for driving direct to the marshes about Westminster, assuring his companions that it was necessary to pass the abbey in order to get to Chelsea, for he had passed it on the night in question; and at last, when Darrell fairly lost patience with him, and bade the coachman go his own way to Cheyne Walk without further waste of time, Millicent's brother threw himself back in a fit of the sulks, declaring that they had made a fool of him by bringing him as their guide, and then forbidding him to speak.

But when they reached Cheyne Walk, and leaving the coach against Don Saltero's tavern, set out on foot to find the house occupied by Captain Fanny, Ringwood Markham was of very little more use than before. In the first place, he had never known the name of the street; in the second place, he had gone to it from Ranelagh, and not from London, and that made



all the difference in the finding of it, as he urged, when Darrell grew impatient at his stupidity; and then again, he had been with a merry party on that particular night, and had therefore taken little notice of the way. At last Darrell hit upon the plan of leading his cousin quietly through all the small streets at the back of Cheyne Walk, in hopes by that means of arriving at the desired end. Nor was he disappointed; for after twenty false alarms, and just as he was beginning to give up the matter for a bad job, Ringwood suddenly came to a dead stop before the door of a substantial-looking house, and cried triumphantly,

"That's the knocker!"

But the young squire had given Darrell and the constables so much trouble for the last hour and a half by stopping every now and then, under the impression that he recognised a door-step, or a shutter, a lion's head in stone over the doorway, a brass bell-handle, a scraper, a peculiarly-shaped paving-stone, or some other object, and then, after a few moments' deliberation, confessing himself to be mistaken, that, in spite of his triumphant tone, his cousin felt rather doubtful about the matter.

"You're sure it is the house, Ringwood?" he said.

"Sure! Don't I tell you I know the knocker? Am I likely to be mistaken, do you think?" asked the squire, indignantly, quite forgetting that he had confessed himself mistaken about twenty times in the last hour. "Don't I tell you that I know the knocker. I know it because I knocked upon it, and Sir Lov—he—the Captain, said I was a fool. It's a dragon's-head knocker in brass. I remember it well."

"A dragon's head is a common enough pattern for a knocker," said Darrell, rather hopelessly.

"Yes; but all dragon's heads are not beaten flat on one side as this is, are they?" cried Ringwood. "I remember taking notice how the brass had been battered by some roysterer's sword-hilt or loaded cane. I tell you this is the house, cousin; and if you want to see George Duke, you'd better knock at the door. As I was a friend of Sir Lovel's, I'd rather not be seen in the matter; so I'll just step round the corner."

With which expression of gentlemanly feeling, Mr. Ringwood Markham retired, leaving his cousin and the constables upon the door-step. It had long been

dark, and the night was dull and moonless, with a heavy fog rising from the river.

Markham directed the two men to conceal themselves behind a projecting doorway a few paces down the street, while he knocked and reconnoitred the place.

His summons was answered by a servant-girl, who carried a candle in her hand, and who told him that the west-country baronet, Sir Lovel Mortimer, had indeed occupied a part of the house, with his servant, and two or three of his friends; but that he had left three days before, and the lodgings were now to be let.

Did the girl know where Sir Lovel had gone? Darrell asked.

She believed he had gone back to Devonshire; but she would ask her missus, if the gentleman wished.

But the gentleman did not wish. He was so disappointed at the result of his expedition that he scarcely cared even to make an attempt at putting it to some trifling use.

But as he was turning to leave the door-step, he stopped to ask the girl one more question.

"This servant of Sir Lovel's," he said, "what sort of a person was he?"

"A nasty, grumpy, disagreeable creature," the girl answered.

"Did you know his name?"

"His master always called him Jeremiah, sir; some of the other gentlemen called him sulky Jeremiah, because he was always grumbling and growling, except when he was tipsy."

"Can you tell me what he was like?" asked Darrell. "Was he a good-looking fellow?"

"Oh, as for that," answered the servant-girl, "he was well enough to look at, but too surly for the company of decent folks."

Darrell dropped a piece of silver into the girl's hand, and wished her good night. The constables emerged from their lurking-place as the young man left the doorstep.

"Is it the right house, sir?" asked one of them.

"Yes," replied Darrell; "we've found the nest sure enough, but the birds have flown. We must even make the best of it, my friends, and go home, for our warrant is but waste-paper to-night."

They found Ringwood Markham waiting patiently enough round the corner. He chuckled rather maliciously when he heard of his cousin's disappointment.

"You'll believe me though, anyhow," he said, "since you found that it was the right house."

"Yes, the right house," answered Darrell, moodily; "but there's little satisfaction in that. How do I know that this sulky servant of the highwayman's was really George Duke, and that you were not deceived by some fancied likeness?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

THE star of the young squire, Ringwood Markham, shone for a very little longer in metropolitan hemispheres. His purse was empty, his credit exhausted, his health impaired, his spirits gone, and himself altogether so much the worse for his few brief years of London life, that there was nothing better for him to do than go quietly back to Compton-on-the-Moor, and take up his abode at the Hall, with an old woman as his housekeeper, and a couple of farm labourers for the rest of his establishment. This old woman had lived at Compton Hall while the shutters were closed before the principal windows, the heavy bolts fastened upon the chief doors, and the dust, cobwebs, and shadows brooding about the portraits of the dead and gone Markhams, whose poor painted images looked out with wan and ghastly simpers from the oaken wainscoting. The old housekeeper, I say, had led a very easy life in the dreary, darkened house, while Ringwood, its master, was roystering in the taverns about Covent-garden; and she was by no means too well pleased when, in the dusk of a misty October evening, the young squire rode quietly up the deserted avenue, dismounted from his horse in the stable-yard, walked in at the back door leading into the servants' regions, and standing upon the broad hearth in the raftered kitchen, told her rather sulkily that he had come to live there.

His coming made very little change, however: he established himself in the oak parlour, in which his father had smoked and drunk and sworn himself into his coffin; and after giving strict orders that only the shutters of those rooms used by himself should be opened, he determinedly set his face against the outraged inhabitants of Compton. Now these simple people, not being aware that

Ringwood Markham had spent every guinea that he had to spend, took great umbrage at his eccentric and solitary manner of living, and forthwith solved the enigma by setting him down a miser.

When in the dusk of the evening the squire crept out of the Hall gates, and strolling up to honest Sally Pecker's hospitable mansion, took his glass of punch in the best parlour of the inn, the Compton folks gathered round him and paid their homage to him as they had done to his father, when that obstinate-tempered and violent old gentleman was pleased to hold his court at the Bear. Ringwood felt that simple as the retired Cumbrian villagers were, they were wiser than the Londoners who had emptied his purse for him while they laughed in their sleeves at his dignity. Yes, on the whole, he was certainly happier at Compton than in his Bedford-street lodgings, or with his old tavern companions. He had been used to lead a very narrow life at the best, and the dull monotony of this new existence gave him no pain.

Millicent saw very little of her brother. He would sometimes drop into the cottage at dusk on his way to the Black Bear, and sit with her for a few minutes, talking of the village, or the farm, or some other of the every-day matters of life; but his sister's simple society only wearied him, and after about a quarter of an hour he would begin to yawn drearily behind his hand, and then after kissing her upon the forehead as he bade her good-night, he would stroll away to Sarah Pecker's, switching his light riding-whip as he walked, and pleased by the sensation his embroidered coat created among the village urchins and the idle women gossiping at their doors. It had been agreed between Darrell and Ringwood that Millicent was to know nothing of the house in Chelsea and the young squire's mysterious rencontre with George Duke or his shadow.

People in Compton—who knew of Darrell's encounter with the highwayman upon the moor, and of Mrs. Duke's meeting with the ghost upon Marley Pier—said that the Captain of the *Vulture* had his double, who appeared sometimes to those belonging to him, and whose appearance was no doubt a sign of trouble and calamity to George Duke. Such things had been before, they whispered, let the parson of the parish say what he would; and there were some ghosts that



all the Latin that worthy gentleman knew would never lay in the Red Sea.

The quiet years rolled slowly by unmarked by change, either at the Hall, the Black Bear, or the little cottage in which Millicent spent her tranquil days. No tidings came to Compton of the *Vulture* or its Captain, and though Millicent refused to wear a widow's dress, the feeling slowly crept upon her that she was indeed a widow, and that the tie knotted for her by others, and so bitter to bear, was broken by the mighty hand of death.

For the first year or two after Ringwood Markham's return, it was thought that he would most likely marry and take his place in the village as his father had done before him. The Hall estate was considered to be a very comfortable fortune in the neighbourhood of Compton-on-the-Moor, and many a rich farmer's daughter sported her finest ribbons, and pinned her jauntily-trimmed hat coquettishly aslant upon her roll of glossy hair in hopes of charming the young squire. But Ringwood's heart was a fortress by no means easy to be stormed: selfishness held her court therein, and complete indifference to all simple pleasures, and a certain weariness of life, had succeeded the young man's brief career of dissipation.

As his fortune mended with the first few years of his new and steady life, something of the miser's feeling took possession of his cold nature. He had spent his money upon ungrateful boon companions, who had laughed at him for his pains, and refused him a guinea when his purse was low. He would be warned by the past, and learn to be wiser in the future. Small tenants on the Compton Hall estate began to murmur to each other that Master Ringwood Markham was a hard landlord, and that times were even worse now for poor folks than in the old squire's day. These poor people spoke nothing but the truth. As Ringwood's empty purse filled once more, the young man felt a greedy eagerness to save money; for what purpose he scarcely gave himself the trouble to think. Perhaps when he did think very seriously, a shuddering fear came over him that his impaired constitution was not to be easily mended—that even the fine north-country air sweeping across broad expanses of brown moorland, and floating in at the open windows of the oak parlour, could never bring a healthy glow back to his flushed cheeks; and that it might be that he inherited with his mother's fair face

something of her feebleness of constitution. But it was rarely that he suffered his mind to dwell upon these things. He was his own steward, and rode a grey pony about the farm, watching the men at their work, and gloating over the progress of the crops as the changing seasons did their bounteous work, and the bright face of plenty met him in his way.

Northern harvests are late, and that harvest was especially late which was garnered in the seventh autumn succeeding the last sailing of the good ship *Vulture* from the harbour at Marley Water. September had been wet and cold, and October set in with a gloomy aspect, as of an unwelcome winter come before his due time. In the early days of this chill and cheerless October, they were still stacking the corn upon the Compton Hall farm, while Ringwood, on his white pony, rode from field to field to watch the progress of the men. The young squire was cautious and suspicious, and rarely thought that work was well done unless he was at the heels of those who did it.

He paid dearly enough for this want of faith in those who served him, for it was in one of these rides that he caught a chill that settled on his lungs, and threw him on a bed of sickness.

At the first hint of his illness Millicent was by his side, patient and loving, eager to soothe and comfort, to tend and to restore. Like all creatures of his class, weak alike in physical and mental qualities, the young man peculiarly felt the helplessness of his state. He clung to his sister as if he had been a sick child and she his mother. In the dead of the night he would awake with the cold drops standing on his brow, and cry aloud to her to come to him; then, comforted and reassured at finding her watching by his side, he would fall into a peaceful slumber with her hand clasped in his, and his fair head pillowed upon her shoulder.

The Compton doctor shook his head when he looked at the young squire's hectic cheeks and sounded his narrow chest. Not satisfied with the village surgeon's decision, Millicent sent to Marley Water for a physician to look at her sinking brother; but the physician only confirmed what his colleague had already said. There was no hope for Ringwood. Little matter whether they called it a violent cold, or a spasmodic cough, inflammation of the lungs, or low fever. All that need be told about him

would have been better told in one word—consumption. His mother had died of it before him, fading quietly away as he was fading now.

In the dismal silences of those long winter nights in which the sick man awoke so often—always to see Millicent's fair face, lighted by the faint glimmer of the night-lamp, or the glow of the embers in the grate—Ringwood began to think of his past life—a brief life, which had been spent to no useful end whatsoever—a selfish life that had been passed in stolid indifference to the good of others—perhaps, from this terrible uselessness, almost a wicked life.

A few nights before that upon which the young squire died, he lay awake a long time counting the chiming of the quarters from the turret of Compton church, listening to the embers falling on the broad stone hearth, and the ivy leaves flapping and scraping at the window-panes, with something like the sound of skeleton fingers tapping for admittance. And from this he fell to watching his sister's face as she sat in a low chair by the hearth, with her large, thoughtful blue eyes fixed upon the hollow fire, and the unread volume half dropping from her loose hand.

How pretty she was, he thought; but what a pensive beauty! How little of the light of joy had ever beamed from those melancholy eyes since the old days when Darrell and she were friends and play-fellows, before Captain George Duke had ever shown his handsome face at the Hall. Thinking thus, it was only natural for him to remember his own share in forcing on this unhappy marriage; how he had persuaded his father to hear no girlish prayers, and to heed neither tears nor lamentations. Remembering this, he could but remember also the mean motive that had urged him to this course; the contemptible spite against his cousin Darrell, that had made him eager even for the shipwreck of his sister's happiness, so that her lover might suffer. He was dying now, and the world and all that was in it was of so little use to him, that he was ready enough to forgive his cousin all the old grudges between them, and to wish him well for the future.

"Millicent!" he said, by and bye.

"Yes, dear," answered his sister, creeping to his side. "I thought you were asleep. Have you been awake long, Ringwood?"

"Yes; a long time."

"A long time! my poor boy."

"Perhaps it's better to be awake sometimes," murmured the sick man. "I don't want to slip out of life in one long sleep. I've been thinking, Millicent."

"Thinking, dear?"

"Yes; thinking what a bad brother I've been to you."

"A bad brother, Ringwood. No, no, no!" She fell on her knees by the bedside as she spoke, and cast her loving arms about his wasted frame.

"Yes, Millicent, a bad brother. I helped to urge on your marriage with a man you hated. I helped to part you from the man you loved, and to make your young life miserable. You know that, and yet you're here, night after night, nursing me as tenderly as if I'd never thought but of your happiness."

"The past is all forgiven long ago, dear Ringwood," said his sister, earnestly; "it would be ill for brother and sister if the love between them could not outlive old injuries, and be the brighter and the truer for old sorrows. I have outlived the memory of my misery long ago. Ringwood dear, I have led a tranquil life for years past, and it seems as if it had pleased God to set me free from the ties that seemed so heavy to bear."

"You will be almost a rich woman after my death, Milly," said her brother, with a more cheerful tone. I have done a good deal in these last five years to improve the property, and you will find a bag full of guineas in the brass-handled bureau, where I keep all my papers and accounts. I think you may trust John Martin the bailiff, and Lawson and Thomas, and they will keep an eye upon the farm for your interest. You'll have to grow a woman of business when I'm gone, Milly, and it will be a fine change for you from yonder cottage in Compton High-street to this big house."

"Ringwood, Ringwood, don't speak of this!"

"But I must, Milly. It's time to speak of these things when a man feels he has not an hour upon this side of the grave that he can call his own. I want you to promise me something, Millicent, before I die; for a promise made to a dying man is always binding."

"Ringwood dear, what is there I would not do for you?"

"I knew you wouldn't refuse. Now listen. How long has Captain Duke been away?"

She thought by this sudden mention of



her husband's name, that Ringwood's mind was wandering.

"Seven years, dear, next January."

"I thought so. Now, Milly, listen to me. When the month of January is nearly out, I want you to take a journey to London, and carry a letter from me to Darrell Markham."

"I'll do it, dear Ringwood, and would do more than that, if you wish. But why in January? Why not sooner?"

"Because it's a fancy I have; a sick man's fancy, perhaps. The letter is not written yet, but I'll write it before I fall asleep again. Get me the pen and ink, Milly."

"To-morrow, dearest, not to-night," she pleaded; "you've been fatiguing yourself already with talking so much; write the letter to-morrow."

"No, to-night," he said, impatiently; "this very night, this very hour. I shall fall into a fever of anxiety if I don't write without a moment's delay. It is but a few lines."

His loving nurse thought it better to comply with his wishes than to irritate him by a refusal. She brought paper, pens, ink, sealing-wax, and seals, and a lighted candle, and arranged them on the little table by his bedside. She propped him up with pillows, so as to make his task as easy to him as possible, and then quietly withdrew to her seat by the hearth.

The reader knows how difficult penmanship was to Ringwood Markham even when in good health. It was a very hard task to him to-night. He laboured long and painfully with the spluttering quill pen, and wrote but a few lines after all. These he read and re-read with evident satisfaction; and then folding the big sheet of foolscap very carefully, he sealed it with a great splash of red wax and the Markham arms, and addressed it, in a feeble, sprawling hand, with many blots, to *Darrell Markham, Esq., to be delivered to him by Millicent Duke, at the close of January, 17—*.

"I have done Darrell many a wrong," he said, as he handed the letter to his sister, "but I think that this may repair all. It is my last will and testament, Milly. I shall make no other, for there is none to claim the property but you."

"And you have left Darrell something, then?" she asked.

"Nothing but that letter. I trust to you to deliver it faithfully, and I know that Darrell will be content."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Sarah Pecker came to the Hall whenever she had a spare moment, to help Millicent in her task of nursing the dying man. She was with her at that last dying moment, when the faint straws of life to which the young squire had clung floated one by one out of his feeble hands, and left him to be engulfed in Death's pitiless ocean.

Friendly and loving faces were the last to fade away from the dying man's eyes; soothing voices were the last to grow faint and strange upon his dull ears; gentle hands supported the fainting frame; cool fingers laid their touch upon the burning brow. It was better to die thus, than to spill his blood on a sanded floor in a tavern brawl; though he had been the most distinguished buck, duellist, bully, and swaggerer between Covent-garden and Pall Mall.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTAIN FANNY.

Six years had passed since that Christmas-eve upon which the foreign-looking pedlar robbed Mrs. Sarah Pecker, and worked such a wonderful change for the better in the fortunes and social status of her husband Samuel; and again Betty the cookmaid was busy plucking geese and turkeys; and again Mrs. Sarah stood at her ample dresser rolling out the paste for Christmas pies; again the mighty coal fire roared half-way up the chimney, and the capacious oven was like a furnace, and only to be approached with due precaution,—a glorious cavern out of which good things seemed for ever issuing;—big, sprawling, crusty, golden, brown-coloured loaves, steaming batches of pies, small regiments of flat cakes of so little account as to be flung without ceremony upon the bare hearth, to grow cool at their leisure. Again was the loitering carrier expected with groceries from the market town; again did rich streams of a certain sweet-smelling scent unknown to court perfumers, and commonly known as rum-punch, issue from the half-open doors of the parlour and the sanctuary of the bar.

But for all that these Christmas preparations differed in no manner from those of a Christmas six years before, there were changes at the Bear—changes which the reader has already been told of. Mrs.

Pecker had grown wondrously subdued in voice and manner. Something almost of timidity mingled with this new manner of the portly Sarah's,—something of a perpetual uneasiness—a continual dread, no one knew of what. So changed, indeed, was she in this respect, that Samuel had sometimes to cheer her and console her when she was what he called “low,” and to administer modest glasses of punch or comfortable hot suppers as restoratives.

While things were thus with Sarah, her worthy husband had very much improved under his better-half's new manner of treatment.

He was no longer afraid of his own customers nor of his own voice. He no longer trembled or blushed when suddenly addressed in conversation. He could venture to draw himself a mug of his own ale without looking nervously across his shoulder all the while. Samuel Pecker was a new man; still a little given to believe in ghosts, perhaps, and to be solemn when coffin-shaped cinders flew out of the fire; still a little doubtful as to going anywhere alone in the dark; but for all that a very lion of courage and audacity compared to what he had been before the foreign-looking pedlar threw Mrs. Pecker into a swoon.

The Bear was especially gay this Christmas-eve, for a party of gentlemen had ridden over from York, and were dining in the white parlour, a state apartment on the first-floor; they were to sleep that night and spend their Christmas-day at the inn, and the turkey lying helplessly in Betty's lap was set aside for them.

“And isn't one of 'em a handsome one, too?” said the cook, pulling vigorously at one of the biggest feathers. “You should go in and have a look at 'un, missus,—such black eyes, that pierce you through and through like a streak of lightning! and little white hands, just for all the world like Mrs. Duke's, and all covered with diamonds and such like. And ain't he a saucy one, too?—and ain't the others afraid of him? The other two were for leaving here after dinner, and when he said he should stay, one of 'em asked if the place was—something, I couldn't catch the word; but he burst out laughing, and told him he was a lily-livered rascal, and not fit company for gentlemen, and the other rattled his glass on the table, and said the Captain was right—only he swore awful!” added Betty, with solemn horror.

While the cook was amusing her mistress with these details, Samuel put his head in at the kitchen door.

“Them bloods in the white parlour are rare noisy ones,” he said; “they want half a dozen of the old port, and there's only three of 'em, and they've had Madeira and claret already. I wish you'd go up to 'em, Sarah, and give 'em a hint that they might be a little quieter. I'll go down for the wine, if you'll put yourself straight while I'm getting it.”

Sarah complied, wiped the flour from her hands, smoothed her cap-ribbons, and drew on her mittens by the time Samuel emerged from the cellar with two cobweb-shrouded black bottles under each arm.

“I've brought four, Sally,” he said, as he landed the precious burden on the kitchen table. “I'll carry them up for you, and you can bring a few glasses.”

The trio in the white parlour was certainly rather a riotous one. A pair of massive wax-candles burned in solid silver candlesticks upon the polished oaken table, which was strewn with nuts, figs, raisins, oranges, and nut-crackers, and amply garnished with empty bottles and glittering diamond-cut wine-glasses. One of the party had flung himself back on his chair, and planted his spurred heels upon this very dessert-table, while he amused himself by peeling an orange and throwing the rind at his opposite neighbour, who, more than half tipsy, sat with his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands, staring vacantly at his tormentor. The third member of the little party, and he who seemed far the most sober of the three, lounged with his back to the fire and his elbow leaning on the mantelpiece, and was in the midst of some anecdote he was telling as Mrs. Pecker entered the room. His flashing black eyes, and his small white teeth, which glittered as he spoke, lit up his face, which, in spite of his evident youth, was wan and haggard—the face of a man prematurely old from excitement and dissipation; the hand of time during the last six years had drawn many a wrinkle about the restless eyes and determined mouth of Sir Lovel Mortimer, Baronet, alias Captain Fanny, highwayman, and, on occasion, house-breaker. Heaven knows what there was in the appearance of either of the party to overawe or agitate the worthy mistress of the Black Bear, but certainly a faint and dusky pallor crept over Sarah Pecker's face as she set the wine and glasses upon the table. She seemed nervous and un-



easy under the strange dazzle of Captain Fanny's black eyes. I have said that they were not ordinary eyes; indeed, there was something in them that the physiognomists of to-day would have set themselves industriously to work to define and explain. They were not only restless, but there was a look in them almost of terror—not of a terror of to-day or yesterday, but of some dim far-away time too remote for memory—some nervous shock received long before the mind had power to note its force, but which had left its lasting seal upon one feature of the face.

Sarah Pecker dropped and broke one of her best wine-glasses under the strange influence of these restless eyes. They fixed her gaze as if they had had some magnetic power. She followed every motion of them earnestly, almost inquiringly, till the highwayman addressed her.

"We have the extreme honour of being waited upon by the landlady of the Bear in her own gracious person, have we not?" he said gallantly, admiring his small jewelled hand as he spoke. He was but a puny, almost wasted stripling, this dashing captain, and it was only the extreme vitality in himself that preserved him from insignificance.

Now at any other time Sarah Pecker would have dropped a curtsey, smoothed her muslin apron, and asked her guests whether their dinner had been to their liking; if their rooms were comfortable; the wine agreeable to their taste; and some other such hospitable questions; but to-night she seemed tongue-tied, as if the restless light in the Captain's eyes had almost magnetized her into silence.

"Yes," she murmured; "I am Sarah Pecker."

"And a very comfortable and friendly creature you look, Mrs. Pecker," answered Captain Fanny, with a sublime air of patronage. "A recommendation in your own person to the hospitable shelter of the Bear; and, egad! Compton-on-the-Moor has need of some pleasant place of entertainment for the unlucky traveller who finds himself by mischance in its dreary neighbourhood. Was there ever such a place, lads?" he added, turning to his two companions.

But Mrs. Sarah Pecker had been born in the village of Compton, and was by no means disposed to stand by and hear her native place so contemptuously spoken of. Turning her face a little away from the

dashing knight of the road, as if it were easier to her to speak when out of the radius of those unquiet eyes, she said, with some dignity,

"Compton-on-the-Moor may be a retired place, gentlemen, being nigh upon a week's journey from London, but it is a pleasant village in summer time, and there are a great many noble families about."

"Ah! by the bye!" replied Captain Fanny, "we took notice of a big, red-brick, square-built house, standing amongst some fine timber, upon a bit of rising ground, half a mile on the other side of the village. A dull old dungeon enough it looked, with half the windows shut up. Who does that belong to?"

"It's called Compton Hall, sir," answered Sarah, "and it did belong to young Squire Ringwood Markham."

"Ringwood Markham! A fair-faced lad, with blue eyes and a small waist!"

"The same, sir."

"I knew him six years ago in London."

"Very likely, sir. Poor Master Ringwood had his fling of London life, and very little he got by it, poor boy. He's gone now, sir. He was only buried three weeks ago."

"And Compton Hall belonged to him?"

"Yes, sir; and Compton Hall farm, which brings in an income of four or five hundred a year."

"And who does the Hall belong to now, then?" asked Captain Fanny.

"To his sister, sir, Miss Millicent that was. Mrs. Duke."

"Mrs. Duke! The wife of a sailor—one George Duke?"

"The widow of Captain George Duke, sir."

"The widow! What, is George Duke dead?"

"Little doubt of that, sir. The captain sailed from Marley Water seven years ago come January, and neither he nor his ship, the *Vulture*, have ever been heard of since."

"And the widow of George Duke has come into a property worth four or five hundred a year?"

"Yes, sir; worth that if it's worth a farthing."

"And the only proof she has ever had of George Duke's death is his seven years' absence from Compton-on-the-Moor?"

"She could scarcely need a stronger proof, I should think, sir."

"Couldn't she?" exclaimed the young man, with a laugh. "Why, Mrs. Sarah Pecker, I have seen so much of the strange chances and changes of this world, that I seldom believe a man is dead unless I see him put into his coffin, the lid screwed down upon him, and the earth shovelled into his grave; and even then there are some people such slippery customers that I should scarcely be surprised to meet them at the gate of the churchyard. The world is wide enough outside Compton-on-the-Moor: who knows that Captain Duke may not come back to-morrow to claim his wife and her fortune?"

"The Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Pecker, earnestly; "I would rather not be wishing ill to any one; but sooner than poor Miss Millicent should see him come back to break her heart and waste her money, I would pray that the captain of the *Vulture* may lie drowned and dead under the foreign seas."

"A pious wish!" cried Captain Fanny, laughing. "However, as I don't know the gentleman, Mrs. Pecker, I don't mind

saying, Amen. But as to seven years' absence being proof enough to make a woman a widow, that's a common mistake, and a vulgar one, Mrs. Sarah, that I scarcely expected from a woman of your sense. Seven years—why, husbands have come back after seventeen!"

Mrs. Pecker made no answer to this. If her face was paler even than it had been before, it was concealed from observation as she bent over the dessert-table collecting the dirty glasses upon her tray.

When she had left the room, and the three young men were once more alone, Captain Fanny burst into a peal of ringing laughter.

"Here's news!" he cried; "split me, lads, here's a joke! George Duke dead and gone, and George Duke's widow with a fine estate and a farm that produces five hundred a-year. If that fool, sulky Jeremiah, hadn't quarrelled with his best friends, and given us the slip in that cursed ungrateful manner, here would have been a chance for him!"

(To be continued.)

## THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

### A SWISS LEGEND.

EVERY Swiss tourist knows the Reuss, that most turbulent of little streams, which comes thundering down through its narrow and stony bed, at a depth of fifty feet from the carriage-road, between two walls formed of almost perpendicular rocks; well, this same Reuss formerly intercepted all communication between the inhabitants of the Val de Cornara and those of the valley of Goschenen; that is to say, between the Grisons and the people of Uri. This impassable barrier caused so much loss to the two cantons bordering on the stream that they assembled their most skilful architects, and accordingly, at the common expense, several bridges were built at various periods, from bank to bank, not one of which had ever proved sufficiently solid to withstand for more than one year the violence of the tempests, the mountain torrents, or the falls of avalanches. One last attempt of this kind had been made towards the close of the fifteenth century, and the winter being now almost past, hopes were

raised that this time the bridge would resist all attacks, when one morning a villager came to inform the Bailli of Goschenen that the passage was again intercepted.

"Well, then," cried the worthy Bailli, in a pet, "it is only the devil that can build us one."

He had scarcely uttered the words when his servant announced that a stranger desired to speak to his worship on pressing business.

"Show him in," said the Bailli. The domestic retired and presently ushered in a man of about thirty or five-and-thirty years of age, clad in the German fashion; that is to say, wearing a pair of red tight pantaloons, and a closely-fitting jacket of black cloth, slashed at the sleeves, and disclosing to view a lining of flame-coloured satin. His head was covered with a black cap of peculiar form, a style of headdress to which a long crimson plume lent by its undulations a peculiar grace.

"To whom," said the Bailli, motion-



ing his visitor politely to a seat, "have I the honour of speaking?"

The stranger, after a cautious glance around to ascertain that they were alone, walked up to the Bailli and whispered something in his ear.

The worthy magistrate gave utterance to a long, low whistle. "Oho! that's it, is it?" quoth he.

"Exactly so," said the stranger, quietly. "Not so black, eh! and all that sort of thing; excuse me, I know what you are thinking of; but now that we understand one another, let's make ourselves comfortable;" so saying, he drew a chair to the fire, seized a poker, and gave the coals a vigorous stir. "It is deuced cold up here," quoth the stranger; "wont you come into the fire, as we say in Scotland?" The Bailli did not require a second bidding, but drew up his chair and placed his feet on the fender, while the stranger deposited his on the hob.

"Well, my good friend," commenced the stranger; "so you want a little of my assistance, eh?"

"I own, monseigneur," replied the Bailli, "that your valuable aid would not be altogether useless."

"For this confounded bridge, is it not? Well, is it an article of such absolute necessity?"

"We can none of us get across."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger.

"Come now, be good-natured," resumed the Bailli, after a moment's pause; "build us one."

"That is precisely what I came to propose to you."

"Well, then, the only point that remains to be discussed is"—the Bailli hesitated.

"The price," added the stranger, regarding his interlocutor with a singular expression of cunning.

"Ye—s," stammered out the Bailli, feeling that it would be there the *rub* would be.

"Oh! as to that," said the stranger, balancing himself as he spoke on the hinder legs of the chair, while he amused himself by paring his nails with the Bailli's penknife; "in the first place, let me premise that I do not intend to be hard upon you on that point."

"Ah! come now, that's very pleasant!" said the Bailli. "Let's see; the last bridge cost us sixty marks of gold; we will double this sum for the new one, but we really cannot go further than that."

"Pshaw! what do I want with your gold!" replied the stranger. "I make it as I want it. Look here."

While thus speaking, the stranger took a red-hot coal out of the middle of the fire with as much ease as he would have picked an almond out of a comfit-box. "Hold out your hand," said he to the Bailli.

The Bailli hesitated. "Don't be afraid," continued the stranger; and so saying, he placed within the Bailli's fingers an ingot of the purest gold, as cold as if it had that moment been dug from the mine. The Bailli turned it round and round in every direction, and after a careful examination handed it back to his visitor.

"No, no, keep it," said the latter, passing one leg over the other with a self-sufficient air; "keep it as a little souvenir of our very pleasant interview."

"I must understand by this," said the Bailli, carefully depositing the gold, however, in a large leathern purse; "I must understand, I say, by this, that if gold costs you such small pains in the manufacturing, you would rather be paid in other coin; but as I am at a loss to know what recompence would be agreeable to you, I must beg of you to name your own conditions."

The stranger reflected for a moment.

"I desire," said he, at length, "that the first individual that shall pass over this bridge may belong body and soul to me."

"Agreed," said the Bailli.

"It's a bargain, then," said his visitor; "let us prepare the deeds—dictate yourself."

The Bailli took pen, ink, and paper, and prepared to write. Five minutes afterwards a formal agreement was drawn up, which was signed by the stranger in his own name, and by the Bailli in the name and on the part of himself and his parishioners.

By this act, the stranger formally engaged to erect, within the space of one night, a bridge strong enough to last for five hundred years; and the magistrate, on his part, conceded as payment for the said bridge the full right and title of the stranger to the first individual whom chance or necessity should compel to cross the Reuss over the stranger's marvellous viaduct.

By daybreak the following morning the bridge was completed. Shortly afterwards the portly form of the Bailli ap-

peared on the road from Goschenen; he came to assure himself that his strange visitor had kept his promise.

"Good morning," said the stranger. "You see I am a man of my word."

"And I also," returned the Bailli.

"How! my dear Curtius," exclaimed the stranger in a tone of astonishment; "is it possible that you are going to devote yourself for the safety of your people?"

"Not exactly," said the Bailli, drily, depositing at his feet a sack which he had hitherto borne over his shoulders, the cords of which he began leisurely to untie. "Not exactly, my friend—not exactly."

"Why, what's all this?" said the stranger, endeavouring from the other side of the river to discern the Bailli's strange movements.

"Hurroosh!" shouted the Bailli all at once.

And a dog, dragging a kettle at his tail, dashed, terror-stricken, from the sack, and crossing the bridge, rushed howling past the stranger's feet.

"Holloa, there!" cried the Bailli, laughing. "Don't you see your payment for the bridge running away from you; why don't you pursue it, monseigneur?"

The devil—for it is no use any longer hiding the fact from our readers, it *was* the devil—the devil, then, we say, was furious; he had reckoned on a human being, and was obliged to content himself with a dog. Meanwhile, as he was in good company, he put the best face he

could upon the matter, pretended to think the whole affair an excellent joke, "a right merrie conceit," and laughed heartily so long as the Bailli was present. But no sooner had the magistrate turned his back when he set to work, tooth and nail, in order to demolish this specimen of his handicraft; but, alas! he had constructed the bridge so conscientiously that he only turned his nails and broke his teeth without being able to displace a fragment.

All at once, he perceived what he took to be the advance of a large concourse of people. He climbed upon a rock and distinctly perceived the clergy of Goschenen, cross at head, and banners waving in the breeze, coming in a body to bless the devil's bridge. Our friend was now convinced that he had no longer any business there. He descended sorrowfully from his perch, and meeting a poor cow on his way, as the only object he could vent his spleen on, he seized it by the tail, and giving it a turn or two round his head, pitched it into the river.

As to the Bailli of Goschenen, he never heard any more of his infernal architect. Only the first time that he had occasion to open his purse he burnt his fingers severely, the golden ingot having returned to the original state it had been in when drawn from the fire.

The bridge, as the stranger had promised, lasted five hundred years. A new bridge has now stolen its name, but the remains of the old one still exist beside it.

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## USELESS PEOPLE.

"Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati."

OUR readers must pardon us for commencing with a Latin quotation; but it would be a difficult matter to find a better definition for the useless man; after this, there is not much left to be said on the subject; but as we love a gossip, we will, with the reader's permission, have a few moments' conversation with him about "Useless People."

The useless man, even should he be the most inoffensive being in the world, is always a dangerous friend and a bad acquaintance.

For a man is hurtful not only by the actual evil that he commits, but also by the good that he might do, and yet has not done: add to this the contagion of example, and you will comprehend why we said just now that it is better to see the useless man at a distance than close at hand. Our malediction, say we, on these sterile friends! the least of the evils that they commit is that of robbing you of your time;—and what is that? why, it is your very life—that is to say, a species of property of a value so enormous, that if one could only sell a dozen years to a dying man, the greatest Cræsus on the earth would willingly give his last farthing in exchange for but a portion of the precious commodity.

And which of us is there that does not reckon at least two or three useless people in the circle of his acquaintance? For our own part we are bound to confess that we are not exempt from this weakness, we were going to say, cowardice; but feeling an earnest desire, however, to shake off at length a yoke, the burden of which is become insupportable, and as one cannot very well say to a man's face, no matter how tiresome he may be, "Go to the Devil!" we have thought it better to adopt, through the channel of the press, a fashion of *congé* more polite, which can wound no one, but which may, on the contrary, suggest salutary reflections to many.

Let this, then, be considered as a formal invitation to all those who honour us with their consideration and friendship, to make a strict examination of their conscience, self-love being for the time most rigidly excluded. If, after serious reflection, some one feels himself culpable

of uselessness or habitual idleness, defects, in our estimation, perfectly synonymous, he will permit us to give him two pieces of advice, one in his own interest, the other in ours: Firstly, to use all possible efforts to become a useful man; secondly, failing in this, or until a "consummation so devoutly to be wished" be obtained, to be so good as to discover some object of interest on the opposite side of the way, whenever he meets us either in the street or elsewhere,—and we shall feel particularly obliged to him.

Now that we have made a clean breast of it on this point, we will say, to the praise of useless people—for we must be just to all—that they are generally more empty-headed than actually bad intentioned, and the proof that they are not actuated in their proceedings by malice, prepense is, that, with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause, they persist in seeking the acquaintance of a crowd of people, even those of the humblest stations in life, and that they have at heart no other idea than that of wandering hopelessly from one friend's house to another, a burden to themselves, and to every one so unfortunate as to cross their path. If, bored to death by their platitudes, you forget yourself so far as to say, "You are very tiresome," or "You are really a great bore," they will only laugh and say, "Thank you," and will make their appearance again next day, as if nothing was meant. If, having recourse to strong measures, you actually kick them out of the door, they are capable of returning by the window; for time is their mortal enemy, and to kill this enemy there are no meannesses they will not stoop to, no insults they will not endure.

The proof now that useless people belong to the order of the "empty-headed" may be discovered in the following facts, viz., that they willingly resign themselves to this most discreditable career, while there are open to them so many other pursuits not only of a much more honourable nature, but actually easier in practice; that they are clever only in frittering away their life; that they dispense in idleness or in busying themselves in the performance of a multitude of nothings,

the most precious, the most irreparable of all treasures—time; that they dare to stand idle amid workers, and that without a thought for the future they persist in enrolling themselves in the ranks of the sluggards—the drones of this our social hive;—for observe how thick-headed must be their stupidity, knowing, as they do, that a man is esteemed and loved but by reason of the share of usefulness which he brings to the common stock, that in this social order it behoves us to know how to be useful to others, that others may, at need, be useful to ourselves; that we live, moreover, in times when nothing is stable, nothing assured, nothing certain; when opulence may, in a day, an hour, be converted into poverty, and when even talent and merit have scarcely the right of counting upon the future.

“But, my good fellow,” will exclaim certain individuals of the order, endowed with a rare portion of humility, “I desire nothing better than to be useful; but I am not good for anything.” This is a serious error; every man is good for something. If you have nothing that you consider better to do, visit the poor of your parish, tend the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked; if not sufficiently rich to give much yourself, collect alms from the rich for those whom you consider most deserving of charity; believe me, great will be your reward; and by thus acting, you will merit a crown far above any title or honorary distinction whatever. What! you have before your eyes the sad spectacle of an immense portion of the human family exposed to all sorts of miseries and privations, moral and physical, and yet you say you cannot be useful to any one! Let us tell you, O useless people, that so long as there shall remain on the face of the earth one single human being bending under the sad yokes of pauperism and ignorance, it will never be permitted for any one to say: “I am not good for anything.”

But why should we preach a moral code to persons so little fitted to comprehend it? Rather let us laugh at their want of sense than rail, though in ever such “good set terms,” at their utter and irremediable worthlessness. They are besides sufficiently punished even in this lower world, for they suffer from two evils: self-contempt on the one hand, and that which they inspire on the other—the *ennui* which they experience and that which they communicate.

Useless people abound in the ranks of the upper classes of society, and in measure as we descend the social ladder their number sensibly diminishes; but they may be met with for all that in considerable quantities even on the last step of this same ladder of life in the class of beggars and vagabonds. For true it is, that in the social family, as elsewhere, the old saying that extremes meet holds good; beggars and vagabonds are in many respects much nearer akin to many rich men than the latter would care to admit. Very many useless people have become such from having at the outset of life turned into a wrong path or taken up a false position. These latter are more to be pitied than blamed; they are victims of the bad system of education, and of the vicious organization of labour, which still weigh like a leaden pall over society. This man, for instance, fit only to be a gamekeeper, becomes a general; that other, though born a warrior, is forced to become a statesman; a parish beadle, or at least the makings of a very respectable functionary of this species, sits in parliament, and the administration opens its arms to a flock of nullities who, unable to shine in the “house,” or, for the matter of that, anywhere else, hollow out for themselves—mole-like—a goodly number of sinecures, in which they burrow and fatten greatly to their own advantage, but very little we fear to that of the public in general.

We can find in our hearts to pity those who, with the best intentions in the world, have wandered from the beaten track; but the truly useless people, those who are such through egotism, laziness, or sheer obtuseness of intellect, fly them as you would a plague, and at their approach let every door be hermetically sealed.

Let them associate together—precious birds of no less precious plumage—to kill time; let them kill it in whatever manner it seemeth fit to them, provided they do not kill that of others: in theatres or supper-houses, with cards, dice, or billiards; with a squeaking flute or deafening cornet; in reading —’s novels, or in brandy and water and cigars; on horseback or in cab, with pistol or broadsword; in angling or butterfly hunting.—Let them sing or let them weep—laugh or lament; let them be content or unhappy, sick or in health; in short, let them live or let them die;—what does it signify? They are “Useless People.”





"Then to his mouth he lifted  
The boot without delay."

### THE MASTER DRAUGHT.

IN Huffelheim's low tavern  
Resounds a shout of glee ;  
'Tis a baron bold, who's drinking,  
With his friends in company.

Herr Daum is there, a toper  
Well known along the Rhine,  
And Sponheim's there, and Strombein,  
Who dearly love their wine.

But see, a stranger slowly  
Has entered in that room ;  
He looks both sad and weary—  
His brow oppress'd with gloom !

His hair is white with sorrow,  
His garments tattered all ;  
Aloof from those gay toppers  
He sits close by the wall.

But little do they heed him,  
That old and gloomy man ;  
Intent upon their wine cups  
They drink deep as they can.

"My friends," cries out the baron,  
"'Tis true, we love our wine,  
But let us add some wild prank  
To pass away the time.

"See here, this boot so monstrous !  
It reaches to my knee,  
This will I fill with Rhine wine,  
As full as it can be ;

"And he who at one deep draught  
Shall drain off every drop,  
Shall be the Lord of Waldeck  
Before he leaves the spot !

"You know that once this castle  
Had a master bold and true,  
The noble Hans of Waldeck,  
Who loved his wine like you ;

"Now, as by drinking always  
He lost his lands, the fool !  
So he who can drink deepest  
O'er those same lands shall rule.

"Then reach the wine! there's plenty  
To fill my boot quite full;  
Remember—he who'd triumph  
Must drain it at one pull!"

In wonder all sat gazing  
Upon that giant cup;  
Not one of all those toppers  
Would take the bold jest up.

"Herr Daum exclaimed, "That wine cup  
May empty he who will!"  
And Sponheim answered, "Surely,  
The best of us 't would kill!"

Herr Strombein mutter'd slowly,  
"That draught is not for me;  
Hans Waldeck might have drunk it,  
And none on earth but he!"

Then, suddenly, the stranger  
Rush'd forward where they stood;  
That monstrous boot, he seized it  
With powerful hands and good;

And said, "You have guess'd rightly;  
He'd dare that draught, I trow;  
For know that 't is that Waldeck  
Who stands before you now!"

Then to his mouth he lifted  
The boot without delay,  
And drank and drank till every  
Drop he'd drank away!

Now with what noise and triumph  
Was every corner full;  
"By heaven!" cried out the baron,  
"That was a famous pull!"

"But as I promised, truly  
I'll keep that promise mine;  
The castle, valiant toper,  
Is now for ever thine!"

The knight approach'd the baron,  
Whose hand he warmly pressed;  
Then sudden falling backwards,  
For ever sank to rest.

But with a smile expiring,  
He gazed around, and said,  
"That draught, my friends, my last one,  
For wife and child I made!"

## DIETETIC USE OF WATER.

WATER is an inestimable benefit to health, and as it neither stimulates the appetite to excess, nor can produce any perceptible effect on the nerves, it is admirably adapted for diet, and we ought, perhaps by right, to make it our sole beverage, as it was with the first of mankind, and still is with all the animals. Pure water dissolves the food more, and more readily, than that which is saturated, and likewise absorbs better the acrimony from the juices—that is to say, it is more nutritious, and preserves the juices in their natural purity; it penetrates more easily through the smallest vessels, and removes obstructions in them; nay, when taken in large quantity, it is a very potent antidote to poison.

From these main properties of water may be deduced all the surprising cures which have been effected by it in so many diseases, and which we shall here pass over altogether. But as to the dietetic

effect of water, we shall recommend it to our readers for their ordinary beverage on three conditions.

The first is, that they drink it as pure as possible. Impure water is of itself impregnated with foreign matters which may prove prejudicial to health. Hence it loses all the advantages which we have in the preceding remarks ascribed to water; and it would in this case be much better to drink beer, or any other such beverage, that is saturated with nutritive particles, rather than impure water. We must leave the stomachs of camels to answer for the preference given by them to muddy water; for we are assured by Shaw, that these animals stir it up with their feet, and render it turbid before they drink. The human economy requires, on the contrary, a pure beverage.

The signs of good water are, that it easily becomes hot and cold; that in summer it is cool, and in winter slightly



lukewarm; that a drop dried on a clean cloth leaves not the faintest stain behind; and that it has neither taste nor smell. It is also a sign of good water, that when it is boiled it becomes hot, and afterwards grows cold, sooner than other water. But this sign is far more fallible than the evidence of the quality of water obtained by feeling. Singular as this may sound, it is very possible to distinguish the properties of water by means of this sense. A soft or a hard water is synonymous with a water the parts of which adhere slightly or closely together. The slighter their adhesion, the less they resist the feeling, and the less sensible they are to the hand, because they may be so much the more easily separated. A gentleman of our acquaintance has for many years used two different sorts of water, which are equally pure and limpid, the one for drinking, and the other for washing his hands and face. If his servant ever happens to bring the wrong water for washing, he instantly discovers the mistake by the feeling. Our cooks and washerwomen would be able to furnish many other instances of the faculty of discriminating the properties of water by the touch, which would show that this faculty depends more on the excitement occasioned in the sensible parts than on any other cause. Hard water, for instance, makes the skin rough; soft, on the contrary, renders it smooth. The former cannot sufficiently soften flesh or vegetables; the latter regularly produces this effect. The difference of the extraneous matters which change the qualities of water, naturally makes a different impression on the feeling; and in this there is nothing that ought to astonish a person of reflection.

The water of standing pools and wells is in general extremely impure, and is accounted the worst of all. River water differs according to the variety of the soil over which it runs, and the changes of the weather; but though commonly drank, it is never pure. Of all impure river-waters, those which abound in earthy particles alone are the least injurious, because those particles are not dissolved by the water. In Auvergne, near the villages of St. Allier and Clermont, there is a stream of a petrifying quality, which constructs of itself large bridges of stone, and yet it is the only water drank by the inhabitants of those places, and that without the slightest inconvenience. If we consider that a stony concretion is deposited in all our kettles, we shall readily conceive that

a water which carries stone along with it cannot be very pernicious to health, since it is constantly drank by men and animals. This stone in our kettles is really a calcareous earth, which may be dissolved by boiling in them vinegar, or water mixed with a small quantity of nitric acid; and as the water deposits it, and does not hold it in solution, it can of course do us very little injury. We cannot, therefore, imagine how the celebrated Dr. Mead could believe that water which leaves such a deposit in culinary vessels may occasion a particular disease, merely because Pliny has said so; though he was well acquainted with the great difference between animal calculi and mere calcareous earth.

Next to well and river-water, both of which are always impure, rain-water follows in the scale of preference. It is very impure, and a real vehicle for all the pernicious matters that are continually floating in the atmosphere. Snow-water is much purer. Snow is formed of vapours which have been frozen before they could collect into drops. It is in the lower region of the air that these drops, in falling, absorb most of their impurities. The vapours floating in the upper atmosphere freeze before they reach the mire of the lower. This water is seldom to be had. That which we would most strongly recommend for drinking, is a spring-water, which descends from lofty hills, through flints and pure sand, and rolls gently along over a similar bed of rocks. Such water leaves behind all its coarse impurities in the sand; it is a purified rain and snow-water, a fluid crystal, a real cordial, and the best beverage for persons in good health.

The second condition which I attach to water-drinking is, that such persons only choose it for their constant beverage, to whom warming, strengthening, and nutritive liquids are hurtful; and that if they have not been in the habit of drinking it from their youth, they use some caution in accustoming themselves to it. Many suffer themselves to be led away by the panegyrists of water, without considering that even good changes in the system of life, when a person is not accustomed to them, and when they are abruptly or unseasonably adopted, may be productive of great mischief. Hence arise the silly complaints that water-drinking is dangerous, pernicious, nay, fatal, and the inapplicable cases quoted from experience. Those who have been in the habit of

drinking water from their youth, cannot choose a more wholesome beverage, if the water be but pure. Many nations, and many thousand more species of animals, have lived well upon it. But for an old infirm person, a living skeleton, with a weak stomach that can scarcely bear solid food, to exchange nourishing beer or strengthening wine, with the water of his brook, would be the height of absurdity. Let such adhere to their accustomed drink. Water is an excellent beverage, but beer too is good; it is also water, more nutritious than the pure element, and therefore more suitable for the persons to whom we allude.

The third condition which we require from water-drinkers is, that they take cold and hot water for their habitual beverage. We mean not to prohibit their boiling or distilling it, if they suspect it to be impure. Boyle drank nothing but such distilled water, and most delicate people of good taste in Italy still do the same. It must not, however, be drank warm, but cold. The ancients, it is true, drank hot water. Various passages in Plautus and other ancient writers, clearly prove that so early as their times it was customary to drink the water of warm springs; and there are frequent instances of common water warmed. Thus, in Dio, we find Drusus, the son of Tiberius, commanding warm water to be given to the people, who asked for water to quench their thirst at a fire which had broken out. Seneca says (*De Ira*, ii. 15) that a man ought not to fly into a passion with his servant if he should not bring his water for drinking so quickly as he could wish;

or if it should not be hot enough, but only lukewarm; and Arrian says the same thing, but more circumstantially. The drinking of hot water must of course have been a common practice with the Greeks and Romans; but it should be observed, that even in their times it was held to be an effeminate indulgence of voluptuaries. Stratoniceus calls the Rhodians "pampered voluptuaries, who drink warm liquors." Claudius, when he attempted to improve the morals of the people, and to check luxury at Rome, prohibited the public sale of hot water. When, on the death of the sister of the Emperor Caius, he had enjoined mourning in the city of Rome on account of this, to him, exceedingly painful loss, he put to death a man who had sold hot water, for this very reason, because he had thereby given occasion for voluptuousness, and profaned the mourning. So dangerous an indulgence was the drinking of hot water considered, that the trade of water-sellers was interdicted by the censors. Some writers publicly satirized this species of voluptuousness. Ammianus complains that in his time servants were not punished for great vices and misdemeanors, but that three hundred stripes were given them if they brought the warm beverage either not promptly enough or not hot enough; and from that passage of Martial's in which he says, that, at entertainments, the host was accustomed to pay particular attention that during the feast there should be an abundant supply of hot water, it appears that this beverage was an essential requisite at the tables of the luxurious.

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## Gems from Abroad.

### THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

(*From the Spanish of Yriarte.*)

A COUNTRY Squire, of greater wealth than wit

(For fools are often bless'd with fortune's smile),  
Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it

In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend,  
"for, though

The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,  
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,  
If not for use."

"'Tis true; but, zounds!" replied the Squire, with glee,

"The lumber-room in yonder Northern wing  
(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be  
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay  
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,

And rarest wood, befitting every way  
A Squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch

My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,  
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch  
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied  
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,  
The booby Squire repented him, and cried  
Unto himself:—

"This room is much more roomy than I thought;

Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice  
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,  
A plaguey price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,  
It might, on second thought, be just as good,

And cost me next to nothing, if the books  
Were made of wood.

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal  
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,  
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal  
Its nakedness.

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,

Whatever is most excellent and rare  
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),  
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated hoards  
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,

In binding some; and some, of course, in boards,

Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,  
The choicest tomes, in many an even row,

Display'd their letter'd backs upon the shelves,

A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd

The best collection ever form'd in Spain,  
What wonder if the owner grew at last  
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,

And coun'd their titles, that the Squire began,

Despite his ignorance, to think himself  
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks  
To backs and bindings, take the hint,  
and sell

His costly library—for painted books  
Would serve as well.

### THE ROSE.

(*From Lenau.*)

COULD I bring this lovely rose,  
Maiden dear, to thee,  
Fresh as here it blooms and grows,  
How happy would I be!

But before I backwards roam  
The weary miles I've pass'd,  
All its beauties will be flown—  
Not long the roses last!

Lovers ne'er should further stray  
From the dear one fair,  
Than the rose so fresh and gay  
All glowing they can bear.

Or further than the nightingale  
Seeks straws to build her nest;  
Or, borne upon the evening gale,  
Her song floats from the west!

## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE Shakspearean adage—"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"—has done much towards enriching foreign hotel-keepers, and finding lucrative employment for foreign couriers, if it has done little else of a really profitable character. The European tour which for some time past has been accepted as the educational finish of the English gentleman, is, however, rather a fashion than a necessity. Beneficial it may be, mischievous it often is. In the majority of cases, if we endeavour to strike a balance between the useful and the vicious knowledge it affords, we must come to the opinion that the young traveller had much better have remained at home. At least it would have been more to his advantage, morally and intellectually, to have deferred his journey into other countries till he had become acquainted with what was most instructive in his own.

There are few things more absurd in the ridiculous characteristics of English people of the present period than their migratory sight-seeing. They swarm everywhere where it is possible for them to fly from the parent hive; and see everything that presents the slightest probability of being seen with the greatest amount of risk to the adventurers. At one time they are content with the south of France, at another they scramble through the north of Spain; thousands are gratified with the picturesque beauties of the Rhine; other thousands are enchanted with those of the Italian lakes; they flock to the fiords of Norway; they elbow each other on the Swiss glaciers; a mob of them go tumbling up Vesuvius, while another go stumbling down Stromboli; they jostle among the ruins of Rome and Jerusalem, and stop the way even in the wide deserts of Arabia.

What is the result of this general touring? An immense exportation of hand-books, and a much larger importation of Swiss carvings, Florentine mosaics, Roman cameos, and of French, Italian, and German trifles of considerable prettiness and inconsiderable value—possibly many modern antiquities of supposed Egyptian, Assyrian, Etruscan, Greek, or Roman origin, and a promising lot of old masters whose juvenility could be vouched for by the manufacturers of the canvas on which the undoubted Raphaels and Correggios have been painted. If the travel-

lers told the whole truth, they would acknowledge that, like their prototypes in search of the golden fleece, they went for wool and came back shorn; they did Mont Blanc, and were done by the Swiss innkeepers; they did the Eternal City, and were very much done by the brigands in and out of its memorable walls; they did the Pyramids, and were immensely done by the Bedouins who plundered their caravan; they did Norway, and were shockingly done by the salmon, that were too far north for an Oxford-street fly; and they did Canada, and, while in search of moose, were miserably done by the intense frost that took them by the nose and ears, and left those respectable members a most unpleasant thermometer for the rest of their lives.

Amateurs with a tendency to muscular science, if not to muscular Christianity, may profit, and make the outsiders profit, by their adventurous explorations of distant regions; but the bulk of our birds of passage might far more profitably make themselves acquainted with the land of their birth, where they would find many a delightful resting-place, as free from the extortion and filth that disgrace the most picturesque Alpine scenes, as from the insolence and tyranny to which John Bull has lately been subjected on Prussian territory. To those used-up tourists who have already travelled from Dan to Beersheba and found all barren—or, like Sir Charles Coldstream, looked into a volcano and found "nothing in it"—as much as to enforced stay-at-homes, who get only a brief holiday in the twelvemonths, and desire to spend it to the most advantage, we strongly recommend a home-tour. It matters not very much in which direction, north, south, east, or west, in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, or in the neighbouring islands from Scilly to the Hebrides. Strap a knapsack on your back, containing only absolute necessities for maintaining a clean skin and respectable linen, and with a stout stick for your support—and defence if need be—go your ways. The railways can always take you over districts that have no particular recommendation, but you will find plenty of country full of interest, artistic, antiquarian, historical, and social, wander where you will. The natives, even in remote places, will generally be found civil and communicative, and not unfrequently



hospitable to strangers who do not offend their prejudices; for sometimes it does happen that they have very strong ones, of which an amusing illustration we can draw from our own experience.

In our capacity as critic, while referring to certain local celebrities that in the dark ages of Scottish history were equally a terror and a nuisance, we ventured to mention them as we believed they deserved. Since then we have received a long letter brim full of clannish wrath, declaring that notorious thieves and murderers of those bad old times are worthy only of honourable mention because in the middle of the nineteenth century there have been two judges and as many successful generals bearing the same names. This logic may be thought absurd enough, but greater folly remains untold. The writer who ventured to refer to the authors of many of the most atrocious outrages on record in appropriate terms, is told that his name must be "Moggs," and that he was drunk when he penned those sentences. Thus, in an intellectual age, marked by the electric telegraph, railroads, and *The Sixpenny Magazine*, it is plain that the most puerile prejudices may exist, and, therefore, we caution our readers not to offend them. As for our amiable correspondent, we are really at a loss what to say in atonement for our indiscretion. We hope, however, that he will be easier in his mind when we assure him that, so far from Moggs being our patronymic, and a costardmonger our most illustrious ancestor, we are absolutely a member of a Highland family (though belonging to a province of the empire at a considerable distance from Auchnacraig) which originally, it is not at all improbable, distinguished itself by achievements that our Auchnacraig acquaintance is good enough to consider heroic. Moreover, that so far from having "put an enemy in our mouth to steal away our brains," we were at the date of that unfortunate article a confirmed water-drinker, and so we are likely to remain. We do not like boasting of any kind, but boasting of ancestry is a thing no man of sense ought to do—he puts himself on the level of a cottager's potato patch—all that's good of him is evidently underground. Were it more necessary, and less foolish, however, we could advance such claims as ought to satisfy our correspondent that, though without the *quarterings* and similar judicial honours which some two or three centuries back

made those who bore our correspondent's appellation deservedly famous, we have had amongst our "forbears" such men as are said to have lived before Agamemnon, with the advantage of having their greatness still attached to their names.

From what we have just stated, it is clear that our readers, while penetrating out-of-the-way places, ought to be particularly circumspect in their observations. Should any of them be rambling in dear old Ireland, they must take especial care not to doubt that "St. Patrick was a gentleman, and born of dacent paple," or that he gave the immortal "twist" that "banished all the varmint" from that pleasant and hospitable country. Should they be touring among the warm-hearted, but somewhat hot-headed, Celts of Wales, it would be as imprudent to disparage the flavour of the leek as to question the authenticity of Aneurin's poems; and should they have ventured into the more remote glens of romantic Scotland, and hearing some of their traditions which breathe most terribly of fire, massacre, and plunder, if they should be at all indignant with the Macgrabs for having slaughtered the women and children of the Macnabs, let them look out for a furious burst of rage from some bumptious tailor's apprentice bearing the name of the offenders, who vows he would not change it for any in existence. This thin-skinnedness is likely to take some of them by surprise, but as there is no remedy for it, they had better tolerate the folly they cannot cure. As intelligence advances, these last surviving relics of feudal ignorance must disappear.

In the meantime, we ought to be sufficiently thankful for those sensible travellers who are engaged in the eminently patriotic service of making our country thoroughly known to its people. At the head of these we are inclined to place that clear observer and excellent pedestrian, Mr. Walter White, who for several years past has shown with what extraordinary profit a month's holiday may be invested. Twice he has ventured abroad; and his *On Foot through Tyrol*, and *July Holiday in Saxony, Bavaria, and Silesia*, show with what advantage, on foreign soil, he employed his legs, his eyes, and his time. But he discovered that his qualities, physical and mental, could be turned to better account; and his *Londoner's Walk to the Land's End* not only was immediately accepted as a very agreeable narrative, but gave a decided

impulse to muscular Christians in various portions of the empire, which sent them in the direction of Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. This interesting corner of England has since become much better known than it was previous to the publication of Mr. White's book, and we strongly recommend tourists who are about to try some of the hackneyed continental trips, to take a journey here in preference. *Northumberland and the Border* has afforded the English reader another photographic picture of a peculiar portion of England, equally faithful, equally characteristic, and equally entertaining. The same author's *Month in Yorkshire* did similar justice to that thoroughly English county, and deservedly, as we see by the third edition, has been one of his most popular descriptions.

Now we have *All Round the Wrekin*, a tour in which both extremities are, as usual, kept in constant requisition, the feet for locomotion, the head for observation. The result is a volume of local description, with occasional graphic touches of social character and manners that give the reader a better account of what he is desirous of learning than he can find in works of more pretension. Here he will meet with just enough of architecture, of antiquities, of history, and of geology, as the subject requires when placed in a popular form. The picturesque is, of course, the author's strong point, and he finds ample space for it in the Vale of Severn, and the scenery of Montgomeryshire, Corve Dale, the Valley of Tame, the Malvern Hills, and the fine landscapes in which the Wrekin is a principal feature. But picturesque description is not Mr. White's only strong point; he embodies with it a good deal of useful information that ought to be equally acceptable, though we are afraid it will not. He has devoted about a dozen chapters to Birmingham and its environs. The most earnest of his readers—probably the bulk of them—will be those "in populous cities pent," who, fancying with the poet that "God made the country and man made the town," feel for the first an enthusiasm that partakes strongly of worship. The latter they regard with a very different sentiment; in many cases with weariness, if not disgust. Invited to the feast of fresh air and physical beauty offered in *All Round the Wrekin*, they will not care for the author's elaborate details of the dirt and stench of a great manu-

facturing district, of which, probably, they have already had more than enough. We are afraid that the chapters illustrating Birmingham industry will be often skipped, to loiter over the more novel account of modern monastic life at St. Bernard's Abbey, or the more refreshing passages describing the beautiful scenery of its neighbourhood.

*Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*. By George Gilbert Scott, R.A., is the modest title of a sterling book, rich in trustworthy illustrations of English history, and full of singularly interesting details respecting the most truly historic edifice in England. Mr. Scott is an unrivalled guide either as architect, artist, or antiquary, and in each capacity has added largely to our knowledge of this ancient minster.

*The Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington and other Distinguished Contemporaries*, edited by his daughter, Harriet Raikes, opens a new chapter in the social history of the present century, or rather affords glimpses of what was a marked feature in English society some forty or fifty years ago. The dandies who were associated with the Prince Regent as a Council of Taste, and for years ruled supreme in coats, and were despotic in cravats, here turn up unexpectedly with more than an average share of sense and manliness. Yes, George Brummell, Scrope Davies, Lords Alvanley, Yarmouth, and Rokeby, in their communications with that most familiar of the old familiar faces of St. James's-street, known at the caricature shop as "One of the Rakes of London," in this volume are found writing without affectation, and with a good deal of sincerity, about everything in general that happened to come under their observation. They had outlived starch, they had survived smalls, they had witnessed a complete revolution in sartorial matters, and finding their occupation gone, were content to take the world as it had become, without so much as a sigh for abandoned pig-tails, or a longing lingering look after the lost glories of ruffles and frills. In reading these pleasant reminiscences of our ancient *beaux* on their travels, we wish they were not so fragmentary. They come upon us like sculpture from an excavation—a torso of one, a bust of a second, a foot of third. We can easily imagine that they were finished gentlemen, though what is left us of them is tantalizingly incomplete. The most valuable portion of the correspondence is that



which passed between Tom Raikes and the Duke of Wellington during the reign of Louis Philippe. Mr. Raikes was at Paris, and evidently saw clearly through a good deal of artful dodging, when that greedy caterpillar, the Citizen King, was preparing for his metamorphosis into a very common *pupa*, the fugitive "Mr. Smith." He made the Duke from time to time cognizant of the tricks of this eminent professor of political legerdemain, and his Grace, who had known his dexterity before he had ascended the French throne, does not appear to have been very greatly surprised by such revelations. It is still amusing to see how the old fox, having outwitted everybody, at last outwitted himself.

This volume might have been much improved by a little careful elucidation where required. It is said to be edited; but this is a mistake. At p. 43 Lord H. Thynne is to marry "one of A. Barry's daughters." Few readers could guess that the *fiancée* was a daughter of Mr. Alexander Baring. The letter in which this is stated is signed "Alvanley;" but it is not till we come to p. 123 that we learn through a note that the writer was the late Lord Alvanley. The last half of the volume is dull, the correspondence being very inferior in interest to the first half.

The second portion of *Martyrs to Circumstances*, by Mrs. Yelverton, is even less satisfactory than the first. We cannot help coming to the conclusion that such a publication was ill-advised. The writer would have stood better with the public had she been satisfied with the impression her trial created. Her ambition to become a heroine of romance has materially damaged the reputation she had acquired as a victim. All that the newspaper did for her the novel has undone. The evidence she has ventured to bring before the court to which she appealed, goes far to make her out an adventuress of no particular principles and anything but particular in her conduct. If she is content with her chosen position as a martyr to circumstances, so be it; but, according to her own showing, she is not more so than many a British unworthy who figures prominently in that once popular book of martyrs (not Fox's), the *Newgate Calendar*. If we cannot control circumstances, we can inclinations; and it is the latter that appear to have misled the Crimean Sister of Charity. Indeed, in her case, as drawn up by herself, if she is not an illustration of a

certain ill-natured line of Pope's, she stands a chance of being regarded as a bad example of female fast life, as exemplified in this singularly fast year, 1861. What will probably strike the reader as most curious in this, we hope, imaginary revelation, is the little respect the author seems to show towards those who sympathized most with her in her day of trial, and the extraordinary admiration, it is pretty clear, she still entertains for the particular individual against whom she appealed to an impressionable public. Feminine inconsistency never appeared in a stronger light; but it is not improbable that there may be some earnest *arrière pensée* in such a proceeding. With this, however, we have nothing to do—our business is with the literary merits of the work before us, which we cannot rate higher than the Confessions of Lola Montes. In truth, the adventures of the "pretty horsebreaker" are much more entertaining. The latter, as a fast heroine, has the advantage of having been a dainty dish worthy to set before at least a King of Bavaria, which should raise her considerably in the estimation of all professed admirers of "martyrs to circumstances."

We are glad to see *The Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre*, by Martha Walker Freer, in a cheaper form, and hope that it is the first of an intended series of reprints of her excellent historical works. We possess few popular illustrations of French history that deserve any marked degree of public favour, though many of our historical writers, male and female, have undertaken such subjects. Properly treated, they may be made as edifying as our own annals; indeed, they are fuller of romantic interest, and are more striking in picturesque details than are the lives of our queens, as hitherto written. Jeanne d'Albret possesses many attractive features for the biographer. In the first place, the narrative of her life affords scope for the picture of an age peculiarly characteristic in its artistic development. Miss Freer does not, we think, give sufficient attention to this. In the next, it should mark a decided change in the religious feelings of a powerful nation. These combined would afford the reader a clear insight into the intellectual progress of French society, as a kind of parallel with that of England in the age of Elizabeth, and with that of Spain and the Low Countries in the Reign of the Emperor Charles V.

The Princess Jeanne may be said to have commenced her eventful career as the daughter of Henry II., King of Navarre, and niece of Francis I., King of France (her mother, Marguerite, being the sister of Francis), when, unquestionably at the instigation of her father, at twelve years of age, she privately protested against her marriage with a suitor provided for her by her uncle in the person of the brother of Anne of Cleves, whom our Henry the Eighth had divorced for not equalling her portrait by Holbein; and this Duke of Cleves met with similar fortune, for he shortly afterwards was divorced from his affianced wife for having accepted the clemency of the Emperor, when his ally, the King of France, had left him completely at his mercy. Anne had the good fortune to be well provided for by her dissatisfied husband; but her brother got no such provision by his divorce; in truth, was left to shift for himself as best he could, and shifted but badly.

Very few princesses in Europe were better off for lovers, for Jeanne could boast among her suitors the son of the Emperor Charles V. and the French princes, the Ducs de Vendôme and de Guise. She was married to the Duc de Vendôme (Antoine de Bourbon), who, at the death of her father, was proclaimed King of Navarre, but not till after his consort had given birth to a son, afterwards celebrated in French history as Henri Quatre. Jeanne, acting as Queen Regnant, took the administration of the kingdom almost entirely into her own hands; and a difficult part she had to play to keep on amicable terms with her powerful neighbour and kinsman the King of France. She steered her course through many difficulties, in singularly troublous times, through the reigns of Francis I. and his successors, Henri II. and Francis II. (under the rule of Catherine de' Medici). We now come upon the movement of the Huguenots, and the complications of the Protestant House of Navarre with the ultra-Catholic sovereigns of France, till the death of Francis II. The difficult game is still maintained by Jeanne, even in the French capital, in complications with France, under Charles IX., with Spain, with Rome, and with a vacillating husband, who deserted her in the moment of danger. He is wounded in battle, and dies, and his Queen continued the struggle with unabated courage, is excommuni-

cated by the Pope, who threatens to dissolve her union with the Duc de Vendôme. The Parliaments of Bordeaux and Toulouse disallow her sovereign rights over her own dominions, and she is menaced with a conspiracy to surrender her to the Inquisition of Spain; but amid rebellion and plots she maintains a fearless spirit, organizes an army, commences a campaign, and inspires her commanders with an enthusiasm that overpowers all opposition. Finally, forcing upon the French Government a desire for peace, she makes her appearance in Paris; and having distinguished herself by a bold opposition to the demands of Catherine de' Medici, was seized with a mortal illness, and died—not without suspicion of poison—a brief interval before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Such was the career of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, and worthily has it been described by Miss Freer. It will be found to embody much of the history of the Protestant movement in France, which, however, received a check when the son of Jeanne abandoned his mother's religion on ascending the throne of France.

We have read a good deal of history in our time, and have reviewed some scores of historical books, but such a production as "*The Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.*," edited from rare and unpublished documents, by Dr. Challice," we acknowledge that we have never seen, much less criticised. The editor is unknown to us as a historian—he is, we believe, a London physician. We hope, for the sake of his patients, as well as himself, that his medical practice is more profitable than his historical precepts are likely to be. Of course he has a professional right to think everything fees-able; hence this singular attempt at a secret history—the secret of which, if we are not profoundly mistaken, will remain a secret to the end of time.

Fifteen pages of preface are put forward to explain the work, but at least fifty pages are required to explain the preface. We began it at the beginning, and feeling that we were getting deeper into a fog the further we went, the advantage of plunging *in medias res* was suggested, and we essayed a fresh effort in the middle. After having proceeded several sentences without making literally any sensible progress, the happy idea presented itself of getting on with our work as the rope-makers do, back-



wards; consequently we began with the last words of the last page:—

“Every medal has its reverse; to test the worth of a coin, it must be examined on both sides.”

The sense of this, it must be allowed, is sufficiently plain—more plain a good deal than new; but it was encouraging to be at last able to see our way, and so we went on, following the strands of the author's yarn, till we understood that he had come into possession of a library of French books, and of autographs (probably holograph letters) that have been in this country exactly a hundred years. This fact we are told about a score of times; but the fog is so thick when the Doctor describes how these “effects” came into his hands, that we cannot inform the reader the date of his possession nearer than that it was subsequently to the death of the widow of “their second owner.” Some estimate, however, of their value as well as of Dr. Challice's qualifications as their editor, may be found in the admission made at nearly the end of this curious explanation, that his work was entirely printed before he discovered that some of the “autograph letters” are preserved in the papers collected by Sir Andrew Mitchell, our plenipotentiary at the Court of Prussia, that have been translated into German by Von Raumer, and back into English by the late Lord Ellesmere. Sir Henry Ellis had the pick of them, while Mr. Andrew Bissett, in his *Memoirs of Sir Andrew Mitchell*, published all that were of public interest. We need scarcely add that the Mitchell Papers in the British Museum are so well known to historical scholars, that there is not a bit of secret history to be got out of them, even had the entire College of Physicians of London used their best exertions with that object. Nor do we see what elucidation is afforded by such passages as the following:—

“It is easier to pick a hole in our neighbour's coat than to mend it. But posterity can afford to be just. Is it quite fair to judge a whole society by the adventures of rakes, and by the rancour of renegades? With rakes and renegades, as with cowardly men and jealous women, to accuse one's neighbour is to excuse one's self.”

The preface also refers to certain letters of Madame de Pompadour, included in the appendices of these volumes, the originals of which, it is averred, are preserved by private hands and in the Imperial archives of France, “from whence

some seditious documents, accepted in England as authentic, have been cast out as forgeries.” The fog is here again so thick, that we cannot tell whether the documents mentioned were cast out of “the Imperial archives,” or out of the appendices; in either case, they must have been *in* to have been *cast out*. The writer has also forgotten to say on what authority they have been pronounced forgeries, after having been accepted in England as authentic. This, however, is only one item in the very long list of the editor's omissions.

After the preface comes a “prologue.” The latter does not explain the former any more than it explains itself. It refers slightly to Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Cardinal de Fleury, the Marquis de Valory, Marshal Noailles, the Queen of Louis XV. and her father, Stanislas, once King of Poland, and contains a severe rebuke for our national prejudices against France, followed by a more than sufficient justification in the printing of some negotiations that were carried on by the French Government for the following amiable purposes:—

“1st. To corrupt the governors and commanders of several ports of Great Britain, and notable Englishmen attached to her service. 2nd. To excite revolt, and set fire to the city of London. 3rd. To support the Pretender, and to seize King George and his family.”

The veritable “Secret History” then begins. Somehow or other the Prince of Denmark is left out of this attempt at Hamlet. We can discover nothing secret, and even entertain scruples of conscience as to calling the work historical. When Louis XV. was ill, we are assured, in this melo-dramatic style—

“still night and day France prayed. The prayers of the priests for the King's recovery were incessantly interrupted by their tears, and cries and sobs were the only responses of the people. *But hush!* who is this clattering through the streets at a time when all are so engaged, his horse all covered with foam, and crying as with the sound of a trumpet, God be praised!”

We are not quite sure that the quadruped trumpeted this exclamation, any more than that the lachrymose priests strove to hush the sobbing people, or the reverse. The fog is still heavy, but the sequel tells us that the horseman was a courier who brought news of his Majesty's recovery—when

“the women left their children to touch the rider, as if there were some special virtue in

him; the priests call down blessings on his head, tears again are shed, but tears of joy from aged eyes; and so, amid the caresses of the people, the courier is led in triumph through the streets."

We cannot refrain from showing the obverse of this medal; at page 294 of the same volume, we learn of this same monarch, surnamed "Well-beloved,"—

"The rumour spread among the lowest orders, and Louis XV. was accused by the mob of being a second Herod, and of having massacred the innocents that he might bathe in their blood. With the love of metaphor peculiar to the lower orders of the French, as to the Irish, they exclaim, 'The king bathes in our children's blood. His baths are our blood!'"

The author appears partial to the use of the word *so*; what is meant by it is not clear, and its repetition gives quite a so-so character to his style. This, however, is in perfect correspondence with his aged hero, and the majority of his heroines. The latter were "social evils" on a grand scale. The good (?) monarch for whom the priests *incessantly* prayed and blubbered, though blessed with a virtuous consort, had in his harem two mistresses who were sisters, Madame de Mailly and the Duchesse de Châteauroux. As for these ladies, we could not accept the author's apology for them, even if we understood it. He assures us that they were

"slaves of circumstance, creatures of tradition, and victims of the society in which they lived; with faculties quickened by intellect (whose synonym was scepticism), which quivered like lightning across the darkness of superstition called religion, what could one of these do to deliver herself from the blinding evil of the times? We can but be wise according to our generation."

We have heard of people who were wiser than their generation. As it was easy for the Queen to remain virtuous, we do not see why the ladies of her court could not have followed her example, had they been virtuously inclined. This, unquestionably, the bulk of them were not; it was the fashion to be vicious, and to be a king's mistress was to possess more influence than the Queen. The Well-beloved of priests and people sanctioned, indeed assisted, materially in producing this state of things; and it is well known that the vice and corruption about the throne, by force of example, thoroughly debased the higher classes, till their infamous conduct excited the hatred of those below them in the social scale, and a few years later produced that terrible retribution—THE REVOLUTION!

In the same apologetic strain, Dr. Challice mentions the desire of Madame d'Etoiles, very soon after her marriage, to become the king's mistress. We must suppose that it was very amiable of her to say to her husband, "I will never be unfaithful to you, save for the King of France and Navarre." While it showed her perfect sincerity when she strove by every means within her power to attract the attention of the desired paramour.

"The Devil always finds work for willing hands to do, or rather Fortune, though fickle, favours those *who have faith in themselves*; and so, one winter's morning, when the king and his courtiers were out hunting, she turned their course into the forest of Senaart, and sent the shot of the king right through the heart of a stag close to the gates of the ambitious Chate-laine's dwelling."

His Majesty presented the antlers to M. d'Etoiles (on whose land the stag had been killed), and he, accepting his position with alacrity, placed them over the door of his wife's chamber. Dr. Challice now states—

"Women overrate fame and adore courage; and she was ready to find a hero in the monarch who had returned with laurels on his brow, and who was preparing to win more glory for the country that she loved. But when once this king, who was *so worshipped*—this hero, who was *so brave*—this man had stood before her noble, handsome, affable, courteous, and manifesting the chivalrous devotion due to her as an accomplished and beautiful woman, love led the way, and ambition only followed in its track."

The common-sense of this fine sentence is, that when the King prepared to seduce the wife of his subject, this paragon of domestic virtue met his Majesty more than half-way, thoroughly aware of the material advantages that the prospect of being a royal concubine opened before her. The reader will not be surprised to learn that she followed the King to the camp in male attire. She was ennobled and degraded at the same time; and the Marquise de Pompadour, in her grandeur, soon lost all identity with the once respectable wife of M. d'Etoiles.

To Maréchal Saxe the author refers as one "whose memory, as a soldier, is an immortal honour to friend and foe;" but what honour the memory of this brilliant soldier of fortune can confer on any one, we are not told. We next arrive at an account of the battle of Fontenoy, made up from old materials; and then come some notices of Voltaire, equally familiar. A passing reference to the Young Pretender assures the reader that "Charles



Edward had, on his voyage to France, to pass many an English ship which little dreamed of his intention." The idea of a ship dreaming is certainly new. We again feel the fog in the following sentence respecting the state of France:—"Individualism began everywhere to assert itself; which, though essential to the law of progress and national development, yet helped, *for the moment*, to complicate difficulties." There is consolation in knowing that this very curious property, which we do not quite comprehend, exerted its influence only for so short a time.

Here we must say a word or two with reference to the spirit in which this narrative is written—it is throughout in perfect harmony with every effort France was making for the ruin of England; and the author is constantly endorsing French sentiments as to the retaliatory warfare France had so scandalously provoked. There is so evident an ill-judged feminine enthusiasm in these passages, that without taking into consideration the frequent signs of a female mind in almost every chapter, we cannot but come to one of two conclusions—either that the physician wrote under the influence of the marital crinoline, or that a fair writer has taken an unfair advantage of the public in the title-page. We are quite ready to acknowledge that—

"When a lady's in the case,  
Of course all other things give place;"

but, in our simple opinion, a man should be a man and not a thing; and the duty he owes his country should prevent a husband from putting forward his name to an attempt to stigmatize the great-deeds which laid the foundation of our present national greatness. The Young Pretender made for a time a pretty hero of romance; the debauched drunkard he became shows how thin was the veneer which has excited the admiration of romantic fools of both sexes. As for the *chivalry* of Louis XV. in affording him assistance, the idea is farcical.

We have as grave an objection to urge against the equally ill-judged admiration of the adulteress whom the writer has made the heroine of these volumes. The extravagance of the exaggerations could only have been produced by female enthusiasm; and the reader cannot but get as tired of such adulation as he is sure to be of the illogical attempts at defence with which it is accompanied.

Madame la Marquise had her good qualities—at least, she had the sense to see that liberality in the direction of men of high intellectual gifts might powerfully assist her in maintaining her bad eminence. She, too, may have had pretensions to superior intelligence; but we cannot accept as proofs of this the compliments of French courtiers; and if it did exist in an exalted degree, the more blameworthy ought she to be pronounced for having employed her gifts to throw a meretricious glitter over her defiance of all moral and religious obligations.

The writer had better have dispensed with the ill-directed hero-worship that has evidently run away with her judgment; moreover, made her regard everything English, as well as everything French, exclusively from a French point of view. If Dr. Challice be a Frenchman, this is natural enough; if the "better-half" in the authorship be a Frenchwoman, we are also content to take it as a matter of course; but a book ostensibly produced by an Englishman for the advantage of English readers, ought to possess some claim to national interest. There is not the slightest occasion to colour a narrative to produce this; there are mistakes to be recorded, as well as humiliations to be described, but there is a source of pride in our history which must always appear, even in the briefest summary; the greater our difficulties grew, the more glorious became our success.

It is unnecessary to give more of the career of this brilliant courtesan than to state that her fascinations exercised such influence over the voluptuous Louis XV., that she was permitted to usurp the influence of his principal minister. She favoured, she ruined, at her pleasure; granting undeserved honours to those who paid her sufficient court, and procuring a cell in the Bastille to such as excited her ill-will. She affected an immense interest in art, literature, and science, but simply as a means of administering to the tastes of her protector. Not satisfied with assuming the patroness, her insatiate pride made her maintain a greater state than the highest lady about the court; and as these airs became more and more conspicuous, the wits and scholars who had once thronged her salons, made thousands of sarcasms against her—Voltaire at their head, who we must hold fully justified, notwithstanding the abuse levelled at him by the incognita compiler

of these volumes. He shares with Frederick the Great an enormous amount of invective. The King of Prussia's crime was refusing to allow Madame de Pompadour, at the suggestion of the King of France, the Principality of Neuchâtel, with the title of Princess. Her ambition, indeed, seems only to have been exceeded by her fear of being supplanted in the heart of her capricious and licentious sovereign; this, no doubt, helped to shorten her life. She had also the mortification to find that, notwithstanding her bitter hostility to England, she was obliged to witness the ultimate success of this power, and the consequent humiliation of France—impoverished by wars that the King's mistress had fostered, and by extravagance that she had encouraged to the utmost of her ability. She pretended humility when the hollowness of her greatness was made manifest to her by the approach of death; and then affected sanctity as a kind of coarse domino with which to get respectably out of the gaudy masquerade in which she had been figuring in brilliant infamy since her abandonment of her husband's home. She died at the early age of forty-two, and so completely did her power die with her, that the injured Queen immediately afterwards, writing to the President Henault, said:—"For the rest, there is no longer any question here of the Marquise, who is no more than if she had never existed."

Fairly written, a biography of this woman might have been edifying as well as entertaining, but it would require a whole *Quarterly Review* to give an adequate idea of the perverse spirit which pervades these volumes. We would have pardoned all the author's ridiculous affectations of style—humble imitations of Thomas Carlyle—but it is impossible to excuse the worse than special pleading that characterizes the entire work. It almost provokes one to repeat the coarse exclamation of Sir Robert Walpole, when during an illness some one asked permission to read to him,—“Not history,” he replied; “that *must be lies*.”

The autumn has brought us a few additions to our long list of descriptive tours, one of which endeavours to attract attention by economy, novelty being out of the question. The title is, *Switzerland: How to see it for Ten Guineas. By One who has done it: Henry Gaze*. The cheapness seems startling, yet we have in a previous number given instances of

equally extensive travel at about the same cost. Switzerland, however, has been rendered one of the dearest continental routes by the extravagance of tourists, and we should caution the traveller of a humbler class who desires to behold the land of Tell from setting foot in any of the Swiss hotels with what may be left of the ten guineas with which he left England, on the faith of Mr. Gaze's statements. He must lodge and board in the most inexpensive establishments he can find, be content with seeing a portion only of those picturesque beauties which the country offers, and endure a vast amount of discomfort, to make his money last out. It will be something to boast of—an achievement in Alpine travelling which none of the Alpine Club has attempted; at any rate, the possibility of so attractive a trip will be well considered by readers of Mr. Gaze's little volume whose pecuniary resources for holiday enjoyment are limited. It is not impossible that they would get more real enjoyment and profit out of a well-devised home tour, at the same cost; nevertheless, there is, of course, the gratification of being able to speak from personal observation of scenes that are distant as well as grand—scenes that hitherto have been within the reach only of the comparatively wealthy.

In fourteen days, by the proposed arrangement, a promise is held out of visiting Paris and Strasburg by rail, to Bâle (about 650 miles), thence to Lucerne, on the lake, in a steamboat. You do not ascend the Rigi—a great Alpine attraction—you go the route to Alpnach; nor can you get to Lauterbrunnen to behold the Staubbach, and from Mürren enjoy the grand prospect of the Bernese Oberland, which includes the colossal Schelthorn and his gigantic brethren. At the close of your first week you may be able to cross the Gemmi Pass, a walk of fourteen miles, till you descend to Leukerbad. You have no time to ascend the Torrenthorn, for you must start by diligence for Sion, thence hasten to Martigny and pay a brief visit to the monks of St. Bernard. Returning to Martigny to sleep, you set off early for Chamouni, thence you get to Geneva as soon as you can, and losing no time, return to Paris, and cross the Channel without loitering for anything that may be worth seeing either at the capital or on the journey to the coast.

As might be expected, in this way a



large portion of Switzerland is left unseen—it is unavoidable. It would be unreasonable to expect otherwise, for the money or within the time. The tourist may certainly see Switzerland for ten guineas in a fortnight, but we should strongly recommend him to take a second tour to observe what he has left unseen, especially Zermatt and Monte Rosa—by another route from the Gemmi Pass from Leuk to Visp, on to St. Nicholas, up the valley of the Rhone to Martigny and Geneva. This, however, cannot be accomplished, including the return to London, in less than sixteen days. To provide for unexpected contingencies, the inexperienced traveller should furnish himself with a reserve fund. Mr. Gaze may have done the distance at the estimated cost, it does not follow that Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson will succeed in accomplishing the tour at an expense as moderate. We can add that the book is worth perusal, and to any one with scientific tastes, who has profited by the labours of Professors Tyndall and Ramsay, either route marked out by the author offers very great attractions.

Antiquarians are generally not the "Dryasdusts" they used to be. Many amongst that learned body distinguish themselves by a careful study of the data on which recorded statements of remote actions or incidents rest, and dismiss the mythic as well as the imaginative records of all nations. With regard to the early history of our own country, such discrimination is very much required, for our first chroniclers must have been either extremely credulous, singularly superstitious, or particularly imaginative, they have dealt so liberally in fables and miracles. This arises from their having held the position of poets or monks—classes in the social fabric as then constituted, that appealed almost equally to the credulous and superstitious instincts of mankind. In this way we have been taught to reject the testimony of bards and monks whenever they are found at variance with probability, or not in accordance with the known characteristics of time and place. Nevertheless, there seems to be a charm for some antiquaries in the testimony so rejected—the more marvellous it appears the more attractive it is to them. The mythic they are willing to regard as matter-of-fact—the fabulous as unquestionable truth. Prominent among such enthusiasts we must place Mr. Daniel H.

Haigh, who has evidently bestowed a good deal of attention on the obscurer portions of our Anglo-Saxon chroniclers, expressly to back up with his advocacy the most obscure and most incredible passages. This has been done by him in two works of which he is the author—*The Conquest of Britain by the Saxons: a Harmony of the "Historia Britonum;" the Writings of Gildas, the "Brut," and the Saxon Chronicle; with reference to the Events of the Fifth and Sixth Centuries;* and *The Anglo-Saxon Sagas: an Examination of their Value as Aids to History; a Sequel to the History of the Conquest of Britain by the Saxons.* In these productions Mr. Haigh has followed the example set him a few years back by Mr. Beale Poste, who was similarly enthusiastic in favour of the bardic writers of Wales. Mr. Haigh, perhaps, is more of a theorist; but the Anglo-Saxon is quite as credulous as the Welsh advocate, and equally willing to accept fabulous traditions. A good deal of ingenuity is expended by him in finding a use for the names of places of Anglo-Saxon origin that still survive in the country, more or less altered; but he has apparently reserved his historical strength in behalf of those pre-historic animals called "dragons." Had Mr. Haigh been a geologist instead of an antiquary, he would have known the value of the evidence he adduces in favour of their existence within historic times; a knowledge of geology will furnish him with reliable data for throwing back the history of man far anteriorly to his favourite legends; but it would prevent his endeavouring to throw forward the history of the saurians, and other gigantic reptiles, to a time within many centuries of the period of oral tradition. We acknowledge having been much entertained with Mr. Haigh's advocacy of the dragons of England, which we at once allow are great friends of ours, whether they are found in chronicle or romance; but we prefer the accounts of them that have been published by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, Professor Phillips, and other esteemed authorities, who have seen their vestiges in a more tangible shape than in the verse of an obscure poet of the Middle Ages, or in the prose of a pious monk—possibly the abler fabulist of the two.

We cannot close our literary intelligence of the month without informing our readers that the Du Chaillu controversy has been raging with greater fury

than ever, since intelligence has been received from the Gaboon River of a character by no means favourable to the French-American traveller who contrived, with no small amount of cleverness, to amuse English readers; besides which, a careful examination of the gorillas purchased for the British Museum, has proved that they could not all have been killed in the romantic manner so often described by the hero of each adventure, in his Travels. It is impossible to say with certainty what is fact and what is fiction in M. du Chaillu's book. We read it carefully, and were satisfied that it possessed a large proportion of romance. We were therefore not at all surprised to learn that it had been manufactured for the New York market; nor are we much astonished at finding that Professor Owen and Sir Roderick Murchison, who pledged their scientific reputations on the veracity

of the traveller, pertinaciously adhere to their original impressions respecting him. The Professor has made the strongest fight in defence of his *protégé*; but the columns of our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, have lately afforded such accumulative proofs of the untrustworthiness of the gorilla hero, that we do not envy the Professor either his cause or his client. The latter, however, is, without doubt, a gainer by the transaction, and despite of fifty *exposés*, he would still be a gainer. He has enjoyed both the reputation and the profit of having written the most attractive book of the season. How nearly he has imitated the feat of Psalmanazar, cannot be clearly ascertained; but for whatever amount of deception he may be responsible, there is, of course, the consolation left him of having made it a first-rate investment.

### SCIENCE AND ART OF THE MONTH.

THOSE who at the present day neglect to make themselves acquainted with the physical sciences, deprive themselves of one half the pleasure of an intellectual existence. The wonders daily unfolded by scientific research are startling even to those whose lives are devoted to the investigation of Nature's laws. Theories and hypotheses, each vigorously upheld by its advocates, have given way before the light of analysis, and reform in science has been no less imperative than in politics. The chemistry of 1861 differs vastly from the chemistry of 1841, when organic chemistry formed but a few pages supplementary to the chapters on inorganic bodies. Now-a-days, organic chemistry has far outgrown inorganic in bulk and importance, and is expanding with incredible and irresistible power. The imponderable agents, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity, formerly regarded as distinct individual forces, seem to be really only Protean variations of one supreme force. Every step in scientific investigation impresses the inquirer more and more with the grand simplicity of Nature's laws.

Progress in science leads to material prosperity. All the powers of nature are rendered subservient to the wants of man. Every new discovery in physics or chemistry receives a host of applications.

The uttermost nations of the earth are brought almost into contact by the electric wire. The most distant seas are traversed by the power of steam. The power thus employed is the gift of science: it is the legacy bequeathed to mankind by the single-minded self-denying searchers after truth for truth's sake.

In no respect is the debt we owe to science more strikingly manifested than in the economy of waste products. In certain manufactories the refuse separated in the process of obtaining the desired product often becomes a burden and a nuisance to the manufacturer; he knows not how to get rid of it—no one will take it off his hands, even at a gift. By and by the chemist lays his hands on this "refuse," and soon proclaims it more valuable than the prime product itself. Such was the case with glycerine, obtained in the manufacture of stearine, thousands of tons of which were, till within a very few years, annually cast into the Thames. Coal-tar, the waste product of our gas-works, has suddenly become the source of the most brilliant colours of our furniture and apparel. Numerous similar instances of economy in manufacture might be instanced.

No sooner does the sea fail to render up a sufficient supply of oil for the wants of



man, than the earth opens its fountains of mineral oil, and petroleum, rock-oil, and its co-geners are brought into requisition for lubricating machinery and illuminating our dwellings.

It is discovered that by superheating the steam of our locomotives and marine engines, an economy of twenty to thirty per cent. in fuel is effected, beside an increase in the work done. The application of steam-power to agricultural purposes supplies an extra loaf of bread to every individual in the empire. By the newly-discovered method of "spectrum analysis" we are actually enabled to ascertain what metals exist in the sun, creating the new science of celestial chemistry, and also to discover several terrestrial metals, the existence of which was not previously known or suspected. Already have *rubidium*, *cæsium*, and *thallium* been added to our very extensive list of elementary bodies, while on the other hand it is strongly suspected that many of these so-called elementary bodies will, under new modes of analysis, prove to be compounds.

Far above all these material subjects now soars that of anthropology—the science of man in his physical, intellectual, and moral aspects. An immense mass of materials has been accumulated in the past, which, submitted to the new modes of analysis current at the present day, is gradually eliciting the science of sciences—the science to which all others is subservient—the *SCIENCE of Man*, and the position he occupies in the great *COSMOS*.

Some very important excavations have been carried on lately at Karnak and at Tanis in Egypt, by M. Mariette, under the authority of the Viceroy. The inscriptions on the monuments discovered at Tanis throw considerable light on the pastoral people who invaded Egypt about two thousand years before our era. We know now that these people, of whose origin we still remain ignorant, came from Asia, and worshipped the same gods as the Canaanites.

The pastoral kings not only respected the monuments they found in the conquered territory, but we owe to them the most beautiful sphinxes in which the traditions of the ancient school of Egyptian art are preserved in their greatest purity. The conquests of civilization and the practice of the arts suffered no interruption from the pastoral invaders, and we may now more readily comprehend

why the great *chefs-d'œuvre* of Egyptian art were produced in the reign of Thothmes I., or immediately after the restoration of a national dynasty. Six large sphinxes of red granite have already been discovered at Tanis. It is known that Amosis, the first king of the eighteenth dynasty, with aid obtained from Ethiopia, headed a successful revolt of the Egyptians, and drove the shepherds out of Egypt after a long struggle, which ended with the capitulation of their last stronghold, the frontier city of Avaris, from which they withdrew into Syria.

The shepherds were an intelligent, war-like people, who knew how to employ the Egyptian artists profitably. They carried with them in their retreat the germs of progress derived from the superior culture of a nation long skilled in literature and art. The lessons the shepherds received from the Egyptians form part of one of the most interesting questions in history—namely, to whom belongs the invention of the Alphabet.

The monuments found at Karnak relate the victories of Thothmes III., who carried his arms far into Asia. Two among these deserve special mention. One is a painting in which the portraits of two hundred and thirty captives are represented. Every figure is depicted in its proper costume, colour of complexion, and the characteristic national features of the people to whom he belongs, with all the fidelity and truth to nature for which the Egyptian artists are conspicuous. Fifteen hundred names form the first list of the Ethiopian families and of some nations situated towards Arabia or the shores of Marocco. The second and most interesting list consists of the names of all the tribes of the army conquered at Mageddo. Among them we recognise Damascus, Amath, and the Syrian cities from the Orontes to the south of the Libanus and Mageddo, Hazer, Gerara, Taa-nak, and all the royal cities of the Canaanites, celebrated for their subsequent struggles against the Israelites. These monuments throw a light upon the sacred Scriptures regarding the geography and history of the Family of the patriarch Abraham, as important as the recent discoveries at Nineveh have done for other epochs. The other relic found at Karnak gives a complete idea of the power of Thothmes III. after his great Asiatic campaigns. The literary form of this document is worthy of attention. The author has put into the mouth of Ammon,

the supreme deity of Thebes, a sort of description of the conquests of Thothmes.

Independently of these great historic monuments, the objects of all kinds obtained from the ruins and accumulated in the museum of the Viceroy exceed 12,000 in number, affording materials for study to scholars during many years to come. A papyrus recently added to the Museum of Cairo enables us to assert that we now possess manuscripts written at the time when Moses was receiving in the palace of the Pharaohs instruction in the literature, science, and arts of Egypt. Other manuscripts of a still more ancient date have been found in a good state of preservation, showing that an abundant and varied literature flourished in Egypt at the time of the Hebrews, consisting of sacred hymns, epic fragments, civil and judicial documents, books of medical recipes and of magical formulæ, private letters, moral treatises, tales and legends, and purely literary composition. Many portions of these ancient books are now in course of translation; although the difficulties of the task are very great, owing to the nature of the subjects and the obscurity of the style.

The exalted position which the Egyptians accorded to woman *as the mistress of the house*, as she is usually designated in these manuscripts, is worthy of notice. The wife and sister are constantly associated in every act of civil and religious life, and the name of an individual is almost always followed by the name of his mother. In this particular we seem to recognise the source of the gentle majesty and profound human feeling which charms the reader so much in the book of Genesis.

A great interest and charm attaches to the question of "The Ages of the Human Race," and especially as regards the geological period at which man was created. The great truth that comes out with most prominence from amid the vast multitude of facts collected by geologists is the creation of successive species of animals which have slowly succeeded each other, through immense periods of time, constantly advancing from simpler to higher forms of organization.

Nearly all the rocks composing the solid crust of our globe were originally deposited at the bottom of lakes and seas, constituting formations ranging in geological extent from a few yards to thousands of miles, and varying in thickness

from a fraction of an inch to many thousand feet.

When we find one of these rocks deposited upon another, we cannot resist the conclusion that the upper rock has been deposited after the lower one, and then the relative ages of the rocks are positively ascertained. Now, in the oldest rocks that contain organic remains are found the lowest forms of animal life. For a very long period the only inhabitants of this earth were shell-fish. The seas swarmed with them in immense multitudes; certain species lived, multiplied, and gradually became extinct; these were succeeded by others; and thus species followed species in long succession, their shells falling to the bottom of the ocean, and forming rocks which were miles in thickness. These rocks were afterwards slowly raised above the level of the sea by those undulations which are constantly taking place in the crust of the earth, and as they were broken and turned up on their edges, we can now measure their thickness with a rod and line.

After the shell-fish had existed alone for a period sufficient for these deposits to be made, fishes were created, and the next strata of rocks in the ascending scale are filled with shells and the bones of fishes mingled together. After the fishes came the reptiles, then the mammalia, and last of all, man.

The evidences of man's existence in the geologic history of the earth are all confined to the immediate neighbourhood of the surface, indicating his comparatively recent appearance; but discoveries made within two or three years carry back his origin to times far more remote than had before been supposed. These evidences are of two kinds: first, the bones of man; second, the works of his hand.

Among the works of man found buried in the earth by rocks which have been formed over them, are implements and utensils of various kinds—for war, for cooking, &c.—excavations, the wounds inflicted by man in the bones of other animals, and buildings, either isolated or in cities, as in Herculaneum.

Until very recently, all the remains of man or of his works that had been discovered were above the drift formation. The drift is that mass of rounded boulders and gravel which covers most of the inhabitable portions of the world. It was evidently not deposited by slow sub-



sidence, like the stratified rocks at the bottom of the sea; and there is some doubt in regard to the mode of its formation, but geologists now generally conclude that it was brought down by ice from the polar regions. The melting of the ice seems so to have chilled the waters of the ocean in this vicinity, as to kill all the fishes that inhabited them.

Now, within a few years many discoveries have been made of human remains in this drift, either carrying back the age of man, or bringing forward the age of the drift. Two human skeletons have been found in a bog-iron ore in South Carolina, almost wholly converted into oxide of iron. In California, stone chisels, arrow heads, mortars and pestles, are found just above the placer formation—the formation that contains the gold. In many places in Europe, but more especially in France, human bones have been found associated with the bones of extinct animals, the animals having been killed by the very savage men who lived in caves and carried them in to be eaten there. Many of the animals found in regions now temperate are tropical animals—such as the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, &c.; and this evidence, together with that furnished by the associated plants, shows that the temperature of some portions of the earth was at one time much higher than it is at present.

The discovery of human remains in the drift proves, either that the drift is newer or that mankind is older than had been supposed. Which of these is the case cannot yet be determined; but the present indications are, that it will carry back the origin of man to earlier geologic periods. Abundant evidence tends to prove the existence of man at the period we regard as contemporary with the era of the mammoths. All the new evidence, however, coincides with the old in proving that man was the latest, as he is the noblest, of the creations of God.

The prospect of the cotton supply being cut off in consequence of the civil war in the United States, has stimulated ingenuity to the production of substitutes for this fibrous material. Among the most ingenious that has yet come under our notice is that of *Fibrilia*, a name given to fibrous substances obtained from any source, but submitted to a peculiar kind of treatment under the action of steam. The apparatus consists of a strong iron cylinder, furnished with valves, one of which, at the end of the cylinder

or gun, is capable of being removed to receive the charge of fibrous material in a moist state. The valve is then closed, and high-pressure steam is admitted into the cylinder; the moisture in the fibre is raised to a very high temperature, but cannot be converted into steam while the pressure continues. But at a given moment the valve is suddenly opened, and all the fibrous material is discharged as from a gun, at the same time the water in the fibre is flashed into steam, and in so doing tears asunder the fibre into the minutest filaments, which have a remarkable delicacy and softness, and after suitable treatment, are ready to be worked up into various fabrics of as fine a texture and quality as those manufactured from cotton wool, which are cheaper than similar fabrics made from cotton or wool. Flax is the most suitable material hitherto employed for conversion into fibrilia. By this treatment a bleached paper pulp from hemp, ready to be worked off into paper, can be produced at a cost of three half-pence per pound, on the spot where the hemp is grown. A ton of flax yields 324 pounds of pure bleached fibrilia. By this ingenious invention, two of the most important problems of the day are solved—viz., a perfect substitute for cotton wool, and an available economical substitute for rags for making paper.

In those countries where maize or Indian corn is grown in large quantities, the dried leaves of this plant form an excellent material for the manufacture of paper. The difficulty has been to deprive the leaves of the silicious and resinous matters they contain. This secret was discovered by an Italian during the last century, but he carried it with him to the grave. Fortunately this secret has just been re-discovered, not by a chemist, as would appear necessary, but by a Jewish teacher of writing, who will realize a large fortune by it. In many respects paper from maize is superior to that obtained from rags. It is whiter, more homogeneous, strong, and requires but very little "sizing," as the leaves contain naturally sufficient gummy matter to form a sizing. There is, also, a great saving in the machinery employed in converting rags into paper. The maize requires no cutting apparatus, the leaves being at once made pulpy by the simplest mechanical operation. Unbleached, the pulp forms an admirable substitute for China or India paper, employed by engravers for taking proof impressions on.

The proximate principle of paper is by chemists termed *cellulose*. The substance of most vegetable bodies consists of cells. The *form* of this principle varies with the plant, its constitution remaining the same. Thus it is that paper may be obtained from most vegetable substances upon subjecting them to suitable preparation to remove matters the presence of which would injure the quality of the paper for certain purposes. Wood, one form of cellulose, is easily converted into paper by subjecting it to proper treatment; and a process has lately been perfected for that object. By suitable cutting machinery, the wood is converted into fibrous threads, which are subjected to the action of steam and alkalies, and a paper of very superior quality is the result. There can be no fear entertained that although the consumption of paper increases daily at a wonderful rate, the sources of supply will keep pace with the demand.

Among scientific problems, none have commanded more general attention at the present day than that of the "Unity of the Human Species." The question is by no means a new one; it has been discussed more or less at various periods during the past century, and monogenesis and polygenesis have each had their advocates. The victory belongs to the first; the unity of the human species, as set forth in the book of Genesis, is fully confirmed by the teachings and experience of science; and although individuals may vary between very wide limits, the species remains one and the same, unchangeable.

As in most disputes, the difference consists in the terms employed, rather than in opposition of facts. The advocates of polygenesis confound the terms *species* and *race*. Various races constitute a species. The human species exhibits at least ten distinct and well-marked races, but the differences between each, in some instances very great, do not remove them from the species to which they properly belong. The discussion of this interesting and important question would far exceed our limits. We can only state the unimpeachable results to which scientific investigation has conducted the conscientious inquirer.

Intimately allied to the question of the unity of species is another no less important—*spontaneous generation*. This theory has had its zealous advocates, who have been most prolific in *proofs*, not of the correctness of their theory, but of

their imperfect method of investigation. An eminent French savant, M. Pasteur, by a series of elaborate experiments, has pushed the inquiry to its extreme limits, and the results are most conclusive, that spontaneous generation is not a scientific fact, but a delusion.

If the weak point in Italian medicine be *bleeding*, as was well exemplified in the death of Count Cavour, that of English surgery is *amputation*. No sooner does an individual meet with a severely fractured limb—and railway accidents have furnished a fearful quota of late—than the surgeons are busy with knife and saw to get rid of the mangled member. It is to be hoped, however, that in future they will pause, and ponder over the remarkable instances of regeneration of the bones which French surgery has lately exhibited. It is now well established, that nature can supply a new bone when required, under certain conditions. A prize of 20,000 francs is to be awarded in 1866, if occasion offers, for the best essay *On the Preservation of Limbs by the Preservation of Periosteum*. The notice states, "that numerous facts have proved that the periosteum has the power of producing bone. Recently some remarkable facts in human surgery have shown that very extended portions of bone have been reproduced by the periosteum which remained. The time appears to have arrived to call the attention of surgeons to a great and novel study, which is interesting both to science and to humanity. Those who engage in it will not forget that their labour is at once practical, and in behalf of mankind, and that it draws no less upon their respect for humanity than upon their intelligence." The Academy had decided that the prize should be 10,000 francs. When informed of this decision, the Emperor, fully appreciating the benefits to be derived from such progress in surgery, immediately caused a communication to be made to the Academy that the prize should be doubled (800*l.*).

An interesting astronomical event will take place on the 12th of November—viz., the passage of the planet Mercury across the disc of the sun. The telescope will show a perfectly round black spot on the face of our luminary.

During the Crimean war it was found that leaden bullets in cartridges were perforated in a most unaccountable manner. Investigation, however, traced the cause to the *sirex giges*, a large hemipterous



insect. Leaden pipes have also been found perforated by the *Apate humeralis*. Recently, in a sulphuric acid factory, certain portions of the woodwork were covered with lead to protect them from the action of the acid. Shortly afterwards, the leaden covering was found pierced with holes made by the insects confined in the wood, one of which was caught by a workman just as it had gnawn its way through the lead.

The constantly increasing high price of meat excites the most serious consideration of the philanthropist. A people deprived of a fair share of animal food, after being once accustomed to it, must inevitably degenerate physically, unless some suitable substitute be found. Fish, from its extreme abundance and comparative cheapness and nourishing qualities, presents itself as this substitute; the poorest person may satisfy his hunger in the cheapest manner with fish, while the wealthy epicure may tempt his palate by the most expensive luxuries from the same sea; the aristocratic turbot and salmon swim side by side with the plebeian plaice and herring. Although our insular position is so favourable, it may be doubted whether our fisheries are half developed. With most families, fish is regarded more as an incidental feature to the meal, than as the essential element of it, as beef or mutton. The art of cooking it, as practised in our kitchens, is but very imperfectly understood; and our fishermen have yet to learn from the Dutch, that fish should not be allowed to die in agonies a natural death, if we would obtain its flesh in the greatest perfection. The supply of fish brought to our markets is ridiculously small, when we consider the magnitude of the sources from which the supply may be derived. This scarcity, combined with the new facilities afforded by railways for distributing fish in our inland towns, to which formerly fish was comparatively a stranger, tend to keep up the price far above its natural standard.

The cultivation of fish may become an abundant source of wealth to those who undertake it, infinitely more profitable than the raising of sheep or oxen. The prolific nature of fish surpasses all calculation, and were fish-farms established generally along our coasts, an abundant supply of excellent food might always be maintained. Most of the flat fish, such as soles, turbot, plaice, and eels, could be very easily farmed. Fish-ponds for breed-

ing fresh-water fish in are within the resources of most persons occupying land. A million of trout may be planted and raised at a cost of less than fifty pounds. The advantages of fish-farming, in a sanitary and pecuniary point of view, are self-evident. Satisfactory experiments have been tried, and it is to be hoped that the present high price of meat will induce the Legislature and individuals to recognise the importance of giving special attention to this new industrial pursuit, and place pisciculture by the side of agriculture and horticulture as an element of national prosperity. Over-populated China could not raise sufficient butcher's meat to supply a thousandth part of its inhabitants. But they turn the resources of the waters to the best account. The rivers of China abound in fish; the coasts are crowded with enterprising and industrious fishermen, and they employ many ingenious experiments, besides the line and the hook, to capture them.

The first of a series of twenty-five screw steam gunboats, built for the Government of the United States, was launched on the 14th September, fully sparred and rigged, and with the propeller and main shafting fitted up in her. She is built of white and live oak, yellow pine, and locust, and fastened in conformity to the Government system of building. Her dimensions are—Length over all, 165 feet; breadth, 28 feet; hold, 10 feet; tonnage, 558 tons measurement. By the terms of the contract she was to be launched in seventy-five days, but was ready in forty-six working days from the signing of the contract. She is of good model, and in all her details exhibits excellence of workmanship and beauty of finish. Her machinery consists of two back-acting engines, with thirty-inch cylinders and 18-inch stroke. The screw-propeller is nine feet in diameter. The engines will develop about 350 horse-power, and the consumption of coal required is about eight tons per day. The total weight of machinery is about 130 tons. Beside these, which are built by private contract, ten others are in course of construction at the Government navy yards: measurement, 1020 tons, carrying 13 guns, twelve 32-pounders and one large pivot gun, with a rifled cannon on the fore-castle-deck.

A Captain Morris has devised a method of correcting the compasses in iron steamers. Without any knowledge of the scientific principles of magnetism, he assumed that this imponderable agent

might be dealt with as a liquid—that is, turned aside from the vicinity of the compass, so that the latter should be left free to the action of polar attraction alone. By careful and repeated experiments he discovered that local magnetism could be arrested outside of a given circle by magnets, and that within this circle the compass would be influenced only by polar attraction.

Mr. Walton, whose full length portrait of the Duchess of Wellington excited so much admiration when exhibited at his studio last summer, has just completed full-length portraits of Lord Elcho and Lord Ranelagh. These were painted at the request of several volunteer corps, and are now being exhibited to the members at the artist's studio, and will repay a visit. The resemblance is admirably caught in both pictures, and the attitudes and general treatment are no less commendable.

The same artist has also just completed an admirable likeness of Lord Brougham, the last his lordship will ever sit for;

consequently, a more than ordinary interest attaches to the picture. The portrait is taken full length, in frock coat and the familiar "check" trousers, and the attitude chosen is very characteristic of the noble orator and statesman, who seems to have lost but little of his pristine vigour.

The Turner pictures have been removed from South Kensington Museum to the National Gallery, only just in time to comply with the terms of the bequest. It is understood that the Gallery will reopen in November, upon the completion of the alterations now in progress.

The metropolis is singularly unfortunate in its statues, which for the most part have a lumpy, lifeless aspect. The statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, recently erected opposite Henry the Seventh's Chapel, however, sins in the opposite direction; the attitude is strained and unnatural, while the pedestal is ridiculously low, giving the figure the appearance of being placed on a dining-table. As a rule, the pedestal should be at least as high as the statue placed upon it.

## LAW AND CRIME OF THE MONTH.

THE new Bankruptcy Act has come into operation, and a short time will suffice to show how far its provisions will satisfy the requirements of the commercial public. It may not be out of place to draw attention here to a few of its most prominent and important features. In the first place, it entirely and for ever abolishes the distinction between bankruptcy and insolvency. Henceforth, as a general rule, the trader and non-trader will be subject to the same law. In respect to the non-trader, however, some distinction is made as to the commission of what is called an "act of bankruptcy." Thus, it is provided that if any person who is *not* a trader, "with intent to defeat or delay his creditors," leave this country, or, being abroad with such intent, remain there for six months after the passing of the Act, he will be deemed to have committed an act of bankruptcy. But before any adjudication in bankruptcy can be made against a non-trading debtor, certain rules must be observed. Amongst other things, a copy of the petition for adjudication must be served upon him personally, either within the jurisdiction, or within such place or country, or such limits abroad, as the Court of Bankruptcy

may direct; and if such personal service have not been effected within a reasonable time, the Court must be satisfied that every reasonable attempt has been made to serve it. There is, again, this distinction between the trading and non-trading debtor. If the former be arrested and detained in prison for fourteen days, he will be considered to have committed an act of bankruptcy; but the latter has allotted to him two calendar months. A debtor, whether a trader or not, may file in the Court of Bankruptcy a declaration that he is unable to meet his engagements, and this declaration will be deemed an act of bankruptcy, as will also any fraudulent conveyance, gift, delivery, or transfer of real or personal property, with the intention of defeating the claims of creditors. After an adjudication in bankruptcy a meeting of creditors will be held for the proof of debts and other purposes, at which meeting a majority of the creditors may determine that the proceedings shall be transferred to a country County Court, if deemed advisable. With respect to the most important feature in the administration of a bankrupt's estate—viz., the collection of assets—it is provided that the assignee of the creditors shall



manage, and collect, and convert into money the estate of the bankrupt, and pay the same into the Bank of England; but all debts under 10*l.* will be collected by the official assignee. The different classes of certificates, and, in fact, the certificates themselves, no longer exist. Instead of the first, second, or third-class "tickets" introduced by the Act of 1849, the bankrupt, after passing his last examination, will receive an "Order of Discharge;" so that the opinions entertained by the Bankruptcy Commissioners respecting the conduct of delinquent traders will no longer go forth to the world. A discharge will be simply a discharge, and nothing more. A few other provisions may be briefly noticed. The Commissioners, as well as the Registrars of the Court, may sit at chambers for the despatch of business, and questions of fact may be tried by a special or common jury, in the same way as causes are now tried at *nisi prius* in Westminster Hall. If a bankrupt should be accused of misconduct amounting to a misdemeanor under the Act, a clear statement in writing of the specific charge must be delivered to him, before the order of discharge is granted, and upon this charge the bankrupt will be tried before a Commissioner, or before a Commissioner and a jury, if he should require one. According to the result of the trial the "Order of Discharge" will be granted, suspended, or refused, and the bankrupt may also be sentenced to a term of imprisonment not exceeding one year.

As no chief judge has been appointed, the present Commissioners will continue for the present to preside over the most important proceedings in Bankruptcy. Whether they are competent to administer them to the satisfaction of the public is a question that may be fairly raised. Mr. Commissioner Holroyd is, indeed, a very learned and able person, who, as a lawyer, has few equals, and perhaps no superiors, either on the Bench or at the Bar in Westminster Hall. Had he been appointed to fill the proposed office of Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, the profession would have been well pleased. But of the other Commissioners report does not speak so favourably. Both Commissioner Fonblanque and Commissioner Evans are well stricken in years. The latter, indeed, is or has been an eminent lawyer, but the more vigorous faculties of younger men are required in a Court where fraud and chicanery have to be met and mastered, and

where an altered state of the law must continually give rise to complicated legal questions. Mr. Commissioner Goulburn has unmistakably shown an antagonistic spirit to the new law he is called on to administer, which in itself is unfortunate and objectionable. Mr. Commissioner Fane is too prone to take eccentric and extravagant views of men and things; nor does he show his discretion in printing and privately circulating a pamphlet about himself, in which he is said to trace his career from his school-days at Eton to the present hour. On all grounds we see reason to regret the decision of the House of Lords, by which Lord Westbury's measure was shorn of its fair proportions. A chief judge, we believe, will be absolutely necessary to control and direct the proceedings in Basinghall-street, and elsewhere; and we trust that the proper legislative sanction for the appointment of one may be obtained early in the next parliamentary session.

While writing on Bankruptcy proceedings, we may be permitted to draw attention to a melancholy and gigantic swindle which came before the Court under the old system. In July last, a petition was presented for winding-up a company called "The District Savings Bank (Limited)." The hearing was appointed for the 10th of August, but was adjourned until Wednesday, the 9th of October, when some very instructive but sorrowful details came before the Court. The society was duly registered, with a nominal capital of 50,000*l.*; of this amount only 3496*l.* had been paid-up, and of that sum three-fourths had been lost or become unavailable. The Company was therefore unable to pay its debts, and the Court of Bankruptcy was resorted to. The objects of the Company are stated to have been:—"Savings Bank Department—To receive deposits from 1*d.* to 10*l.* Investment Department—To receive deposits from 10*l.* and upwards. Loan Department—To grant loans upon real, personal, and other securities. Emigration—To conduct the duties of emigration agencies." The debts and liabilities were estimated at about 20,000*l.*, being chiefly due to depositors of from 1*d.* to 1*l.* Some of these depositors were stated to be the inmates of almshouses and workhouses! Poor wretches! their hard earnings and small savings had been squandered in this reckless attempt to manufacture a Company! The assets consisted of bills of

exchange, nominally amounting to 3200*l.* but really worthless. This precious "Company" had about three hundred different agencies. We leave our readers to conjecture what sort of persons its directors and officers must have been; but we fear this is but a sample of many similar schemes.

The convict Maloney, who was tried and sentenced to die, at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court, for the murder of his wife, in Legg-court, has been reprieved, and proceedings have been taken before Mr. Arnold, the police-magistrate, against the principal witness, Joseph Saunders, for perjury. Maloney's solicitor referred to many portions of this man's testimony, in which he could be distinctly contradicted; but the most material "assignment" of perjury was, that on the day in question he did not go into Legg-court at all, and, therefore, could not have seen the fatal blow struck. Five persons swore in their affidavits that they were at their doors or windows in Legg-court when the convicted man, Maloney, came home to his dinner, and remained there till the alarm of the tragic occurrence was given, and that no stranger entered the court during that time. The magistrate, in adjourning the case for further inquiry, justly remarked, that it was a most grave and serious matter, and that Saunders's imputed offence, if committed, was scarcely inferior to that for which Maloney had been condemned to die. The other wife-murderer, Cogan, has been executed, and died protesting his innocence.

There is reason to believe that the perpetrator of the dastardly outrage on the young lady in Dublin, on the night of the 27th of September last, will receive the just reward of his villainy. A cab-driver, named John Curran, has been arrested, and was recently examined before Mr. D. McDermott, J.P., at the Dublin head-police office. Miss Louisa Jolly, the injured lady, who has attracted so much public sympathy, was examined and cross-examined, and gave her evidence with great clearness and self-possession. She stated that on the evening of the 27th of September she was at a tea-meeting with her brother, a surgeon's apprentice, and that they left together at about five minutes to ten. The night was wet and stormy, and not being in time for an omnibus, they went in search of a cab. A cab was found; Mr. Jolly told the driver to take his sister to Rathgar, and having settled the fare, he placed the

money (1*s.* 6*d.*) in her hand. He then kissed her and bade her good-night, and the cabman mounted the box, and drove off. After going some distance the man stopped without being ordered to do so, and coming to the window, said he had dropped his whip, and was going back for it. He remained absent some time, and when he returned, jumped on the box, exclaiming, "All right, miss." He then drove on, but the young lady began to suspect that he was not driving her to Rathgar, and she accordingly spoke to him through the window. He replied it was "all right," that they should soon be there, and continued his course. He passed a narrow bridge, called Classon's-bridge, and the cab then stopped. The villain dismounted, opened the door, and partly entered the cab. After attempting some familiarities, he caught the poor young lady by her hair and her dress, and dragged her out of the cab to the ground. She resisted bravely, and pushed him off. Whilst on the ground, to her great relief she heard the horse moving on, and the ruffian left her for a moment to stop the animal. She took advantage of his absence to run towards the bridge, and then endeavoured to leap from the road into a field. In doing this she fell into a ditch, which was full of water. In the meantime her brutal assailant had got on the cab, and drove to the spot. He followed her into the water, and she got higher up the ditch. He then endeavoured to induce her to return to the cab, and demanded his fare. She gave him the money, and tried to make him believe she would go back to the cab; but instead of doing so, fled into the field, and after falling into two or three dikes, reached the railway embankment, where she sat down exhausted. As soon as she recovered strength she went to the station-house, and told the station-master what had happened. His wife and family immediately rendered her prompt attention. She was put to bed, and the next morning her brother came and took her away. On being asked whether she saw in court the person who committed the outrage upon her, she replied, with great firmness, in the affirmative, and pointing to the prisoner Curran, said, "That is the man." The brother, Mr. Hamilton Jolly, was then called as a witness, and the prisoner's solicitor having stated that he should reserve his defence, he was committed to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.



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